



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



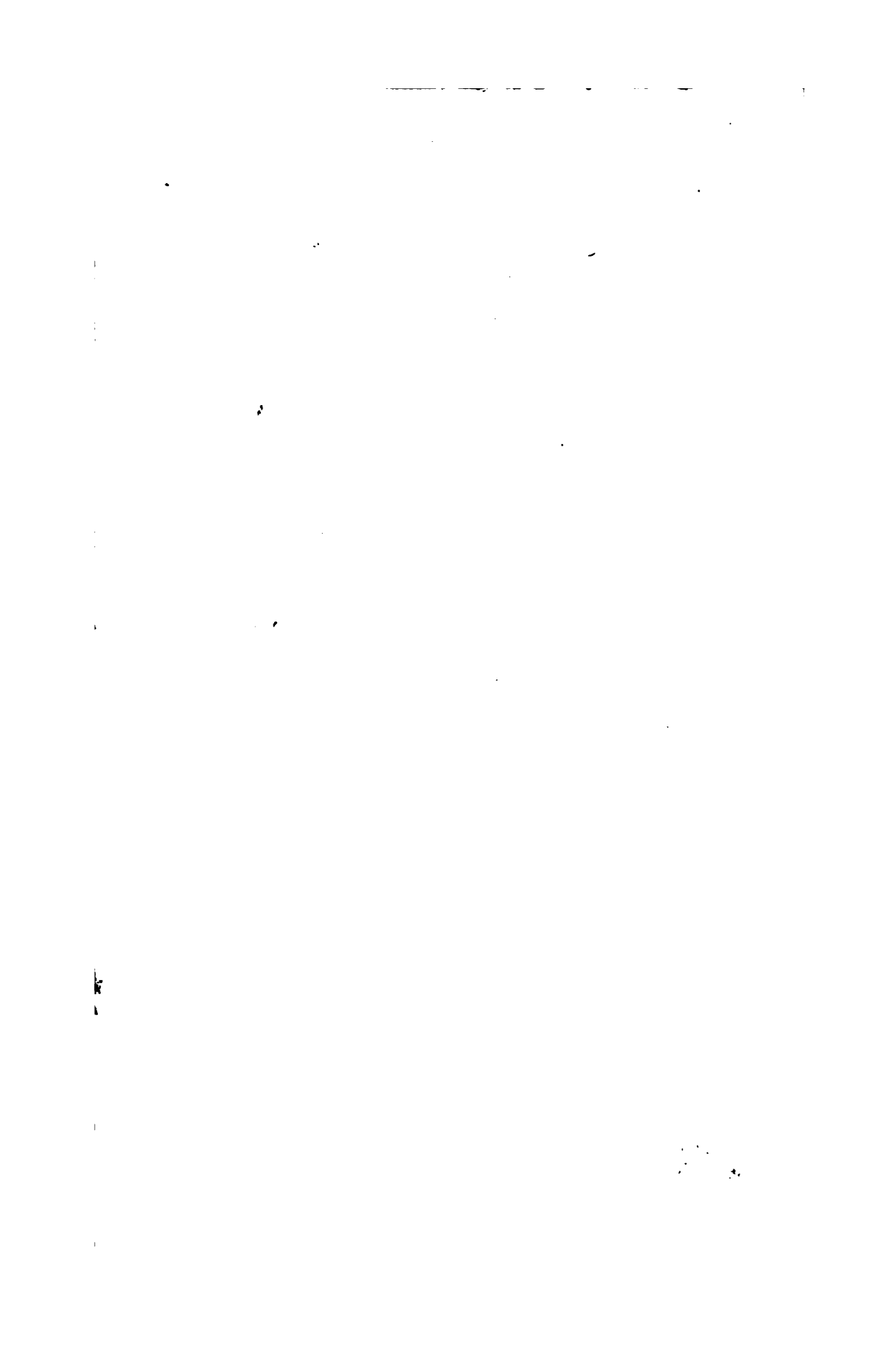
P 274.1

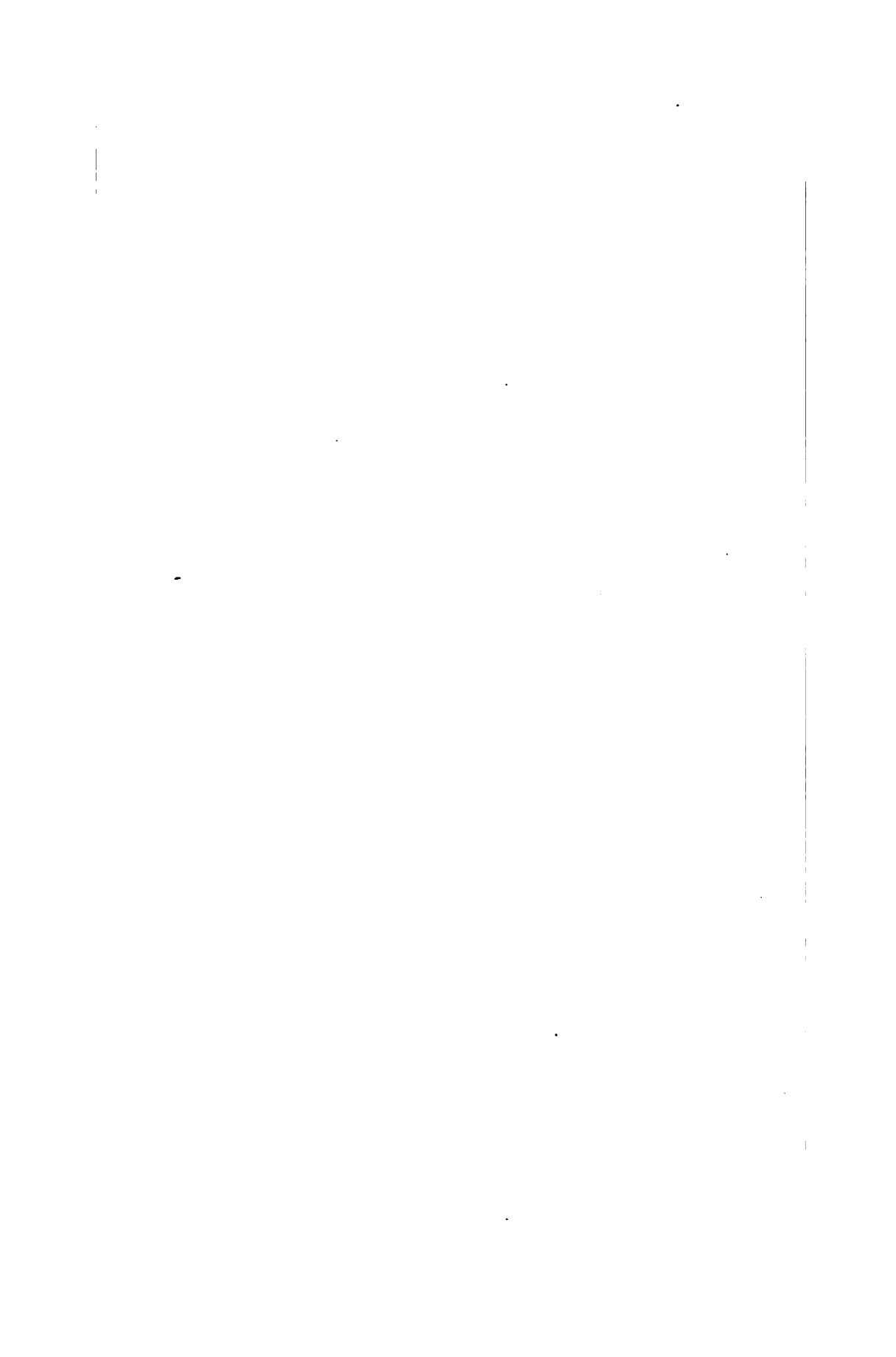
**HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY**



WILLIAM INGLIS MORSE

**CURATOR OF
CANADIAN HISTORY AND LITERATURE**





THE

MARITIME MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

H. L. SPENCER, (ENYLLA ALLYNE), EDITOR.

VOLUME III.

ST. JOHN, N. B.:

**PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS AT THE STEAM PRINTING
ESTABLISHMENT OF J. & A. McMILLAN,**

78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

1874.

△
P 274.1
✓

STANFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
300. INGLIS MORSE

The Maritime Monthly Club.

MEMBERS:

JOHN BOYD, Esq., of Messrs. Daniel & Boyd,
H. L. SPENCER, Esq.,
JOHN McMILLAN, Esq., of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan.
A. A. STOCKTON, Esq., of Messrs. A. A. & R. O. Stockton,
EZEKIEL McLEOD, Esq.,
Rev. JAMES BENNET,
J. N. WILSON, Esq.,
T. M. ROBINSON, Esq., W. U. Telegraph.

2149
48127
21-2

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Discussion on Beauty,.....	1
A Plot within a Plot, ...	14
Pompeti, ...	32
West Africa and the Ashtanee War,.....	47
The Folk-lore of British Plants, ...	72, 151
The Leemming or Norway Rat Migrations,.....	81
Hickel's Moners, ...	88
Whether Animals Commit Suicide,.....	84
Turkish Proverbs,.....	86
Book Notice,.....	89
Current Events, ...	91, 357
Our Blind,.....	97
Pompeti, ...	108
The Walpurgis Night, ...	128, 243, 350
By the Sea, a Study, ...	183
Fishing in a French Moat, ...	187
Just His Duty, ...	166
Sleepy Turtles off Corsica, ...	177
Dr. Heidegger's Experiment, ...	179
A Party in New York Two Centuries Ago,.....	188
How to write for the Press,.....	190
Editorial,.....	191
The Devil-fish in Newfoundland Waters,.....	193
Travels and Adventures in the South, ...	213, 339, 435, 556
A Visit to the Grave of Tecumseh, ...	226
Half an Hour with a Quack, ...	232
The Masque of the Red Death, ...	257
After Years of Waiting, ...	263
The Maiden Queen,.....	270
The Lily's Quest, ...	274
Scrapiana, ...	280, 363, 465, 565
Canada First, ...	289
By the Somme,.....	298
Personal Recollections of some American Authors,.....	320
Poor Silver-hair, ...	329
A Trip to the Geysers of Nevada,.....	385
Josiah Garth, ...	406, 481
Thoughts on Great Cities,.....	425
Maurice Wentworth's Charge,.....	446, 522
Beauty, ...	497
Man-Ching's Boots, ...	506
Chronicles of Punch-Bowl, ...	541

POETRY.

	PAGE
Anither's Awa, ...	71
The Three Eagles, ...	79
Whether She Will Come, ...	85
To-Morrow, ...	132
To Pyrrha, ...	150
The Classics, ...	157
My Muriel, ...	165
The Empty Boat, ...	179
Under the Snow, ...	212
Strada San Giovanni, ...	225
The Martyr of Art, ...	231
Dreams of Laughing Eyes and Golden Hair, ...	242
The Age of Wisdom, ...	256
Florence Lee, ...	273
Where?	298
Sonnets, ...	319, 329, 435, 495
By the Sea, ...	338
The Wayside Inn, ...	349
The Curl, ...	356
S. S. 1873, ...	406
Moskova, ...	422
The Bells of Shandon, ...	445
Elswitha, ...	463
The Question, ...	505
The Night Cometh, ...	521
My Friends, ...	541

THE
MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1874.

No. 1.

A DISCUSSION ON BEAUTY.

(Concluded.)

HAVING stated the theory we have undertaken to criticise, and made a remark or two on its general tendency, we may now proceed with our discussion as if no break had been made in it. If the reader wants to catch the thread of the argument, he may refer back to the paragraph which closed with the quotation from Fichte's *Destination of Man*.

But a theory which logically leads to such a consequence must be fundamentally wrong somewhere, however difficult it may be to detect where the fallacy lies. The truth of the matter seems to be, that while the maintainers of the theory in question are right as to many of the facts they adduce, they are wrong as to the inference they draw from those facts. Take the first general argument, the infinite variety and contrariety of objects to which beauty is ascribed. That is simply a statement of fact which proves nothing but the universal presence and prevalence of beauty. To infer that *none* of them are beautiful from the fact that *all* are said to be so, is a curious way of reasoning. If it be said there must be something which is common to all these various objects which entitles them to the epithet, I may answer, Yes! they are all alike in this at least, that they are beautiful; but what exactly beauty is, or wherein it consists, I may not be able to tell you, any more than I can tell you what power is, or space is, or time is. No one can tell us what these are; that is, give an exact definition of them: yet, in spite of the difficulties which the Kantian philosophy, and that of Herbert Spencer,

might beget as to their objectivity, we are sure that they have an existence independently of us—that we neither make them nor unmake them. And why may it not be so with beauty? If I should say that because power is said to reside in an infinite variety of objects, objects so unlike as a thought and a piece of wood, a smile and a cask of powder, it must be a creation simply of the human mind and not an inherent property of material objects, who but a Hume would assent to my statement? or would I be right or near the truth? The only legitimate inference that can be drawn from the fact that an infinite variety and contrariety of objects are called beautiful, is, not that beauty is not a quality of things, but that like life and power, of which it is a phase, it may be hovering and impalpable. It may be real though we may not be able to analyze it into its component elements, or say what it is that makes them beautiful—though we may not be able to seize it and enclose it in a formula, or lay down rules and principles by which we may be able in every case infallibly to determine its presence. It is suggestive always, incomprehensible, and runs with us into the illimitable and infinite.

But further. So far from regarding the fact that such an immense variety of objects go under the name of beautiful as an argument in favour of the Alison-Jeffrey theory of beauty, I think it is one of the very strongest arguments that could be produced against it. For who can say, or pretend to believe, that even one third of the objects which are called beautiful, and which he judges to be beautiful, has ever been associated in his mind, by even the most “casual bond of connection,” with previous agreeable sensations or emotions? Why, we go abroad into the world, and we come upon a thousand things with which we could not possibly have had any previous agreeable experience, and we pronounce them beautiful *at once*, and without being conscious of any resemblance or analogy in the things to objects which we have seen or felt before, or having any agreeable train of thought awakened in us by them, and we think them all the more beautiful *because of their novelty*. We may not know what they are or anything about them, and if we discover in them any resemblance to anything with which we are acquainted, that may be an *additional* trait to their beauty and *enhance* their value to us, but it is not the reason of our instantaneous decision respecting them. If only a small number of things with which we are

familiar were beautiful, it might reasonably be maintained that our ideas of beauty could be explained on the principle of association alone; but since an infinite number, the greater part of which we pronounce at first sight to be beautiful, pass under that title, it is impossible that such a principle can account for all the facts to be explained—unless, indeed, our instinctive perception of beauty be an inherited tendency, like Huggins' famous English mastiff keeper's antipathy to butchers and butchers' shops—the result of an agreeable association with the phenomenon now called beautiful in the experience of our progenitors.

But even that supposition, the supposition, viz., of a transmitted experience, which is dwelt upon by scientific men now-a-days *usque ad nauseam*, only comes the difficulty a step or two further back, and obliges us to ask, by what conceivable or inexplicable process could the sensation or emotion of the agreeable become transformed into the perception of the beautiful in our ancestors or in any one else? We derive pleasure from the perception of beauty, it is true; but we should be careful not to confound the subsequent or contemporary pleasurable emotion with the original and causative perception as has often been done. For if we start with the agreeable alone, we can never make a single step towards the perception of the beautiful. For, observe, if we have had an agreeable experience in connection with any object, all that the laws of association will lead us to, or can be supposed to lead us to, in the future, is *the reproduction of our agreeable impressions in the form of ideas of the agreeable*, but not of the beautiful. We must have the beautiful to begin with, or we never can get it from association merely,—there can be no association where that condition is wanting; the materials for the associating principle to operate upon are not supposed to be given. That Jeffrey himself substantially admits. The nature of beauty, he says, “is no more explained, nor is less absurdity substantially committed, by saying that things are beautiful because they are agreeable, than if we were to give the same explanation of the sweetness of sugar; for no one, we suppose, will dispute, that though it be very true that sugar is agreeable because it is sweet, it would be manifestly preposterous to say that it was sweet because it was agreeable.” Yet he subsequently says, and his whole theory—all against which we are contending—is founded on the idea “that every feeling which it is agreeable to experience, to recall, or to witness, may

become the source of beauty in external objects, when it is so connected with them as that their appearance reminds us of that feeling." But how does that agree with his previous admission and assertion "that though the agreeableness of such objects depends plainly enough upon their beauty, it by no means follows, but quite the contrary, that this beauty depends upon the agreeableness?" The agreeableness of such objects, it is admitted, depends upon their beauty—beauty, that is, first in thought and the natural order of things; but if beauty be thus the *cause*, it cannot well be the effect of an agreeable sensation or emotions. And so it would seem to be granted that beauty, in some cases at least, is a property of outward things appealing to our sympathies through a constitution harmonized with nature.

So far, then, as any argument can be drawn from the infinite variety of objects to which beauty is ascribed, it seems to point in an altogether opposite direction from that to which it has been supposed to point. Instead of supporting, it seems to bear directly against the association theory. And the longer we consider it, the more are we convinced that so it is. For beauty is no fixed and definite quantity in nature's garner; it moves and shifts and reappears perpetually, and never at two moments of our lives, perhaps, do we see the same things exactly to admire. All is in a flux; perpetual motion within permanent law is the order of nature everywhere; and as to individual forms and phases of it at least, beauty is evanescent and fleeting as a shadow—never the same, except in memory it may be, where, as Keats has sung, "a thing of beauty" may be "a joy for ever." But where perpetual flux is, there can be no association—the conditions are wanting. Yet we are bathed in beauty as in an ether; it is all-pervading and omnipresent almost as the spirit of the Eternal. It may make for itself new forms, and show itself in an infinitude of ways, but always it is there in Nature—in tree or fruit or flower, on mountain and in valley, in wreathing clouds and rippling stream, in gathering storm or glistening dew, in twinkling star and falling snow and setting sun, in coral reef and murmuring shell and roaring ocean. It looks o'er ruined walls and peeps through copse and fern; it streams in the light and steals through dusk and shadow; it waves among the leaves and grass, and haunts the depths of earth and sea; and traverse the globe from pole to pole, it will encompass your path, your lying down, and your rising up. It may not,

it does not, show itself equally to all everywhere and always; but always some faint traces of it may be seen, to gladden the eye and cheer the heart of pilgrims on life's busy highway.

It is time, however, that we were turning to the second general form of argument with which we have to deal. Not only is there that contrariety which we have been discussing in things that are called beautiful, but there is no agreement among men, it is said, as to what is beautiful; and hence it is inferred that beauty is not a quality of outward things at all, but only an affection and projection of the mind. That is an argument which may be used, as we have said, to undermine our ideas of truth and virtue and religion as well as those of beauty. It has been used for that purpose before and ever since Protagoras condensed it in the dogma that "man is the measure of the universe;" and now Spencer and his school are employing it under the convenient phrase, the Relativity of Knowledge, to prove that all our knowledge is merely phenomenal—phenomenal of the Unknown, and that if there be a God we can never know anything about him, He must remain for ever the "Infinite Unknowable." But let us think of it now in relation to our subject, for we have nothing to do with it in the meantime in its wider applications to morality and religion.

There is no agreement in taste, you say. Well, supposing that your statement was strictly and to the utmost true, it would not prove that beauty was not inherent in things; for we might still legitimately hold that it appeared in manifold degrees and ways, and that each mind seized that which by constitution, education, or association, it was fitted to perceive. That there is an endless variety in tastes is just another side of the thought that there is a countless diversity of objects that pass under the name of beautiful; and it may be turned in the same way into a proof of the substantial reality of beauty instead of an argument to the contrary, and of the mutual adaptation of nature to mind and mind to nature. Suppose, and we need not suppose it, for we may find examples of it in actual life almost any day; but suppose that ten or twenty persons on hearing a discourse, or on reading a book, all bring away a different impression of its several parts, and that each differed from all the rest as to the part he liked and approved of, would it not be even a stronger testimony to the real, substantial beauty of the composition as a whole that ten or twenty individuals, who were each of a different mental constitu-

tion and calibre and differently informed, perceived a beauty in ten or twenty different parts, than that they should all agree in declaring that they saw only one and the same beauty in it? If while those of a poetic temperament were in raptures with its imagery, its diction, and the easy flow and rythm of its composition, the logical mind enjoyed its reasoning and pronounced it faultless, and the bold, the sensitive, the gentle, and the loving all found much in it which pleased their taste and called forth their admiration, we would naturally say, wouldn't we? it must surely be an altogether excellent piece of composition when all shades of disposition and grades of understanding find in it their element. The man of hard and reasoning faculties with no emotion, might think its tender passages more or less ridiculous or silly, and the emotional and imaginative might see nothing attractive in its close, consecutive reasoning; but the very excellence, the real perfection and beauty of the work as a whole, would just consist in this, that it suited all—all temperaments and capacities and forms of mental action. Well, to turn to no lower source, we have surely such a book in nature. There the subtle and the weird, the tender and the melancholy, the gentle and the awful blend harmoniously together, and are governed by laws as strict in their sequence as the most rigorously logical mind could wish; and every one, from the child which has hardly learned to distinguish self from things to the astronomer who weighs the spheres and predicts the return of comets, may find in this broad round earth beneath us, or in the heavens above us, something which appeals to his sense of order and beauty and sublimity, and though each may see a different beauty, and in strangely contrasted objects, the fact that all see something beautiful there would seem to point, we humbly submit, to the infinite wealth of nature rather than to the illusiveness of her fair appearances.

We are conscious of a seeming paradox in the argument we have just adduced, and we may at once answer an objection by way of anticipation. We have said, not dogmatically, but by way of question, that we may have a stronger testimony to the substantial beauty of an object in the fact that each of twenty different persons perceives a different beauty in it than that they should all agree in declaring that they saw the same; and hence we may be charged with maintaining that the testimony of one is stronger evidence to the existence of a fact than that of twenty. But it

is to be observed that though each of the twenty perceives a different beauty, they are all supposed to see it *in the same object* though in different parts, and that thus we still have the testimony of twenty, and not of one only, to the fact that the object is beautiful. But further, and more especially, it is to be noted that the twenty are all supposed to be *differently constituted and trained*; and it is only by not observing and allowing for that condition that our statement is not seen to be as clearly true as that the denial of it would be absurd. For we hold it as incontrovertible, and as practically acknowledged by all, that persons of a certain bodily framework, and mental constitution and development, stand in the same position relatively to certain aspects of beauty as the blind to colours, the deaf to sounds, or those without an ear to music, or as persons who see, say, standing in different relations and positions to an object of sight. To demand that all should see the same beauty in all things as a proof of the reality of beauty when all are not possessed in an equal degree of the same faculties and training, and do not stand, so to speak, at the same angles of observation, is like demanding that a thing should be before it exists, or like insisting that the blind should give their testimony to the existence of an object which can be perceived by sight alone before we who see should believe in its existence.

It was long ago observed by Addison that what we call a difference *in taste* is not so much that as a *difference in what is perceived* from the degree of attention given, or the difference in the development of the sensibility or imaginative power. "We find one transported with a passage," he says, "which another runs over with coldness and indifference; or finding the representation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of likeness or conformity. This different taste must proceed either from the perfection of the imagination in one more than another, or from the different ideas that several readers affix to the same words. For, to have a true relish, and form a right judgment of a description, a man should be born with a good imagination, and must have well weighed the force and energy that lie in the several words of a language, so as to be able to distinguish which are the most significant and expressive of their proper ideas, and what additional strength and beauty they are capable of receiving from conjunction with others. The fancy must be warm, to retain

the print of those images it hath received from outward objects; and the judgment discerning, to know what expressions are most proper to clothe and adorn them to the best advantage. A man who is deficient in either of these respects, though he may receive the general notion of a description, can never see distinctly all its particular beauties; as a person with a weak sight may have the confused prospect of a place that lies before him, without entering into its several parts, or discerning the variety of colours in their full glory and perfection." (On the Pleasures of the Imagination, Paper VI., No. 416 of *Spectator*.)

To the same effect Burke observes, in his ingenious Discourse on Taste prefixed to his "Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," that it is from "*a difference in knowledge* that what we commonly, though with no great exactness, call a difference in taste proceeds. A man to whom sculpture is new, sees a barber's block, or some ordinary piece of statuary; he is immediately struck and pleased with its likeness, because he sees something like a human figure; and entirely taken up with its likeness, he does not at all attend to its defects. * * * Some time after, we suppose that this novice lights upon a more artistic work of the same nature; he now begins to look with contempt on what he admired at first; not that he admired it even then for its unlikeness to a man, but for that general though inaccurate resemblance which it bore to the human figure. What he admired at different times in these so different figures, *is strictly the same*; and though his knowledge is improved, his taste is not altered."

The quotations seem to add the weight of authority to the idea expressed in the preceding paragraph, that the seemingly great variety in tastes and diversity of deliverances respecting what is beautiful, is an argument not so much for the illusiveness of beauty as for the infinite fulness of nature in degrees of beauty and her adaptation to all the varying wants and capacities of man. The beauty is there in nature—in things external, but it needs an eye to see it and certain conditions of mind and heart to catch it in its subtle and ever-shifting evolutions. The practised ear can detect a jarring note in music which passes unperceived by others, and there is no disputing that it was produced though it was not heard by some; the blind can tell the colours of a cloth by touch, when we, whose fingers have not been used for such a

purpose, can perceive no difference; and so, as we unfold through growth, experience and education, we may see a deeper and different kind of beauty, it may be, in art, in nature, and in human life; and as a consequence of our own advancement and progress in humanity, things which once appeared so pleasing may look comparatively dull and unattractive. But still it is to be noted that we are not thus passing from one illusion to another, but from one degree of perfection in perceptive power to another. Indeed, it might be argued that if beauty were a quality with which we clothed an object from our agreeable experience in connection with it, and not a quality in things themselves, we could not thus connect our ideas of it with different objects in a progressive scale, but that our sense of the beauty of things must intensify according to the length of our acquaintance with them; and that as our past agreeable experience with an object must remain an absolute and eternal fact, that object must so far continue to appear to us as beautiful for ever. But as this is a point which we may return to in the sequel, we need not dwell upon it now.

So far we have argued on the supposition of an absolute and irreconcilable diversity of opinion as to what is beautiful; but we may now stop for a moment in our career and ask the simple, yet very important question, is the disagreement after all so great as some would seem to represent? And the answer, we think, must in all fairness be, that on broad and general grounds there is as perfect a unanimity of thought and sentiment as to beauty, as there is in the tastes of the palate and the perception of colours, and that difference emerges only in questions of detail comparatively. There are things which every one with reason probably would at once allow to be beautiful. There may be differences of choice or preference with reference to form or size or shade of colour, but what savage, or child, or educated man or woman of any age or nation, would not be pleased with a full-blown, perfect rose? Take any individual rose, and you might find some who would say that they had seen one more beautiful; but every one would agree with every other probably in recognising some beauty in every flower of the species. And it is the same more or less with all other flowers and forms in nature. No matter what your age or nationality or associations, you will see a glory in some sunsets and a grandeur in the starry sky. One may see more

splendour and beauty in them than another, but all would agree in classifying them under the name of beautiful. There is a universal agreement too, for instance, as to the comparative beauty of certain species of animals or plants. Who would say that the crocodile was as pretty as the race-horse, or as graceful in its motions as the sailing swan? or that an unfledged sparrow was as pleasing to the eye as a brilliant cockatoo? Who would prefer a stunted slae-bush to the shading elm as an ornament for his lawn, or deck his garden with the dandelion and the gowan, rather than the cactus and the rose? Or take human life and character. There are deeds and lines of conduct which command the admiration of all who hear of them and are capable of judging. There are musicians and orators who take all audiences as by storm, and gain a world-wide fame. There are poets and painters who by common consent of ages take the lead in literature and art. Does not that shew agreement as to what is beautiful? And how can we account for facts like these, if there is no intrinsic beauty in things—if it be wholly a web of our own experience and sensibility?

A good deal has been made of the different ideas of beauty among different nations; but the difference is all on the surface, and is not so great as at first sight it might seem. There may be a difference which can be seen by all in customs and dress and general habits of life; but that difference does not always indicate a difference in taste. It may be and often is the result in a large degree of the necessities of temperature and climate, and so forth. For people are influenced in their choice of dress and the formation of habits, etc., not only by ideas of beauty, but by feelings of comfort and convenience, and a thousand other things as well. We see that in the case of men of different nationalities assuming the costume and habits of their adopted country. When Europeans go to India, they don the native garb not as a matter of taste, but of necessity. And that there is no great difference in our ideas of beauty is seen in this, that when foreigners do assume the native dress of any nation, they frequently display even greater taste in details of choice and arrangement than the natives, the natives themselves being judges. And as to the delight with which we “catch the strains of our native melodies in strange or in distant lands,” that delight may arise from the comparatively greater actual beauty of our national airs, or, which is more frequently

the case perhaps, simply because they recall bygone days and old associations, but not because we judge them finer than those we hear in foreign lands. We may like to hear a tune which we heard in our youth, although we may consider it anything but beautiful. For there is a conservative element in us all, and we like old habits and ways sometimes, and whatever suggests or recalls old associations, and prefer them frequently for the time being to others, though we may regard them as decidedly less graceful in themselves. But these habits and prejudices and preferences, or whatever you may call them, are not to be confounded with our decisions respecting beauty. They are distinct in reality, and they ought to be regarded as different in our speculations.

But allowing that there are differences in national tastes from an original difference of temperament and constitution, and it may be of training and climate, that does not affect the truth of the belief that there is a beauty of things as we have seen; and the difference after all is but slight and superficial. For in works of art, in the disposition of colours in the making of ornaments for the house or person, there is a general consensus of opinion among all, and there has been from the first of times. The untutored Indian and the "heathen Chinese" make ornaments which vie in beauty with any that can be produced by the most ingenious and cultivated among the nations of Europe or America, and they are ready in turn to admire the trinkets and flowers and paintings which we admire and think so fair. They receive our poetry and classic authors according to their education and development in mental power, and we go back three thousand years and find ourselves at one with Homer and other ancient Greeks, with Moses and Miriam as they chant their song of deliverance from the foe, and with the Chinese and Egyptians in the constructing of their walls and pyramids. "Beautiful is the love of nature in the Philoctetes," says Emerson in that remarkable essay of his on History. "But in reading those fine apostrophes to sleep, to the stars, rocks, mountains and waves, I feel time passing away as an ebbing sea. I feel the eternity of man, the identity of his thought. The Greek had, it seems, the same fellow beings as I. The sun and moon, water and fire, met his heart precisely as they met mine. Then the vaunted distinction between Greek and English, between classic and romantic schools, seems superficial and pedantic. When a thought of Plato becomes a thought to me,—when

a truth that fired the soul of Pindar fires mine, time is no more. When I feel that we two meet in a perception, that our two souls are tinged with the same hue, and do, as it were, run into one, why should I measure degrees of latitude, why should I count Egyptian years."

If there is anything at all on which different tribes and nations substantially agree, it may indeed be said to be in their ideas of beauty. The difference is no more than is necessary to set off their general unanimity of sentiment, and to illustrate the principle, as applied to the nations as a whole, which some lay down as the most general expression and fundamental law of beauty, and which lies at the root of being, unity in variety.

As to the third objection which has been urged against the idea of beauty being an inherent quality of things, a very few words in answer may suffice. If colours were beautiful in themselves, it is said they would be beautiful wherever they were seen, and no matter how arranged. And the simple answer is, You are right; and so they are. But distinguish: *there may be an incongruity in their relations which is not beautiful.* Sky-blue is just as beautiful on the nose of a woman, or any where else you may like to put it, as in the vault of heaven, *when we regard the colour alone and without relation to its position.* And so it is with the forms of things. A beautiful face is beautiful no matter who possesses it. The rosy, chubby cheeks of childhood would be just as beautiful in a man of forty as a boy of five years old when regarded by itself; but there would be an incongruity *in the relation* between age or manhood and such features which would not be pleasing to our "home-bred fancies" and associations. It would not be natural. And now observe. In that there are such relations, and such perceptions of relations, which we cannot alter or reverse at will, and in the reversal of which would be the reversal of nature's order, we have the very strongest evidence that beauty is not, and cannot be, wholly the result of association, but that it must be inherent in the very nature of things. The very fact that there are relations of things which we cannot alter without a sense of incongruity, or, in other words, that there is a place for all things which is *natural*, involves as a fundamental idea that there is an order and law of nature *given us in experience*, but not made by it, which we must observe before we can make things beautiful in art; and therefore that there are laws

of beauty antecedent to and pre-supposed in all association, and on which experience, or association itself, must rest as a basis. And to go further and ask, "If the smile, which now enchants us, as the expression of innocence and affection, were the sign attached by nature to guilt and malignity; if the blush which expresses delicacy, and the glance that speaks intelligence, vivacity, and softness, had always been found united with brutal passion or idiot moodiness; is it not certain, that the whole of their beauty would be extinguished, and that our emotions from the sight of them would be the reverse of what they now are?" is really nothing more, though it sounds very profound and puzzling, than to ask whether, if the order of things were changed, it would not be different from what it is. Of course, if it were different from what it is, it would not be the same; but that is nothing to the point, and the question might very pertinently be asked, whether such a change as is supposed is at all conceivable or within the bounds of possibility.

Then as to the statement that sounds affect us differently according to the circumstances in which they are heard, and as we conceive of them, there is no question as to the fact. But let us here again distinguish. The falling of a drop of water is just as insignificant when heard in a subterraneous vault or cave, *when considered abstractly and apart from its surroundings*, as when we hear it above ground in the light of day. And so with the scream of an eagle, the hooting of an owl, etc. They would be the same, and have the same effect upon us, whenever or wherever they could be heard, if they were considered abstractly and in themselves. But since the effect is different, the cause must be different. And the reason why we have at one time the emotion of the sublime on hearing a sound, and at another are not affected at all or remain indifferent on hearing the same sound, is, that in the two cases *the mental perception is different*. That is to say, it is not the slow dripping of water alone, nor the hooting of the owl alone, nor the scream of the eagle alone, nor the mere sound as of thunder that awakes the emotion of the sublime, but *the whole mental perception*—the sound *and* the circumstances, the dripping of water *with* the silence and emptiness, the hooting *and* the darkness of night and the gloom of the adjacent wood, the scream of the eagle *with* the conception of freedom and height, the sound *with* the ideas of power and of danger as connected with

thunder and the artillery of the skies. So then it is not the same sounds that affect us differently, but the different circumstances and our perception of them. No insignificant sound can ever by itself be otherwise than insignificant. It seems a truism, but yet we need to maintain as against some philosophers, that things are just what they are.

It will now be evident to all, I think, that a pretty good defence may be made of the truth of the general assumption that beauty is an inherent quality of things, and not a mere projection of the feelings on them. But to finish the discussion of our subject satisfactorily would require as much again as we have written thus far, and more perhaps, and we are afraid that our readers may have already got tired following us; so we will retire from the scene at the conclusion of the first part of our discussion, and leave them to their reverie.

WILLIAM P. BEGG.

A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT was that hour of all the twenty-four, the darkest, wherein one feels, amid the horror of thick darkness, the profound agony of earth sighing drearily through the ineffable silences of the night for the coming dawn, and the absent sun.

A creek opens out at the innermost angle of the Bay on the south side of the promontory of the Dog's Nose; a creek, walled all round by scarped rocks, higher than the width of it.

It seemed a very pit of blackness dug out of the murky gloom. The abyss yawned as if to swallow up those three shrinking figures we might dimly descry groping along the verge.

There is but one practicable path downwards; and they are straining their eyes, and feeling all along with their hands to find its beginning.

A low whistle from the central one of their number apprises the others of his success, and they prepare to descend.

"What will we do with this accursed brute?" says one. "If we turn him loose, he will draw the redcoats on us again. And we dare not shoot him either. Sound travels far in the night."

"Push him over the cliff—it's the quietest way;" grumbled another voice in reply.

As if aware of their amicable intentions towards him, and resolved that at all events he should not *quietly* be put out of the way, the steed pricked up its ears, and sent off into the night a shrill, resonant neigh.

"Curse the brute; stab him!" said one.

The other moved forward in act to strike; when Inkerman, for it was none other, resenting this base return for his *super-equine* exertions in their cause, suddenly wheeled round, and letting fly both heels, gave his assailant a taste of his mettle and a parting *souvenir* in the shape of a broken knee-pan; and then dashed off on the homeward route.

A howl of pain and rage burst forth from the disabled ruffian.

"*Sacre!*" hissed Delaval. "Cease, or you shall taste the knife yourself. Be quick. They are upon us."

He was right. Rising shouts, and the sound of galloping hoofs came distinctly to their ears. They commenced the descent.

Their progress was hurried and painful. Vaguely here and there on the projections of the slope could be distinguished the twists and turns of the path which wound, full of knots and elbows, down the almost vertical incline.

It was a path fitter for goats than for human feet. A stranger might wonder what could induce those three fugitives to risk their necks there,—and in the dark, too,—where the hardy peasant will scarce venture in broad day.

They have a motive, though—concealment; not only concealment, but flight, as presently appears.

One dragging, half-carrying the other, the two men come foremost; the woman brings down the rear.

We have seen evidence before of Delaval's abilities as a cragsman. They are all needed in the present venture.

Enough; they finally arrived in safety at the little shelf in the rock which does duty as a beach.

A warp attached to an iron ring in the stone, led the eye outwards to where a black lustreless blot on the lustrous black of the water, shewed where a fishing hooker lay moored.

A plank is found on the marge by Delaval, and is slid along the warp till it strikes the gunwale. A second more, and he and Marie between them are helping the lame man aboard.

The woman cuts the warp. One man with a pole thrusts off from the rock; the sails are being slowly hoisted by the other. Finally they begin to fill away and draw off from the shore. Not a second too soon either: for momentary flashes are illuminating the cavernous depths; and rattling reports, and the sharp ping! of plunging rifle-bullets tell them their enemies are probing the darkness for the secret of their mysterious flight.

A few passing glimpses by the fitful blazing of their pieces,—the point of a mast, the tip of a gaff, a few shroud-lines relieved in sudden white against the murky sky beyond, a vision gliding ghost-like over the summit of the rent crag through which the narrow mouth of the creek winds its serpentine way, that was the last ever seen by mortal eye of the hardy hooker and its flying crew.

Larry, the groom, who had led the pursuit, mounted on Calvert's rough-riding mare *Bob-na-Sheelah*, as he lost sight of the last spar, roared out after the fugitives by way of valedictory:

"Bad seran to yez, for murdherin', thavin villians! An' sure it's the land is the loighthier for the loss av yer weight. Away wid ye, away wid ye; and bad luck attind ye! Many's the dhry eye ye'll lave afther ye. A bloody death, a suddint, an' a chokin', may ye die; a wet grave, an' a wide, an' a onaisy one be your portion; the hottest hole beyant there to dhry yez; an' the back av His hand to yez on the Day av Judgment, for iver an' iver, Amin! That's all the harrum I wish ye. Bad cess to yez, ye thaves o' the wurruld!"

With which final adjuration, feeling mightily relieved, the worthy ostler wheeled about, and tightened his clasp on Inker-man's bridle, who, as he galloped back, had suffered himself to be caught. Finally, he led off on the home-route, and entertained his comrades by the way with marvellous accounts of the old horse's prowess and sagacity. He stoutly averred his belief that, both in his own interests and in those of society at large, the veteran steed had "lint one of the bloody Turks a loundherin' larrup by way of good-bye—for," said he, "didn't I hear him give that nate bit squalle av his that always manes mischief: an', more be token, he hit hard, too; for the varmint wouldn't ha' let out the yelp he did, if he could have helped it."

All that day and the next, the party in the fishing craft urged their flight, steering almost by chance, and only eager to escape pursuit.

Vain to attempt putting into any British port! Were they even safe in their native land? The telegraph must, ere this, have flashed the news of their daring attempt and its failure over the civilized world. Retribution must be even now on their track. Each distant sail filled them with nervous tremors, and their only anxiety was to place as great a distance as possible betwixt themselves and their fellow-creatures.

They cursed the light and variable breezes that wafted them on, now swiftly, now slowly, by fits and starts, and anon died utterly away, leaving the sails idly flapping against the sun-bleached mast. Was this a time to be made the sport of capricious breezes—the plaything of the inconstant elements—when life itself hung upon their expedition?

Delaval sat gloomily doubled over the tiller-bar. He had counted upon falling in with the mail steamer for America, now due. Or failing that, he was anxious to come up with some craft outward-bound:—whither, it little mattered,—anywhere to escape the avenger.

But his course, at first—due west, to throw his pursuers off the track, and then in a south-east direction—had left him far out of the usual track,—far too from land, where he might have replenished their meagre store of provisions.

The locker was empty. A few scraps of stale biscuit, some potatoes and salt fish, that was all from the first; and all was gone now. Starvation stared them in the face. The anker of water, too, was all but done.

Barillot, wounded and feverish, had drawn heavily upon their small supply. He himself had exceeded, for he had not escaped scatheless in his hand-to-hand struggle with the American; but, in his bruised body and aching bones, had learned that even naked fists, wielded boxer-fashion, can do stern work in a righteous cause.

Marie alone sat firm and collected, facing the posture of affairs.

The two men were completely demoralized, though each shewed it in a different way.

Barillot was sulky, growling, ravenous, dangerous, like a trapped and starved bear in spring time.

Delaval, affecting not to notice his comrade's querulousness, but

to be scanning the distant horizon, was nevertheless painfully repressing his rising irritation; and one could see that at any moment his pent-up wrath might leap forth in sudden violence.

It was Barillot who spoke, and this in a grumbling monologue, sufficiently exasperating at any time, but doubly so now to Delaval.

"*Diantre!* Is this our grand estate we were to pick up in yonder accursed land of savages? I have got nothing but hard blows, and hard lines, and hunger! The dogs have bit me, the horses have kicked me, the children have stoned me, the women have spit upon me. I have been hounded and beaten, mangled on the rocks, and half-drowned in the breakers, scorched, and maimed, and massacred; and all for what? To lie here and starve—that Monsieur may have plenty—that Monsieur may succeed in the grand affair! It is my mangled body that must form the stepping-stone to Monsieur's grandeur. From my bleeding entrails I must spin the web that is to catch Monsieur's flies for him. Honour and wealth for him; the torture, the gibbet for me. It is all one. I am only Barillot,—Barillot the serf,—Barillot the villain: Monsieur is *le grand seigneur!* A Barillot has only to sin and to suffer, that Monseigneur may rise and rule. What matter what comes of us others? We are only the *canaille*. For him my wife murders, and goes mad;—for him my Lisette must soil her soul with the slaughter of the innocents, and herself gets murdered; for him *Le petite* must forget his old grandfather—must sell herself body and soul. What matter? It is all to minister to Monseigneur's pleasure, to Monseigneur's success:—and what a success! *O mon Dieu!*"

"Cease, grandfather," said the girl; "you annoy Monsieur; you outrage me."

"*Pauvre petite!*" he continued, "thou wert to be Madame la Comtesse, so soon as the game was won. Now thou art—what! *Une p——!*"

"Silence, scum! or I will make fish-bait of your brains!" thundered Delaval, turning at the insulting epithet with livid lip and flaming eyes upon his confederate in crime; and his hand stole ominously to his bosom.

"Adolphe!" screamed Marie, starting up between the two; "What is it you would do? In shedding his blood, it is mine you would spill."

His head turned away with something of a softened look at this

appeal. But the infatuated and desperate ruffian seemed only the more goaded to madness by the younger man's menaces. Struggling up to a sitting posture, he glared on Delaval with his one bloodshot eye. The other eye, useless and defaced, was hidden under a mass of gangrene, into which his festering wound had turned. This, with his fierce, heavy jowls, and tusks like those of a wild boar, bared and snapping viciously, made his whole physiognomy appear inexpressibly loathsome and ferocious.

"Ha, scum!" said he; "but the scum sometimes boils over. Tread on the worm; at last he may turn. Beat the hound without mercy, and one day he will bite. Guard thyself, insolent! It is my turn now." Thus muttering to himself, his lurid eye kept roving restlessly round, as if in search of some weapon. At length a heavy iron pintle caught his gaze. With a savage growl he grasped it, then ramping on one hand and knee, with his disabled limb trailing uselessly behind him, and the new-found weapon brandished over his head, he moved painfully with a slow but horrible persistency aft.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WITH set teeth Delaval watched the oncoming vengeance he had provoked.

Marie, for once losing her self-possession, sat petrified with horror. Once, twice, she opened her lips to speak; but voice failed her in this supreme moment of need. Her eye, which in its really marvellous magnetic power, had never before failed to quell the lower intelligence of this man, was powerless now. He did not even glance at her.

All the revenge, the rage, the madness of a blasted lifetime were concentrated in that murderous glare that shot past her to his foe. Still onwards he crawled, relentless as Fate.

At that instant the words dropped behind her,—

"This must end!" Then a shot was heard.

Whether it was that the pistol was badly aimed, or that the ball had glanced off the iron weapon which Barillot had instinctively thrust forward as a guard, certain it is, that beyond shattering the ruffian's jaw, and making him still more hideous and furious than before, the shot had utterly failed of effect.

"Curse it all!" said Delaval, in an undertone. "It was my last;" and he hurled, with his full force, the now useless revolver.

at his antagonist. This stroke, too, was caught, and in part parried, by the rude weapon, though it still further laid open the cheek, and rendered still more diabolical the aspect of the infuriated madman.

Delaval was now at bay. He drew his dagger, and caught it between his teeth. With one wrench he unshipped the tiller-bar, grasped it with both hands, and prepared to sell his life dearly.

Marie had, meanwhile, by a supreme effort of will, forced an instant's reflection.

How shall she prevent the shock? Between these opposing and fulminating electric poles, how shall she prevent contact? how avert the inevitable explosion? how interpose the non-conductor?

An inspiration! She dives into the locker, draws in haste Delaval's pocket-flask of brandy; then in a simple calm voice says, as she thrusts its open orifice under her progenitor's bleeding and battered muzzle,—

“Have a drink, little grandpa?”

The grateful aroma in his nostrils, the strangely familiar voice in his ears, and lo! the wild beast in all the ardor, the passion, the accumulating impulses and energies of the final spring upon his prey—swerves, stops short, stops to smell—to smile—to drink—ay, and—to *die*!

That instant's diverted attention has cost him his life!

Delaval, profiting by the momentary diversion, has darted forward, and plunged his keen dagger in the throat of the man who has served him with life, with honour, with the shame of wife, of child, of grandchild.

The poor wretch's one eye, fast glazing in death, glares with an unutterable curse on his own idolized darling, who has betrayed with a kiss, and helped on the murder of the one only parent she ever knew. And for whom has she done this thing? For him the remorseless villain, the tyrant, the instigator of all the murders that had been, or were attempted to be perpetrated; for him who has even now been refusing her justice, and taunting her with the degradation he himself had produced. And this from her? when he had but risen up to right, or to avenge her wrong!

Such were the speechless accusations, the overwhelming menace, the despairing imprecations that spoke to the girl's conscience with avenging clearness from the dead man's eye.

And now the black night swoops down upon the guilty pair all alone in mid-ocean—alone with the butchered corpse glaring ghastly up to the murky heavens. This thing, no longer a man; these remains, no longer a presence; how frightful to have this kill-joy forming a third at their *tête-à-tête*—to have this skeleton at their frenetic feast of delight to which they would fain have given themselves up—to have this silent, uncompromising witness, even more redoubtable in death than in life, sternly forbidding the indulgence of their lawless loves.

For these two loved: that is to say, they had loved—devotedly, to distraction.

Was theirs a love, though, that would stand the crucial test of distress, of famine, of probable death? Ah, no! It was but a guilty flame. The pure in heart alone can face death unblenching, and enter Heaven triumphing in their love.

Was that love; was it not rather guilty terror, which—as they drew together an instant clinging lip to lip—suddenly sent them shrinking back as the hand would chance to encounter the slippery blood, or the eye would casually fall on the viscous shimmering of the dead man's face?

Alas! There was that between them henceforth they never could away with—that which murdered sleep, which murdered love.

And so they sat apart in silence—two phantom forms watching a spectre: terrible to each other, and terrified more and more at their handiwork. Their eyes dwelt with a horrible fascination on their victim; and yet they could not summon courage to heave overboard the mute witness of their crime.

With the darkness came the storm—God's messenger of wrath—upon them.

The sky, a black vault, was rent by the fiery flashes of God's sword of vengeance. The thunder-tones of his fury rolled over the heads of the doomed ones.

The sea, a seething, shimmering, phosphorescent sheet of flying foam, and wind-driven billow, and multitudinous fire glistening and leaping at them from every ripple and dashing spray-cloud, and dancing up and down the masts and spars and playing in a ceaseless glimmer over the dead man's face—these were the frightful surroundings, and that the central horror of the great darkness wherewith these two lost souls were environed.

And so the night wore on, ever more and more terrible; and the phantom-ship, with stripped spars, and its ghastly freight of the living and the dead, swept on ghost-like before the irresistible might of the tempest—on through unknown seas to unknown shores. And these two motionless figures sat—drenched, starving, frenzied—through it all, waiting and wishing for the day.

But when the day finally came, they cursed it in their hearts, and wished for night again. For the dawn but showed them the more clearly the ruin to which they were given up, and that dread thing which would not suffer them to loose their horrified regards from the blasting spell of its vitreous stare.

The frightful lungs of the tempest sobbed and heaved, and blew stronger and stronger, its gusty respirations through space becoming momentarily more monstrous.

The light showed the ruin which the darkness only suggested. They could see the waves now, they could only hear before: like sleuth-hounds they came on—tireless, implacable, scenting them from afar, chasing them, hounding them down. Each tenth wave, like a crouching tiger, seemed crawling on its belly over the sea; then it bounded raging, resistless upon the hapless craft: and each, as it swept over them, carried with it something away in its teeth of foam—some morsel, some fragment of their shattered bark.

It was a mere question of time now, how long they would float.

The ocean was leisurely making its meal of them, bite after bite. When would it be satiated?

The sails were gone, spirited away in the darkness. The night-storm had whipped them out of the boltropes, like a pickpocket snatching a handkerchief. The spars, creaking and straining, had one by one snapped their stays and come down by the run; the masts, swaying wildly, had followed with a crash, and at each surge of the vessel kept thumping like battering-rams outside. The rudder was long gone; the bulwarks were gone; everything seemed going—but one; the dead man's corpse was still there.

Night, and storm, and foaming ocean all united in respecting that.

And so the long day in turn wore through, terrible in its utter monotony of spoliation and dismemberment, and oncoming destruction.

And another night was upon them—with storm and starvation,

and the ever-haunting dead man's face. Through what dread dangers they passed, by what beetling crags, and ironbound coasts, and foam-girt reefs, and half-sunk ledges, can never be known.

But at last came the calm, and the light of day once more; but it was a light more formidable than all the darkness, a calm more redoubtable than any storm. Over the fair summer scene there seemed written in characters of flame the dread Dantean legend "*Lasciate ogni speranza.*" Perforce, they must "lay aside all hope" now.

The bright sun, the blue sky, the joyous day, what was it all but a horrible mockery? The purple streak of the shores inviting them, the land birds flying out and beckoning them, what was it but a redoubling of their misery? For what hope was there? They were chained there, helpless; and death, like a huge kraken, was reaching up from the depths, and slowly, surely sucking them down.

The hardy hooker had gallantly fought the storm, but now she must succumb: she had sprung a leak. Delaval and Marie, with their wasted strength laboured by turns at the pump: but they could make small impression; the water gained steadily.

Oh, the frightful calm! The tempest was gone, the wind had quitted them; and this that they had taken for their salvation was their destruction. Welcome rather the tornado, and the bounding billow! These may dash and buffet you about; they may even send you crashing against a reef or a precipice; but they still drive you on, and you have at least a chance of being hurled against some propitious strand. But no wind, no hope!

The water, without haste, and without interruption, irresistible and stolid, mounted inch by inch. The dead man's body was floating higher and higher; and they, his murderers, in proportion sank lower and lower. There was plenty of time though. It might be hours yet before they would be quite on a level. Meanwhile they waited; glared all round, seaward, landward—no sail: glared at each other's pinched faces, hungry eyes—no hope!

The supreme hour was then come at last. They must prepare to meet death.

But how?

They have not exchanged a word for twenty-four hours. Not a hand-pressure, not even a touch has passed since the bloody deed of two evenings before. Their lips are parched, baked with thirst,

glued to their palates: speech is denied them. Only their eyes glare hungrily at each other.

A thought strikes Delaval.

He pulls out of a pocket book where they have long lain secreted, sundry yellow, creased parchments; and shews them to Marie who nods approval.

Then she ventures over beside him, and pulling out a pin begins industriously picking and sucking her bare arm till the blood flows freely. He sits silently by her, plying with feeble fingers his pen, and dipping from time to time into this living standish.

Absently he puts the point to his lips before each dip; he envies the girl whom he sees sucking so eagerly.

At last the task is accomplished, and he passes the pen to Marie. Whilst she prepares to append her signature, she is a little surprised to feel his mouth on her arm. Nevertheless she smiles encouragement: he too sucks greedily.

The paper is signed, and Marie disengages herself.

Her companion then bends over the floating corpse beside them, and undoes from the dead man's gripe the bottle he died in drinking. He empties it carefully of the last drop of water; rolls up his documents into tight spills; inserts them into the flask; snaps close the spring-stopper; smears over it a clot of pitch the sun had caused to boil up from the calked seam beside him: finally, he entrusts the whole to Marie.

Three words pass between them. These words are,—

“Reparation;”

“Confession;”

“Restitution!”

It seems they can speak now: their lips have been reddened and moistened.

They relapse into their mournful silence. Only the lap-lap of the waters rising higher and higher marks the approaching end.

The girl keeps sucking. The man watches her askance; and his lips twitch uneasily at times.

One hour more of their fast-shortening time is behind them; then another hour is gone, and the sun shines blistering hot in the zenith, as their sun of life fast sets.

Still the same silence, save the slumberous sound of filtering water that marks the stealthy oncoming tread of the Destroyer.

At last Marie looks up, and essays to speak. Her voice is pathetic in its husky efforts as she whispers:—

“Adolphe, *bien-aimé*! Let me hear your voice once more. Turn to me that noble brow; those flashing eyes that naught can dim. I love thee: even in death I adore thee! One little petition. Let me hear you once name me by the holy name of ‘wife.’ There is nothing to sunder us now. Only say it this once, my lover, my husband! Ah, why avert the head? Let me meet death sanctified by that name. Give me the right to die in your arms. Come; one little word, one last embrace.”

She spoke these words in a low tone, vibrating with passionate love. She was leaning over upon his knees, and stole her hand up to smooth his cheek and draw his attention.

At last she succeeded.

He turned with eye bloodshot and blazing, and gave her a wolfish glare.

Ah! Why does she cower back before him? Why does she hide her eyes with her hand? Why, as he suddenly springs forward, as he clutches her in his tiger claws, as his burning lips seek the maiden’s soft and palpitating bosom,—why does shriek after shriek of unutterable horror and excruciating agony rise over that lonely sea?

It is that reason has fled; she is in the embrace of a madman. He is no longer a man, but a ravening beast. The horrible *hunger-rabies* is on him!

A few last despairing shrieks, a gurgling death-rattle, and all is over for her.

All too tardily the waters overwhelm the last of the murderers in their troubled embrace.

Their life was a horror: their love was a crime: their death agony and madness: their eternity despair.

“The mill of God turns slowly;
But it grinds exceeding small.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

WE left our hero and his friends in hospital, so to speak; and all in evil case enough. None had come off unscathed; and it was feared that the injuries sustained by some would go near to touch the life.

The apartments in the Lodge had all been given up for the better convenience of the sufferers.

With that self-forgetfulness so natural to a true-hearted woman, Madeline, despite the severe burns on her limbs, insisted on sitting up and taking charge of the Colonel and his son, who lay hovering between life and death.

Harvey—who had escaped with the loss of his hair and eyebrows, a dislocated wrist got in his fall, and some minor contusions in his after struggle with Delaval—formed a valuable coadjutor. His never-failing flow of spirits cheered and comforted all in the sick-room.

The housekeeper, tender and motherly, hovered about preparing bandages and administering medicines.

And so the fussy little doctor in the fullness of his content declared he had never walked a better hospital, not even that of his *alma mater* Dublin, which he would uphold against any in the universe.

“Troth, Docther darlint, an’ I hope ye’re contint now;” whispered poor Barney from his bed of pain. “Ye need niver raise the cry av starvin’ the docther wid our disthressin’ good health any more. Did ivir ye see the bates av it since the day afther the blow-up av the Redan?”

There was other trouble abroad, too. In the ill-considered assault of the Fenian band some few men had got hurt on both sides, and one dragoon had lost his life in the conflagration. In spite of the dubious circumstances attending the case, the authorities persisted in holding the organization to account for most, if not all the mischief that had occurred. It is true that McWhirter, alarmed at the possible consequences to himself, was completely non-committal. But the public mind was at the time in a state of ferment: and this was loudly trumpeted abroad as the latest and most frightful atrocity perpetrated by the insurgents.

Half the peasantry around were in hiding. Many of their poor cabins had been given to the flames. The military were quartered upon those who, sensible of their innocence, had the boldness to remain.

They were daily employed in hunting down hapless fugitives who, wounded and starving, were forced forth from their concealment.

The gaols were fast filling. The harvests were trampled down,

or rotting on the ground for want of men to gather them. Danger, starvation, and ruin were abroad.

The trade of the informer flourished. The lawyers and the police had their hands full. The soldiers lived in clover.

Meanwhile women and children were starving. They might be seen all along the beaches digging for a few shellfish; or scattered through the fields gathering nettles and other weeds to help keep the life in.

At one lonely cabin, a poor woman near her time, whose husband had been dragged off to gaol from her side, whither he had ventured to come during the night; this poor unfortunate was found outside her door, dead with hunger, and the grass between her teeth.

You see, in the interest of law and order, the people had to be taught that it is dangerous to play with edge-tools; that in exercising "the sacred right of Revolution," needs must that some one be made to pay the piper.

In the midst of all this, news came to the Lodge one day that put a new face upon affairs.

The night had been a severe one for the watchers. Madeline, relieved by the housekeeper from her post by the Colonel's side, had come forth to the light and airy ante-chamber.

She had seated herself on the floor. Her tired head was resting on the arm of the fauteuil where Calvert lay extended. His disabled shoulder through which Delaval's shot had gone crashing, was in a fair way of mending. Fever had left him emaciated and weak as an infant.

With the thin fingers of his uninjured hand he was absently thridding the masses of his fair cousin's golden curls. Harvey sat with his back half turned to the pair, running over the contents of the post-bag. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation:

"Why, Maddie, what's this? a French paper! who sent it?"

As he ran his eye over the contents he came across a paragraph marked with a cross. Then in an excited voice he began to read the following notice:—

"Found drowned. On the beach of La Falaise, near Quimper in Brittany, there was found by a fisherman, on the morning of ———, the body of a young and lovely female entangled in his net. It is supposed the unfortunate deceased, whose body-linen was marked, M. de L., had been amongst the number of those

who perished in the late violent storm * * * . The corpse was frightfully mutilated about the throat and chest. Evidently a shoal of mackerel, or some ravenous sea-monster had fallen in with the remains. In her hand was tightly clasped a spirit-flask hermetically sealed containing documents of importance. These together with the *procès verbal* of the finding of the body, and the inquest thereupon, have been forwarded to the authorities. It is understood that the interests of one of the noblest families of the Empire are involved in the affair."

"M. de L——! Can that be Marie? Oh, what a dreadful fate!" cried Madeline; and the three sat without speaking, pondering the dreadful intelligence.

At last Harvey remarked sadly:

"I am afraid it is too true. The time corresponds. The small fishing-craft they made off in could never live through the awful storm that raged some two or three days after. Perhaps, Calvert, this official-looking packet that has come addressed to your father may throw some further light upon the sad circumstances. Shall we open it?"

"By all means," answered the youth. "Besides, I don't know if father is at all in a fit state to bear any excitement."

"Well, here goes;" said Harvey, breaking the seal. "Hallo! It's for you, Maddie; I beg pardon, '*A Mdlle Madeline de Laval, (dit Harvey,) Comtesse de Courtenaye, etc.*'"

He was right. It was a communication through the F. O. from the French Government, briefly summarising the case to which the newspaper notice had drawn their attention. The facts of the finding and identifying of the body were clearly detailed. Then followed a synopsis of the papers recovered.

First, came duplicates deeds of the Courtenaye estates and titles, together with a genealogical statement of the family descent; among which were specially noted the last entries:—e. g. *Roland*—last in direct line of the seignory aforesaid. ob. 1857. Issue, two daughters; 1, *Madeline*; 2, *Angélique*. 1, *Madeline*; married Roger de Laval, Maréchal de la France, etc., c.—ob. 1854; issue *Marie*, born—53, present heiress. 2, *Angélique M. Herbert Ansdell*, Col. des forces de S. M. Britannique; ob.—54; issue *Calvert* born—54. By terms of last will and testament of Roland, last Comte aforesaid, the title and half the estates descend to said Marie de L.; the rest of estate reverts to Calvert A.; the title

also on condition that he marry his cousin Marie before or immediately upon the completion of their 21st year.

Secondly; In the event of death of Marie, failing issue, or the non-fulfilment of the aforesaid conditions, an act of the French Legislature, of date——, named Adolphe de Laval, half-brother of Marie de L. next heir-at-law to whole estate and titles, to the exclusion of Calvert aforesaid, in virtue of the alien act.

Thirdly; There followed a statement made by Delaval, *in articulo mortis*, by which it appeared that at his instigation, on the death of his father and stepmother Madeline (née Courtenaye), he had through the intervention of the midwife, Nanette Barillot, procured the lapse of her sister *Angélique*, Madame Ansdell: and had effected the abduction of his half-sister; but had failed in his attempt to remove Angélique's child Calvert. Barillot's letter to his daughter Lisette, identifying Madeline with the abducted heiress was returned, with directions on the reverse written in Marie's blood describing her whereabouts. The remainder of his confession, attested to by his companion in guilt the false Countess Marie, can safely be left to the reader's penetration. One portion, however, drew the attention of all. Thus it ran:

"It is probable that the misguided peasantry will be held to account for the attack on Ansdell Hall. I declare that by my agents and management, and for my own criminal purposes, I induced the people ignorantly to form a seditious league, to accept arms provided by me, and thereafter goaded them on to attempt the rescue of one of their comrades. Under cover of which assault Jacques Barillot, now lying dead beside me, fired the spirit-cellar at my command, in order thus to destroy the whole remaining descendants and connexions of the Courtenaye family at one stroke. Thus I alone am chargeable with the outrage; the intended murderous results of which, Heaven in its mercy has been pleased to avert."

Expressions of penitence and despair closed the singular confession.

Three months have rolled past. The wan leaves are drifting by on the chilly autumn wind. A funeral knell is pealing at measured intervals over the gloomy waters of the lake. A solemn procession is winding its way across the old Gothic arch, and along the desolate road to yonder Chapel, whose spire you see piercing the greenery on the further shore.

With arms reversed, and the solemn Dead-march sounding, they are bearing the veteran warrior to his rest, amid the tears of his children, and the wailings of his attached tenants.

His aged frame had never rallied from the reiterated assassin strokes, aggravated as his injuries were by the poison he had inhaled, and by the dreadful excitement of the fire.

But his last days were days of almost unalloyed pleasure. With unspeakable delight he had clasped to his heart the fair girl; his late-found treasure, and his boy's destined bride. But sweetest of all was it for him to gaze in silent reverie upon the angel-face and see restored before him his own lost Angelique.

Once, as the end was near, he glanced up after a period of stupor, and as he perceived the two golden-haired children bending tearfully over him, he whispered, with a smile of peace and content:

"I go, my children. Yonder sweet saint has brought me the final summons from the great Captain in whom is all my trust.

"Thank God I have lived to see some of the wrong righted; though it's been a hard battle to fight, and I have to go under at the last. I leave you safe from them that sought your young lives. That is one comfort. The long march, and the lone bivouac are almost over. Your mother and I will meet soon now, my boy. I saw her smile as her eye rested upon you both brought together at last, and happy. Cherish the dear girl, my son, as I would have cherished your mother, had God spared her for me on earth. And oh, my daughter, be to him what his mother has ever been to me, in life and in death, my true guardian-angel."

They laid him away among the ashes of his fathers; and when the last strains of the hopeful resurrection psalm were dying faintly aloft among the vaulted arches, before any had turned from the spot, a figure advanced. This was no other than Barney. The poor fellow, half-blind and maimed as he was, had insisted on heading the cortege, and now stood forward the spokesman of the people. In accents of rude eloquence he broke the dead stillness:

"An' is it gone from our head ye are, chief of the bold heart and the iron arm? Just an' ginerous, open of heart, and free of hand, nivir did ye turn the coward back to the foe, nor the coward shoulder to a frind. Tindher an' trusty, the frind av' the poor, the stay of the widdy an' the fatherless, it's many's the salt tear will wash the dust from yer grave, and many's the prayer will go up

to Heaven that God may rest yer sowl. Long, long will the light on our hearth-stones burn dim, for the light of our eyes is quenched. O it's proud were yer people to follow where yer voice rang first in the battle; an' it's sorrowful hearts ye lave behind ye this day, now that yer head is laid low in the dust."

The wild wailings of the women drowned the further words of the speaker to the ears of the sorrowing Calvert and his sympathizing friends.

* * * * *

And now the parting hour has come. "The young Master," the last of the Ansdells, and his fair betrothed, the last of the Courtenayes, whom God has helped me to save for him from the freezing bosom of Death and the Moloch arms of fire, go forth to-day on their year's tour over that Old World which ever is new.

Sobs and tears and invocations of blessing, from the kneeling multitudes around, speak the deep devotion that throbs in the heart of the Irish peasant for his landlord, where, as here, kindness and mutual trust and love, and dangers shared together, are the bonds that bind together the people and the children of their chiefs.

Poor Barney, with streaming eyes, and speechless for once in his emotion, is grasping and kissing the hands of "the young squireen, and his angel-face," as the women have dubbed the pair. The scene becomes too painful to be longer borne.

"Come, brother Reginald!" cries a silvery voice.

"Good-bye, my friends;" says Calvert: "and look out for a happy meeting a year hence."

"May Heaven an' all the holy saints and angels have ye in their keeping! An', O come back soon wid the weddin' favors, ye darlints! an' we'll make a bonfire to welcome ye home as high as the Hill o' Howth, right on the top of

THE DOG'S NOSE!"

POMPEII.

BY THE REV. M. HARVEY.

PART I.

[The Story of the Doomed City.]

IN the annals of the world there is hardly any record to be compared, in singularity of interest, with the history of the Roman city of Pompeii; nor have we a parallel instance of the complete preservation of a populous city, with all the appliances of busy life, precisely as it stood, bright, active and joyous, eighteen hundred years ago. This it is which attaches such an imperishable interest to the remains of "the City of the Dead."

Almost eighteen hundred years ago, while Titus was upon the throne of Rome, there stood on the shore of the Bay of Naples, at the base of Mount Vesuvius, a prosperous city, containing about twenty thousand inhabitants. It was a fair specimen of a third or fourth rate provincial town of the Roman Empire, bearing about the same relation to the mighty capital Rome, as Brighton now does to London. Enjoying a delicious climate, and surrounded by the most lovely scenery in this beautiful world, it was a favourite resort, as a watering-place of the Roman patricians and gentry, whose villas lined the shores of the bay, and whose chariots whirled along the streets and suburbs of Pompeii. The Bay of Naples was then, even more strikingly than at present, a scene of enchanting beauty. All that was most magnificent and charming in scenery, and soft and delicious in climate, combined to render it an earthly Elysium. No where else could you find a spot where the handiwork of nature was so manifestly divine, fair enough to be trodden only by the footsteps of angels. No where else did heaven's breath smell so sweet and wooingly, laden with perfumes from groves of citron and cedar. These Campanian plains approached an ideal loveliness which is only pictured in the brightest pages of poetry. The waters of the most beautiful bay in the world laved their margin; while in the back ground grandly towered Vesuvius, not as now ravaged by the volcano's scorching fires, and torn and seamed by earthquakes, but clothed to the very summit with an almost tropical vegetation. The testimony of antiquity represents Vesuvius as luxuriantly beautiful before the eruption which destroyed Pompeii. The whole slope of the mountain was covered

with fair gardens, vineyards and olive-yards, among which gleamed the gay villas of the wealthy Roman patricians, who left behind them the dust and din of the great city, to seek a cooler and more wholesome air on these delicious shores. Even Roman Emperors had their summer-palaces here and revelled in the most sumptuous entertainments and the wildest extravagances. At intervals around the base of the mountain, and along the shores, stately cities gleamed in the bright sunshine; the three nearest the mountain being Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiae. Possessed of the advantages of a busy seaport, a country around, the fertility of which was almost fabulous, and the patronage of wealthy Rome, Pompeii became a prosperous city, with beautiful public buildings, the remains of which still strike us with astonishment; with magnificent theatres, amphitheatre, forum and public baths, with stately temples, costly mansions and gaily decorated shops, where all that the most luxurious taste could crave or money purchase was presented for sale. The tide of busy life rushed in tumultuous waves along its stony arteries, with the flush and flow, the gaiety and animation which mark the phases of a heated and feverish civilization.

Our tale opens on the 24th of August, in the year 79 of our era, nine years after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, and eleven years after the Apostle Paul had closed his heroic life by a martyr's death. Subdued by the victorious arms of Titus, the chosen race had been scattered over the earth, as by the rushing of ten thousand storms. But an event had occurred in Judea, seventy-nine years before the destruction of Pompeii, which was destined to change the whole current of the world's history—"the desire of all nations" had been born. Even at the date of our story, the christian faith had made wondrous progress, Rome had received "the glad tidings of great joy," and there were "saints in Cæsar's household." Imperial Rome was beginning to show symptoms of decay, and already the barbarian hordes, which were destined three centuries later to close in upon the devoted empire—the giants of the north were mustering along her frontier.

But there were no whisperings of coming down in the gay city of Pompeii, in the days of Titus. On a beautiful morning in August, in this year 79, the Pompeiians awoke as usual to their pursuits of business and pleasure. There was not the slightest indication that the day was likely to close differently from other

days. The people went about their usual occupations; the streets were thronged, as on other days; the shops exhibited their usual tempting wares; the merchants were fitting out their galleys for distant ports and bringing their goods to the crowded market. An election contest was in progress; and a gladiatorial show in the Amphitheatre was announced, which was sure to attract an immense crowd of all ranks. As to danger from their beautiful vine-clad mountain,—no such fear was ever dreamed of. For ages it had been as quiet as any other hill; and there was no record, in all the history of the past, to show that it had ever been the seat of volcanic action. The idea of their grand Vesuvius being a burning mountain, holding imprisoned within its bowels fiery torrents which were ready to leap out treacherously and overwhelm them!—how the gay Pompeiians would have laughed, that August morning, at such a wild tale, had any one been bold or foolish enough to suggest it! True, indeed, on the summit of the mountain there was a crater or cup-like cavity, more than a mile across and several hundred yards deep, which was rather suggestive of former fiery activities; but then it was all overgrown with wild vines and shrubs, and for generations had been the abode of deer and wild boars. Never was the pulse of life bounding more gaily than on that morning. The patricians, in robes of Tyrian purple, flashed along the streets in chariots drawn by prancing steeds; the priests were sacrificing at their altars; men pledged one another in the wine-cup, and bought and sold in the forum; and the beautiful fruits and flowers of Campania filled the market-stalls. As the hour of noon approached, the excited and expectant multitudes began to fill the benches of the Amphitheatre, with such feelings as are expressed in the song which Lord Lytton has put into their lips in his “*Last days of Pompeii*”:

“Ho! ho! for the merry, merry show,
 With a forest of faces in every row!
 Lo, the swordsmen, bold as the son of Alcmena,
 Sweep side by side o’er the hushed arena.
 Talk while you may, you will hold your breath
 When they meet in the grasp of the glowing death,
 Tramp! tramp! how merrily they go!
 Ho! ho! for the merry, merry show!”

The games in the crowded Amphitheatre were progressing merrily, when suddenly a dark shadow seemed to fall on the arena and

on the bright sun-lit landscape without. Instinctively the spectators looked up at the mountain's summit, and lo! it had shot up to a prodigious height a vast pillar of smoke, in the form of a stem, long and straight, and at the top spreading itself out like the head of a mighty Italian pine tree. Sometimes it was blackish and sometimes bright or spotted, as if impregnated with red-hot cinders. It was evident that Vesuvius had kindled its awful furnaces, and that the crater was now puffing out, fast and furious, vapour and smoke of inky blackness, like escaping volumes of high-pressure steam, which, shooting up to the height of ten thousand feet, spread far and wide, darkening the earth for leagues around, and turning the bright summer noon into mid-night blackness. The gloom was lighted up at intervals by blue and sulphurous flashes from the overhanging cloud. An awful stillness followed. The very air seemed extinct, and all life, as if anticipating its doom, lay spell-bound in silence. The wild beasts, in their cages in the Amphitheatre, were alternately moaning and crouching in terror, and flying into paroxysms of fierceness. The spectators rushed out in pale, terror-stricken masses into the darkness, which was again illuminated by snake-like flashes darting here and there, imparting a lurid glare to their woe-struck countenances, and to the marble walls. The black curtain closed again for a moment, and the flashes of light ceased to play around the top of the mountain. The heavy moanings of the sea, as if in agony, were distinctly heard. Then followed a mighty crash, as if Vesuvius had split in twain. Deep in the bowels of the earth rolled heavy thunderings, making every building in the city tremble to its foundations, rending walls and overthrowing statues by the concussion. Now the dreadful artillery of the mountain began to play. High into the air—higher even than the cloud-tree—burning stones, flames, ashes all fire, shot up in a terrific shower of destruction. Masses of red-hot rock were hurled aloft, and, striking against one another in their rapid ascent, burst into pieces, scattering fire and light in all directions. And now upon the doomed city and all around, thick and fast, a dense rain of ashes began to fall, quickly followed by showers of cinders and small hot stones, and emitting stifling mephitic fumes. But—more fearful still—amid the hissing showers, the thick darkness and the crashing of falling roofs and walls, a sound of approaching torrents was heard. The side of

the mountain had opened, and steaming rivers of dense black mud rolled out, creeping along the streets and finding their way through every crevice, into the houses.

Meantime the terror-stricken Pompeians were flying for their lives in all directions, hastily snatching up whatever was most valuable. Some hurried at once to the harbour and embarked; some took to the roads and fields, the earth heaving and rolling beneath their feet like the waves of the sea. The strong and energetic were able to battle their way; the young, the feeble and aged were trampled down by the rushing crowd, jostling each other in the darkness, and ere they could rise again, the hot ashes and cinders had buried them forever. What scenes of mortal terror did that hour present!—struggles, and cries of despair terrible to hear—children calling on their parents, who were unable to help them—parents, in wild distraction, seeking for their children—shrieks of despair, as the unhappy victims sank down with wild appeals to the gods for help and mercy! But, even amid the awful terrors of that hour, the basest passions were let loose. Greedy avarice seized the opportunity for robbery and plunder. Slaves avenged themselves on their masters for years of cruel treatment; beauty appealed in vain to strength for aid; and pleading childhood was trampled down. Yet were there two instances of love stronger than death. The daughter was seen leading out her aged father and mother, preferring death with them to life without them; and even the poor, down-trodden slave was seen endeavouring to save his master's child, and sheltering it in his brawny arms from the falling showers. The mother, in many an instance, forgot all but her babe in this hour of danger; and the stern Roman soldier, disdaining to desert his post, preferred an awful death to a dereliction of duty. The most unhappy victims were those who had shut themselves up in their cellars, or the arched recesses of their houses, vainly hoping that the fiery shower would soon exhaust itself. The fine ashes searched out the smallest crevices; the thin mud penetrated every opening, the poisonous fumes crept after them, and they were shut in for ever. For three days, according to Pliny the Younger, the darkness and falling showers continued, and at the end of that time the gay, luxurious Pompeii lay buried from twenty to thirty feet deep under volcanic discharges, consisting of ashes, pumice-stones, and hardened mud, to which subsequent

eruptions added fresh materials. Statue and altar, palace and villa, forum and fane, temple and tower, the mansion of the rich and the hovel of the poor, all were sealed up in that ashen discharge, and remained so for seventeen hundred years.

Some touching episodes connected with the destruction of Pompeii have come to our knowledge, the most interesting of which is the death of Pliny the Elder. About twenty miles from Pompeii, on the opposite side of the Bay of Naples, stood the port of Misenum, where a Roman fleet was stationed on this memorable day. The commander was Pliny the Elder, whose famous work on natural history is still read as a curiosity. Pliny was a man eminent for his virtues,—studious, learned, and possessed of a strong passion for natural science. On the day of the eruption he was ashore at his sister's house at Misenum, where was also his nephew, Pliny the Younger, who, fortunately for us, has described all that happened in two letters, to the great Roman historian, Tacitus. From these letters we gather that about one o'clock in the afternoon, when the Elder Pliny was in his study, his sister asked him to step outside to see a curious cloud which had been for some time gathering over the top of Mount Vesuvius, and which, after shooting up to a vast height, extended itself flatly in the shape of a parasol, and was now visible, at the distance of twenty miles, where Pliny stood. The old Admiral's curiosity was roused by the sight of this strange phenomenon, and he determined to cross the bay and have a nearer view of it. Accordingly he ordered his boat to be got ready, but just as he was stepping on board, a note arrived from the wife of one of his friends, entreating him to come to their assistance, as their villa was right under Vesuvius, and there was no way of escape from the imminent danger but by sea. Pliny then saw it was no time for scientific observations when the lives of thousands were at stake, and he at once ordered all the galleys under his command to put to sea, and steered right to the point of danger, with the view of rescuing the sufferers. As the vessels approached the shore, red-hot cinders, pumice stones and pieces of burning rock began to fall thickly on the decks; the sea too was fearfully agitated, and retreating suddenly at intervals, threatened to leave them aground. Fragments of rock were rolling down the mountain and obstructing all the shore. The sailors were terrified at the awful scene,—the flames bursting from the mountain, the

black cloud enveloping earth and sea, and shutting out the light of day, the rumbling of the earthquake's shocks, and the agonizing shrieks of thousands from the shore, trying to escape in the gathering darkness. The Admiral saw that nothing could be done at this point, but he refused to yield to the entreaties of the sailors, who wanted him to turn back. "Fortune favours the brave," he exclaimed, "let us go to Stabiae." Here lived his friend Pomponianus, of whose danger he thought at this terrible moment. On arriving at Stabiae, a town about ten miles distant from Vesuvius, Pliny managed to land, and met his friend, who, in great consternation, was trying to escape. The Admiral embraced him tenderly, told him not to be afraid, and, in order to encourage him, ordered a bath, and afterwards sat down to dinner with a cheerful face. Not even the blazing mountain and the reeling earth could strike terror into the heart of this stern old Roman, or even disturb his tranquillity. He went to bed and slept soundly, for, as his nephew informs us, the attendants heard him snore. But, meantime, as the night advanced, the eruption flamed out more violently, and the burning stones and ashes fell thicker and faster. Still, the old Roman commander slept tranquilly. At length the rest of the company, who were watching all night in terror, observed that the courtyard was nearly filled with ashes and cinders, and that escape would soon be impossible. The walls of the house, too, trembled with the violent concussions, and threatened every moment to fall. They awoke the Admiral, and all the household, with pillows on their heads to keep off the burning cinders, fled into the open fields. The sea was now raging so terribly that it was impossible to set sail. Pliny complained of feeling tired, and lay down for a little on a sail which they spread for him. But in a moment there came a rush of poisonous vapours and a horrible smell of sulphur, and, after vainly trying to rouse the Admiral, all had to fly for their lives, and leave him to his fate. Three days afterwards, when it again became light, they found him lying dead upon the sea shore, with a face as calm as that of a sleeping infant. So died this grand old Roman—a hero's death—in the cause of humanity, gallantly trying to save others.

There is every reason to believe that the greater part of the inhabitants of Pompeii managed to escape from the city; but how many perished in the fields and roads can never be known. It is

calculated from the number of skeletons found in the portion hitherto excavated, that not more than from 1,300 to 1,800 perished in the city. Some of these met their death in a manner rather singular. There was one old Roman gentleman, by name Diomedes, who had a splendid mansion just outside the Herculaneum gate. Had he been gathered to his fathers in the ordinary course of nature, he would never have been heard of, but death overtook him in the fiery shower in a way which has secured for him an earthly immortality, giving him a name almost as widely known as that of Cicero. When the ruins of Pompeii were uncovered, his villa was found in a state of almost perfect preservation; and now his wine-cellar, his kitchen, his baths, his garden are as great objects of curiosity as the palace of all the Cæsars. Apparently this old patrician determined to hold his ground, and accordingly, early in the day, he stored his cellar amply with provisions, and collected there his family and slaves, believing that the massive walls would be proof against the volcanic storm. Vain hope! The fine ashes penetrated the narrow apertures, and the hot cinders fell around in heaps. At the last moment, Diomedes snatched up some treasure, and, attended by a single slave, attempted to escape. He had got as far as his garden gate when a shower of stones struck him dead, and, on the spot, his skeleton was found seventeen hundred years afterwards with the key of the gate still clutched in his bony fingers. But, alas! for the poor women and children in the cellar! Stifled by the mephitic fumes, they perished; and the fine ashes and hot water penetrating by the windows formed a paste around their bodies, preserving the impression of form, and even clothing, as perfectly as a sculptor's mould. Even the texture of the fine linen worn by the women was imprinted on the paste, and the blond hair of the mother was found, still retaining its colour. But there was a still more touching relic—the impression of a female breast, matronly, full and fair, and of an entire female head, every feature perfect as in life, was found here, and is now placed in the museum of Naples. It exhibits a portrait of rare beauty and regularity.

One poor mother, with her children, tried to escape by the Herculaneum gate. They had got as far as the portico of the inn, when utterly exhausted the mother sank down, and clasped in one another's arms, their remains were uncovered seventeen centuries afterwards.

The thin mud which poured from the opening in the side of the mountain and overflowed the city, speedily hardened, and thus secured a perfect cast of any object around which it gathered. Wonderful results have been secured in consequence. The happy thought suggested itself to the mind of one thoughtful explorer, to fill some of these hollows, at the bottom of which were observed human bones, with liquid plaster, just as the sculptor does with his mould. The result was surprising. Perfect casts were thus obtained of those who, in the last agonies, had been enveloped in the ash-mud, and death itself was thus moulded with a terrible truthfulness far beyond the reach of art. The most interesting is the cast of two women, probably a mother with her daughter about fifteen years of age, who had been driven out from their house by the stifling fumes and choking ashes; but the streets were already knee-deep in the loose pumice stones which had fallen for many hours. Overcome by the noxious vapour, the hapless pair sank to rise no more. The mother seems to have died calmly, but the girl struggled hard for life. "Her legs are drawn up convulsively. Her little hands are clenched in agony. In one, she holds her veil, or a part of her dress, with which she had covered her head, burying her face in her arm, to shield herself from the falling ashes and from the foul sulphurous smoke. The form of her head is perfectly preserved. The texture of her coarse linen garments may be traced, and even the fashion of her dress, with its long sleeves reaching to her wrists. Here and there it is torn, and the smooth young skin appears in the plaster like polished marble. On her tiny feet may still be seen her embroidered sandals."

There is another figure of a woman who had also been overtaken by the fiery shower, and in whose case a terrible struggle appears to have preceded the last agony. "One arm is raised in despair; the hands are clutched convulsively. Her garments are gathered up on one side, leaving exposed a limb of beautiful shape. So perfect a mould of it has been formed by the soft and yielding mud, that the cast would seem to be taken from an exquisite work of Greek art. She had fled with her little treasure which lay scattered around her—two silver cups, a few jewels, and some dozen silver coins. Nor had she, like a good housewife, forgotten her keys, after having probably locked up her stores before seeking to escape. They were found by her side."

In one of the houses the perfect skeleton of another woman was found—probably the mistress of the house. She, too, had attempted to fly on that fatal day, and thought to save her jewel-case—"the woman's all." Around her lay the contents—the woodwork having all perished—her golden ear-rings, ivory comb, and bronze looking-glass, jewelled rings and small bottles of ointment and perfume. Near her lay a terra-cotta lamp which had fallen from her hand as she groped her way in the thick darkness.

In the ruins of the temple of Isis, a skeleton lay in an outer room with an axe still grasped in its bony hands, with which, it is conjectured, the unhappy victim had been trying to cut his way through the walls, finding the doors blocked up by the falling ashes and cinders. In "The Last Days of Pompeii" he figures as Burbo, the gladiator, who had entered the temple with the priest Calenus for the purpose of plundering. In the sacred precincts are many other skeletons, supposed to have been the priests of Isis, who had perished before the altars, faithful to the last to their goddess.

Just outside the Herculaneum gate was a niche where a soldier constantly mounted guard. On this eventful day, the stern power of Roman discipline was triumphantly vindicated, and a striking memorial left at this gate, of heroic obedience to duty. Here stood one of Rome's legionaries on guard as usual; but the trembling earth, the volcano's thunders and all the sights and sounds of terror failed to drive the soldier from his post. There he died, a nameless hero, without any hope of fame, and there, lance in hand, for seventeen hundred years he mounted guard. Men never withhold their applause when a deed of true heroism is done, and the story of this brave soldier will long continue to make generous hearts throb quicker:—

"Do you see that strange old picture,
With its sketches of broken wall;
The leaning and prostrate columns
Where the sunshine seems to fall?
And the skeleton shapes all scattered,
Looking so grin and hard?—
But this one—this is a hero,
A Roman who fell on guard.

"But what of the deep-buried city
Under the fire-smitten hill?

Pompeii.

What of the maidens and matrons,
Lying there, hidden and still?
Off with their ashen covering!
Bring them out into the light:
Let the old halls of Pompeii
Break on the world's waking sight.

"So the toilers slowly lifted
The shroud from off the past:
Statue and tomb and temple
Stood out in the day at last.
But the grandest thing they found there,
His fame by time unmarred,
Was the valiant Roman soldier,
Who had fallen while on guard.

"Do you see what a radiant glory
Rests on his royal head?
Is it the summer sunshine,
On his brave broad forehead shed?
Is it a mystic token
That valor for ever lives?
Or is it my soul that crowns him
For the lesson that he gives?

"For in that terrible ruin,
Men fleeing in pallid fear;
Some grasping their gold and jewels,
He found his duty here.
The temple might open its portals,
The palace unbar its gate,
But the soldier on guard was unheeding;
He must bravely watch and wait.

"What are Mosaics and marbles?
What are bright jewels and gold?
What are the antique treasures,
Out of the gray dust rolled?
Nothing besides the master—
Lord of a royal heart—
Whom frenzy nor wild disaster,
Could drive from his task apart.

"So in life's tumult and tempest,
Let us stand firm for the right,
Whether we toil with the weakest,
Or under the banner of might.
Then, when the dead world is summoned,
When the dark tomb is unbarred,
God's blessed angels shall find us
Fallen while standing on guard."

Under the fiery discharges from the throat of Vesuvius the three cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiae were overwhelmed and lay buried, many feet deep, beneath volcanic matter. Happily, however, in the case of Pompeii, the matter by which it was filled up was not lava, which scorches and destroys whatever it touches, and when cooled is almost as hard as flint. The destroying and preserving agent was ashes and small pumice stones, like cinders. The Italians call these pumice stones *lapillo*. In addition to these, torrents of boiling mud, formed by ashes and other volcanic substances, mingled with water, abundantly ejected from the crater, rolled down from the mountain, penetrating every nook and cranny, and packed the whole city solid, preserving while destroying. When this liquid matter cooled, it became a soft, spongy, porous stone, called by the Italians *tufa* or *tuono*. This was the shroud in which Pompeii was wrapped and so admirably preserved, in every feature.

Time rolled on. Other eruptions buried the city deeper still, till at length, the very site was forgotten, and the catastrophe remembered only through the records of history. Centuries sped their round. The Hun, the Goth, the Vandal came, and Imperial Rome, "the mother of empires," sank in ruins. Wars, desolations, the gnawing tooth of time, the conflagration's fiery breath left but few vestiges of ancient Rome's grandeur. Another world began on its ruins. The Middle Ages dragged their slow length along, and the new era at length dawned. Seventeen hundred years had elapsed since Pompeii's fiery burial, and still she lay undisturbed in her volcanic shroud. At length, more than a hundred years ago, in the year 1750, in cutting a water course, the workmen struck on the foundations of the buried city. Excavations were commenced, which have proceeded so slowly that as yet not one half the city is uncovered. But the discoveries already made are of priceless value. Roman life, in its minutest and meanest detail, and therefore in its most impressive form, is before us. The city is laid bare just as it stood on the memorable 24th of August, 79, when the people fled from it in consternation. Here are the houses, the shops, the streets, the temples, just as the Pompeians left them 1800 years ago—nothing moved, nothing lost, only the wooden roofs of the houses crushed in or burned, and some of the perishable woodwork rotted or destroyed, but the whole in a wonderfully perfect state of preservation. No care or

contrivance of man could have guarded the whole as the shroud of ashes, cinders and mud has done. And now, when these are cleared away by human hands, there stands old Pompeii, torn and dilapidated, but still recognizable. The fresco paintings on the walls are as fresh, in many instances, as when first laid down. Here are all the commonest appliances of the every day life of the Romans, just as they left them,—their bedsteads, both wooden and iron; their earthenware, gridirons, colanders, ladles, moulds, urns, spits, kettles, table-knives, portable fireplaces, lanterns, cooking-stoves, horses' bits, cruppers and stirrups, lamps and candelabra. Here are the scales and weights on the counter, as they were dropped when the shop-keeper fled from the fiery shower; and the very marks of the drinking cup on the marble slab of the wine shop. Here is the baker's oven, with the very batch of loaves, stamped with his name, which was placed inside, on that August morning, and destined not to be drawn out for eighteen hundred years. Here still are the ruts in the streets worn by carriage and chariot wheels which have long since become mere oxide of iron. Here is the amphitheatre whose arena was soaked with the blood of the dying gladiator, while from its seats the multitude gazed, in excited rapture, on his expiring agonies, and greeted his slayer with thunders of applause. Here are the theatres in which the actors "strutted their little hour upon the stage;" and the temples where Jupiter, Apollo and Venus were worshipped, and "now none so poor as do them reverence." Here, too, are the funeral urns of the proud Romans ranged in niches around their stately tombs. So complete are all the appliances of daily life that when we enter the empty houses in this city of the dead, we could almost fancy that the owners had just stepped out to make a call on a neighbour and would return presently. The block of marble is here partially sculptured with the pattern at hand and the sculptor's tools scattered on the floor. The long sliding mark of the mason's trowel is still on the wall, as though the workman had just given the outer stroke and fled too hurriedly to complete the job. The kitchens are here, with their saucepans and spits and other utensils ready for use as when the cook dropped them, and ran for dear life, out at the back door, eighteen hundred years ago. Here is the fine lady's chamber, with her toilette-ware complete,—her paints, perfumes, unguents, combs, mirrors, and brushes, just as she left them on the fatal day. The dining and

reception rooms, the baths, the beds, the couches of the proud conquerors of the world are all here. In fact, we have a complete picture of Roman life and civilization. We know, as we could never have known from all the Roman classics that have come down to us, how the stout-hearted race lived, and in what aspect the world presented itself to their eyes. Rome contains few remnants of antiquity, with the exception of the mighty Coliseum and the Pantheon; but these give us no idea of the every day life of the Romans. To learn this we must repair to Pompeii. On its walls the traveller sees the very electioneering squibs of the day in which it was entombed, as well as the rough witticisms and caricatures on the walls of the houses, scribbled there by idle loungers, who little dreamed that their poor scratchings would be read eighteen hundred years afterwards, and obtain an earthly immortality. On these walls, too, are announcements of approaching gladiatorial shows and theatrical performances—now unavoidably and indefinitely postponed. Gilded pills and quack medicines are still seen in the apothecary's shop, and in a medical establishment an array of surgical instruments almost as formidable as those of to-day. The world contains no such complete record of an age so distant. The ruins of Nineveh furnish little more than the sculptured marble slabs which lined the palace walls, and the winged human-headed bulls which guarded their entrances. Ancient Jerusalem has left behind only the foundations of her temple wall. Babylon is a shapeless mound, and has yielded little. But thanks to the fiery giant that, in apparently destroying, saved this Roman city, and has thus transmitted to us such a priceless record of the past.

But deeper thoughts on the evanescence of all wordly things spring up in the mind as we muse over the city of the dead. The stillness of a mighty death has enveloped all—the Pompeian populace, the gay Campanians—the multitudes which once thronged the streets of these busy marts. Even great Rome herself now sits “the lone mother of dead empires,” and the traveller plods his way over steps of broken temples; and of all her splendour and magnificence what remains but these skeleton ruins—these monuments of vanished greatness which so eloquently proclaim the fragility of all human things! Here are the Pompeian halls, which once resounded with the song and shout of revellers; here are the very couches on which, crowned with the

flowers, they reclined at the banquet, while jests flew thick and fast, and music's subtle power and beauty's charms lent grace to the scene. How awful the silence which now reigns in these banquetting halls of the dead! Here, too, are the temples once thronged with earnest worshippers—where incense floated and the smoke of sacrifice now ascended. Now all is changed. In all the world there is not a single believer in Olympian Jupiter—no one to offer a sacrifice to Mars or a prayer to Pallas Athene. The deities are mere fossils now embedded in buried creeds; no one thinks them living gods to-day. They live only in their beautiful marble statues, which have outlasted the deities they represent, and in the glorious literature of Greece and Rome. And is not this the very tale told by all the ruins of antiquity, wherever the past lifts up the veil for a moment from the remnants of buried greatness. Thebes, the pride of old Egypt, with its hundred gates: Baalbec, with its gigantic temple, the very ruins of which baffle the imagination; Nineveh, under its shapeless earth mounds; Jerusalem, of which hardly a vestige remains—with all their splendour and might, they have vanished, like a bubble on the fountain—like the visions of a morning dream. And yet the lesson of the past is not merely “vanity of vanities, all is vanity.” The past warns and instructs us that power, and prosperity, and valour will not secure the prosperity of a nation; but rightly read, its lessons still breathe unwavering faith regarding the destinies of humanity. That old Roman world perished, and deserved to perish; but it did a vast and important work in the education of our race. It passed away when that work was done; but whatever in it was just and true, and good remains, as vestiges of ancient Rome's grandeur. Another world began on its ruins. The Middle Ages dragged their slow length along, still, a precious legacy to our race. A far better day shines on the world now than when the dying gladiator's blood stained the arena. A new civilization has arisen and spread, and on it hangs the hope of our race, because its foundation rests on the religion of love, and that can never pass away. Whatever was true and noble in Grecian and Roman art and philosophy, lives still, and is truly imperishable. It has taken new and brighter shapes in our modern thought, in our truer developments of art, in our nobler philosophy. Let us seek to be true workers; and though our civilization may all disappear, yet will its spirit live in coming

ages, and we shall be able to help forward a brighter and better future for our race.

In a second paper I propose to give some account of the discoveries made among the ruins of Pompeii.

WEST AFRICA AND THE ASHANTEE WAR.

"Cry, havoc, and let slip the dogs of war."

—*Julius Cæsar, Act 3, Scene 1.*

TO Englishmen, except those who man our ships, and lead our troops, lies, beyond mountainous rollers, an almost unknown shore. The surging waves of a vast ocean lash this tropical coast, forbidding even the access of civilization, and warning off the approach of the white man to a region which has been accepted as his grave. Vast primeval forests, of an almost impregnable character, guard the entrance to the haunts of a savage monarch, whose principal defence consists in the difficulty of getting at him, and with whom we Britons now find ourselves at war. This war is not a great war, but a difficult war, because it cannot be conducted upon the ordinary principles of modern attack, and is of a perfectly obnoxious character. These few words, and the title of this article, naturally attract the reader's attention to West Africa and the Ashantee War. Our ideas of West Africa are associated with visions of arid sands and dismal swamps, fever, pestilence and misery. If we are told that mighty forests and vast rivers are found there, we cannot banish the notion that, though abounding in beauty, this land forbids our advance; indeed its climate almost bears the motto "*nemo me impune lacessit*," so fatal is it said to be to those who are rash enough to wander to this part of the torrid zone. The information possessed by most of us respecting West Africa is very vague, as little or no interest is attached to a country to which so few Europeans resort. A reference to Sierra Leone is suggestive of malaria and fever. The name of Lagos depicts placid but dreaded lagoons. The Gambia reminds us of naval fights and boat attacks. Cape Coast Castle recalls the memory of L. E. L., whose remains lie buried within a short distance of the favorite palm, beneath which she

used to sit and watch the incessant heave of the mighty Atlantic. Such may be accepted as the prevailing knowledge of our African settlements. Yet, if we seek information of them, the dreaded phantoms which the minds of the uninitiated invent, disappear. The climate is not so bad as most of us imagine; the arid sands are interspersed with rolling hillocks of luxuriant grass; the vast forests may be pierced by intricate but practicable paths; magnificent leek trees cover countless acres, and a voyage to the Gambia comes within the scope of imagination. Our attention has been with the past few months attracted in a more than ordinary manner to West Africa, and a strong desire to know something of that country with which we are at war has been evinced by all, and compassed by some Englishmen. To the former this paper is offered. It has for its object the succinct description of our West African Colonies, together with a slight review of the causes and operation of the present Ashantee war. Any reference to our African possessions involves the statement of a number of facts, as the limits of this article do not permit verbose narration. But these facts will to many bear the charm of novelty, a feature which it is hoped will dispossess them of their usual dry character.

Sierra Leone, in respect to the number of its European residents, is the most considerable of the British possessions on the west coast of Africa. The colony consists of a peninsula terminating in Cape Sierra Leone, which is bounded on the north by a river of the same name. The Cape lies in $8^{\circ} 30' N.$ lat. and $13^{\circ} 18' W.$ long. The colony is eighteen miles in length by twelve in breadth, has an area of three hundred square miles, and consists of a plateau one thousand feet above the level of the sea, with hills and peaks, one of which rises to double that height. On the hill-district are several villages, the inhabitants of which supply the market of Freetown with vegetables and fruit. Freetown the seat of Government is built on a terrace which runs along the base of the plateau, its aspect is pleasing and picturesque, with streets of a rich red clay, bordered with town like strips of Bahama grass, filled with people of cheerful and intelligent mien, who wear a semi-English dress and speak a semi-English patois. Sierra Leone differs in composition from the other settlements on the coast, inasmuch as in our other possessions the people who live under the forts are natives of the locality they inhabit, whereas the people of Sierra Leone are negro emigrants from other lands; and

the history of this emigration may interest the reader. In the last century American planters used to bring their slaves for sale to England. The lawfulness of this traffic was put to the test by Granville Sharp before Lord Mansfield, whose famous decision emancipated all slaves on English soil. As this decision cast a number of freedmen as paupers and beggars upon the streets, certain philanthropists founded a company in which charity and commerce were combined; a plot of land was purchased from the native chiefs in 1787, at the mouth of the Sierra Leone river, where several hundred British negroes were sent to form a settlement. These "Granvilles," as they were termed on the coast, soon died or took to the bush, but on the breaking out of the American war, many negroes having joined the Royal Standard, they were sent to Nova Scotia and afterwards to Sierra Leone. The descendants of these, however, are few, and the Colony has been continued from another source, principally from slaves taken on board prizes, who were landed in Sierra Leone, and who, at first, settled apart from one another according to their tribe, but now they are rapidly amalgamating, and probably before many years the old tribal distinctions will be extinguished. The climate of Freetown is most unhealthy, the town being situated at the mouth of a broad river laden with vegetable decomposition, which is partially driven back to the settlement twice every day by the tide, and being hemmed in at its rear by a range of hills which tend to keep the products of evaporation suspended over the streets. Twenty-four Europeans, out of its population of ninety-eight, died during nine months of the year 1872. This extraordinary mortality is, however, confined to Freetown, the mountain district, according to the Registrar General's returns, being as healthy as any part of England, or indeed as Madeira, the climate of which it closely resembles. In 1872 a large tract of country called the Sherboro was—through the instrumentality of Colonel Hill, the then Governor of Sierra Leone, now Governor of Newfoundland—handed over by treaty to this Colony, causing a great increase in customs dues levied on English goods, and representing an increase of trade of not less than £75,000 per annum, and securing for Her Majesty's Government the best teak timber rivers in that part of Africa.

It was some years ago decided at Downing street, that the Central Government of the settlements on the west coast of Africa

should be established at Sierra Leone; accordingly, Gambia, the Gold Coast, and Lagos, were placed under one General Government in 1866, and styled the Government of the West African Settlements.

The population of Sierra Leone, so called because the thunder of tornadoes rolling through the hills is supposed to resemble the roaring of lions, amounted in 1871 to thirty-seven thousand and thirty-nine, of which one hundred and twenty-nine were whites, thirty-one of the latter being females. In the same year the value of its imports and exports was respectively £305,849 and £467,755 sterling.

The Gambia, which next claims attention, is a great river of Western Africa: it falls into the Atlantic by a large estuary, measuring in some parts twenty-seven miles across, but contracts to ten miles between Bird Island and Cape St. Mary, and to a little more than two miles between Barra Point and the town of Bathurst, on St. Mary's Island. The advantages of this fine river for carrying on trade with the natives of the interior of Africa, were known to our merchants in the sixteenth century, a patent having been granted by Queen Elizabeth to some merchants of Exeter to trade in this river. In 1618 a company was formed in England for the purpose of carrying on trade on this river. This speculation, however, did not succeed, and another company established two years later experienced a like want of success. In 1816 the formation of a new settlement on St. Mary's Island revived the general commerce between Great Britain and the Gambia, which, since the abolition of slavery, had greatly decreased. The climate of this colony does not appear to be very unfavourable to Europeans—Sir Richard Graves McDonnell having, in 1850, reported that for several months in the year the thermometer at Bathurst varies from 58° to 64°, and that for the greater portion of the year refreshing land and sea breezes blow over the town; that while the number of Europeans visiting Bathurst every year is little short of twelve hundred, and there are often between one hundred and two hundred in port during the rainy season, the mortality among these casual residents was only twelve during five years. This is endorsed by the Colonial Surgeon in 1872, who reports the colony in a healthy state, and mentions that the gain in favour of life may be claimed as the legitimate result of the improved hygienic condition of the colony. In speaking of

temperature, it may be here stated that the thermometer in the interior indicates a temperature never reached on the Coast, the ordinary range of heat being—at McCarthy's Island—95° to 106° from ten a. m. to three p. m., while at Bathurst it was, in the month of September 1821, 85° to 89°, and in the month of January of that year 75°, with a maximum of 80°. Bathurst, which has a population of five thousand, is the leading port of the Gambia, affording a convenient means of intercourse with the interior of Africa to a distance of several hundred miles. The total population of the colony in the year 1871 was estimated at fourteen thousand one hundred and ninety. The value of imports and exports during the same year was respectively £102,064 and £153,100 sterling.

In the year 1862 a commission dated the 13th March was passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, declaring that the Port and Island of Lagos, together with all the territories which do now or may hereafter belong to the Crown of Great Britain, on the coast of Africa, between the 1st and 10th parallels of east longitude, and the south of the 10th parallel of north latitude, shall constitute a separate government under the title of the settlement of Lagos, the occupation of this territory having been deemed necessary for the more complete suppression of the slave trade in the Bight of Benin, for the protection and development of the important trade of which Lagos was the seat, and for the benefit of the surrounding tribes.

On the 6th August, 1861, the treaty ceding the island of Lagos and its territories to Her Majesty was signed by Daceino, and he was guaranteed a pension of £1,000.

Lagos is a place of considerable commercial importance, and appears each year to advance in prosperity. Its imports and exports, which still preserve their relative proportion to one another, were valued at, in the year 1871, £391,658, and £589,802. The latter consists of palm oil, palm kernels, indigo, ivory, ground nuts, native manufactured cloth, cotton, calabashes, and benniseed.

In 1871 a census was taken of the districts, towns and villages surrounding Lagos, showing a population of 12,665 males, and 15,548 females, which, combined with the Lagos settlement, 31,988, makes a total of 60,201, of whom 94 are Europeans.

Next to the natives of the place and the interior, the Brazilian Emancipades are the most numerous. They are constantly arriv-

ing by every opportunity at Lagos, doubtless, in consequence of the late Emancipation Law in Brazil. Their number is estimated at 6,000.

In Lagos there are 103 brick, 3 frame, 2 iron, and 3,789 mud houses. The roads and streets are admirably laid out, though, on account of the sandy soil, they are much broken up in the rainy season. The merchants' houses, especially those belonging to the foreigners, are substantially built. The commerce of this place would be much benefited by the erection of a breakwater, on the principle of that constructed at Natal, for rendering the bar deeper. Such a work, says Governor Hennessy, in a recent report upon the West African settlements, "would make Lagos the Liverpool of the West coast."

Fever of a bad type frequently, indeed almost invariably, prevails at Lagos. Her Majesty's steamer *Coquette* entered the lagoon there during the summer of 1872, and had to proceed to sea in a few days, as thirty-seven out of fifty-seven of her crew were soon down with fever.

As an instance of the rapidity with which coast fever sometimes produces its effect, Governor Hennessy, in 1872, thus writes:

"I may mention that the despatches that reached me on the 8th October from the Gambia, were in the handwriting of Mr. Caper, the acting first writer, and were signed by Mr. Simpson; but the captain of the steamer wrote me a note reporting that they had both died after the mails had been made up."

It is now necessary to refer to the Gold Coast, the chief town of which is Cape Coast Castle, on approaching which a white surf raging along the beach first attracts the attention of the stranger. Behind this beach appears a natural rampart of clay covered with green vegetation, and about one hundred feet high. The Castle lays in a kind of gorge, with a lighthouse upon an eminence to the left, and a battery on a hill to the right. The town has a brown aspect, interspersed with the gleaming white houses of European merchants and rich negro traders. The process of landing is not without excitement. The large surf canoe which conveys the stranger on shore, is at one moment, as it were, in a watery ravine, with a canoe behind toppling on the summit of a wave as if about to drop upon the heads of foremost passengers. The next moment the canoe is riding on a huge wave, then strikes with violence against the ground, when the canoemen, who are

naked to the waist, seize the travellers and carry them up on to the dry sand.

Gold Coast is the name given to a portion of Upper Guinea, between 5° and $4^{\circ} 20'$ E. long., striking along the Gulf of Guinea from the River Assini on the west, to the River Volta on the east, between which points are the settlements of Apollonia, Axim, Dix Cove, Elmina, Cape Coast Castle, Anamboe, Apam, Accra, Christiansborg and Fredericksborg. The name of Guinea is applied to the whole of that vast angle on the western coast of Africa, formed by the general shape of the entire continent, which recedes eastward very abruptly to the extent of nearly 30° of longitude, from about the tenth degree of north latitude. The upper Guinea coast, between Sierra Leone and the Cameroons, should, properly speaking, be divided into the Grain Coast, the Ivory Coast, the Gold Coast, and the Slave Coast, to which may be added the Palm-Oil Coast, these names indicating the chief commodities of merchandize for which those shores were resorted to by early navigators. But we need not dwell upon Guinea *en masse*, but only upon that portion of it to which the attention of the public is now directed by the stirring news received by each mail from the Gold Coast.

The Portuguese, succeeded by the Dutch, were the first commercial colonists of the coast. Their place is now taken mainly by the British, who, in 1750, traded there under the name of the African Company, and between that year and 1807 obtained Parliamentary grants for the erection of forts and settlements, which, in 1821, were transferred to the Crown, and, on the recommendation of Sir Charles McCarthy, only four forts were retained, one of which was Cape Coast Castle. In 1827, on account of the heavy expenses incurred by the Government on account of the Ashantee war, which broke out in 1824, and the decline of commerce along the coast, the public establishments were withdrawn, but some years later the whole of the coast was again placed under the direct control of the Home Government. An exchange of territory took place in January, 1868, between the Dutch and British governments. The transfer, however, did not work well, so that some new arrangement was thought necessary. After a short period of diplomatic negotiation, a Royal Convention signed at the Hague in February, 1872, doubled Her Majesty's Gold Coast Colony in extent and population. This newly acquired

territory has, it is said, led to the present Ashantee invasion, inasmuch as the Dutch, while in possession of the Castle of Elmina, paid a certain tribute to the King of Ashantee, which the British government withheld. But this is not the case. The transfer did not take place without the full concurrence of King Coffee Calcalli, and, although we do not recognize his right to a tribute in relation to Elmina, we pay the black King, as an annuity, double the sum given him by the Dutch. Moreover, the invasion happened at a time when we were engaged in friendly negotiations with Ashantee Envoys, who professed their ignorance of the cause of the hostilities. The possession of Elmina cannot, therefore, be said to have caused the present raid upon our Protectorate. To any one gifted with ordinary reasoning powers, and with even a superficial knowledge of the African character, the advent of an Ashantee invasion would have been easily foreseen had no negotiations whatever taken place with the Dutch. The reduction of Her Majesty's troops on the coast from two West India regiments to two companies, and the premature consideration of the expediency of giving the Ashantees a port on the coast, are not frail premises from which to deduce the conclusion that the King of Ashantee, finding the troops had been withdrawn, inferred that the British were too weak to resist him, and therefore seeks to crush them in accordance with the traditional policy of his predecessors, in order to subdue the Fantees, and to add their territory to his own, doubtless with the view to bring his power up to the coast, and command all the trade from the ports into the interior. The inference that the King of Ashantee considered the British too weak to resist him, is further strengthened by the abstention of our authorities on the coast from active participation in the Fantee resistance, and the exhibition of such incomprehensible policy, as permitted the present invaders to advance without serious resistance, to within a few miles of the seat of government there. But these reflections are somewhat premature. The sequence of this article requires the attention of the reader to be concentrated upon Ashantee. The causes of the present war will, hereafter, be more clearly pointed at, and more fully discussed.

The kingdom of Ashantee is composed of a number of petty kingdoms, each of which is governed either by a king or a chief of the Royal blood. It extends from beyond the interior of Assinee

to the river Volta—a boundary line of from four hundred to five hundred miles. In the interior it extends as far as Soudana, and is bounded only by the range of hills known as the Kang mountains. The population of the kingdom of Ashantee cannot be computed at less than two millions, *i. e.*, including the tributary tribes of the interior; but if we reckon only those who are subjects of the King of Ashantee, and who regard themselves as vassals or serfs, the number may be fairly stated at about eight hundred thousand. From this number, if the King is fairly put to the stretch, he can easily muster from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand armed men. The capital of Ashantee is Coomassie, situate in the populous district of the same name. The town is about one hundred and thirty miles distant from Cape Coast Castle in a direct line, or about one hundred and eighty miles by the Forest path. It is built on high ground, encompassed with marshes or creeks of a river, beyond the dense forest which secludes the interior of West Africa from our settlements: it is about one and a half miles long by a mile broad, and is defended by an earthen wall. The streets are wide, the houses mostly uniform in structure, and built in blocks or squares. The side next the street is called the public seat—the floor of which is raised two or three feet above the level of the street, and open to it to afford protection from the sun or rain. The district of Coomassie contains a population of about one hundred and twenty thousand, of which fifty thousand are able to carry arms. The different districts which enter into the formation of Ashantee, besides the tributary interior tribes, are: 1st. Jabein, which can send into the field about fifteen thousand men. Its late king (Boachin) rebelled and fought with the King of Ashantee, and attempted to dethrone him and usurp the crown, and but for the timely interference of the King of Beguele, he would have been the victor. 2nd. Guacofu, which can send about ten thousand men into the field. 3rd. Beguele, about twenty thousand men. 4th. Sulah, about ten thousand. 5th. Inchuransah, twenty thousand. 6th. Nampoon, about twelve thousand. Besides these, there are the Gamene and other interior tribes not noted. The resources of the enemy, then, are not to be despised, and require no small preparation on our part before we attempt to attack him on his own ground.

The features of the Ashantee country are generally mountainous,,

except some small tracts to the east and west, though the mountains are neither abrupt or precipitous. It is well watered by many rivers, among which may be named the Assinee and the Volta, or Osweda, as being the principal—the latter running a course of four hundred miles before reaching the sea. The heat and insalubrity of the climate are believed to be exaggerated, though the former from October to March—the hot season—is excessive. During the rest of the year fires and warm clothing are used. The nights are always cold, and in the forest, fires are as necessary against the cold dews as against the wild beasts which abound in the jungle. Owing to chilly nights, followed by scorching days, and to a kind of miasma which rises from the valleys and the neighbourhood of rivers, the climate on the coast is unhealthy for Europeans, but the interior* is not so. Iserit has even been recommended as a sanitary station for invalids. The air is usually calm in this region, although tornadoes rather frequently break the placid monotony, as does also the harmattan or desert wind, which is felt between December and February, blowing sometimes for days together, and owing to its dryness, causing destruction by the absorption of moisture from everything with which it comes in contact. There are two rainy and one dry season in Ashantee. The first rains occur about June, and are followed by fogs and hazy weather, very dangerous and powerful, in July and August. The second rains commence in October, after which, till April, is the hot weather. Between the Assinee and Volta rivers, and in other portions, the country is a mass of forest, the trees of which are all on an immense scale, varying, however, on the coast, where are found the cactus, the mangrove, various specimens of palms, the calta, and other large trees, all mixed with a wild entanglement of thorny brush, itself growing to an inconceivable size. Towards the north, the country is covered with jungle, interspersed only with patches of trees. The guinea grass here grows to an enormous height and thickness, and which, when fired, is used to manure the plantation. The sugar-cane grows wild, and there are also tobacco, maize, yams, rice, potatoes, and every kind of tropical plant in abundance, as well as gums, aromatic plants, dyes, and hard woods. The animals are numerous

* Touching the climate of the interior, Sir Samuel Baker, in his recent expedition, in eighteen months only lost one man out of a force of two hundred and twelve.

and various. There are elephants, rhinoceri, giraffes, deers, civet cats, monkeys, lions, tigers, a gigantic rat peculiar to Ashantee, an odoriferous mouse, and the arompo, or man-eater, which digs up and devours dead bodies. The rivers swarm with hippopotami and alligators, and reptiles of every size abound. Among the birds peculiar to the country, mention may be made of the pookoe, useful in destroying field rats, and a bird larger than a sparrow, with a shrill, hollow note, the sound of which is held by the natives to be of ill-omen. All the Ashantee birds are remarkable for their plumage; but none have pleasing voices—the only songstresses being the nightingale and the thrush. The woods are full of bees, and a species of ant, so numerous and rapacious, that a sheep attacked by them in the night has been found a skeleton in the morning. Fire-flies, dragon-flies, a fly like cantharides in appearance, and, indeed, all tropical insects but the mosquito are found here. Whales and plenty of sharks are to be seen on the coast. The latter form the common food of the Gold Coast negroes. The rivers yield corals and oysters, which feed on the branches of the mangrove and other trees, but are not good for food when taken in fresh water. The Ashantees are not an utterly savage race, but have lately gained some knowledge of the useful arts from their Mahomedan neighbours to the north. Missionaries have occasionally visited Coomassie, where they have been received with marks of distinction by the King. When the public reception had been given and received, the strangers were allowed to move freely about the town. It appears that the great stone palace of Coomassie, described by Bowditch,—the object of so much derision among merchants and traders on the coast—really exists, with its courtyards, walls, etc. Early in this century, the Ashantees pushed forward to the sea, took the town of Cormantine, where the only masons of the coast dwelt, and carried off these artificers, with a sufficient supply of hewn stone to build the palace of the then reigning King. The palace stands to this day, although much dilapidated.

With respect to the physique of the Ashantees: the native is not a tall man, but on the contrary, smaller than the tribes on the coast, who, as a rule, are undersized. He is lean and wiry, and not very courageous, except when lurking behind trees or walls. The King and high chiefs are distinguished from the rank and file by tall and brawny figures, with comparatively fair skins and

strikingly martial mien. It is fear of their own chieftains that makes the Ashantee so terrible to his enemy. "As well die by sword in front as the sword behind" is a saying among them. The Fantees, it is true, have never failed to their hereditary enemies face to face, but they cannot resist the inevitable movement towards the flank and rear. Thus, in the present war, they lost the battle of Yancoomassie—defeated in the moment of victory. This triumph of the Ashantee army, under the skilful and experienced General Assah Moquantal, has led to the subjection of all the Fantee tribes under the British "Protectorate" throughout a country as large as England, and to the investment, as it were, of Her Majesty's forces in the forts along the coast. Speaking of Yancoomasie, it may here be stated that there are three Coomasies, including Coomassie the capital, sometimes called the Golden, from the amount of gold supposed to be stored there. The Ashantees, cowed by superstition, do not dig for gold themselves. They however, have no scruple in making slaves work for them, in this as in other respects. It may be added that the Ashantee army would have about 40,000 men armed with trade guns and matchets, the remainder would have, probably, no better weapons than bows and native arms.

* The habits of the Ashantees do not differ much from those of other African savages, and need not now be dwelt upon, as the purport of this article is not to fully instruct, but simply to initiate the reader as to the state of a people whose acquaintance has been forced upon us, in a manner not calculated to sooth the feeling of a class less exacting in relation to rules of warfare than the British public. The custom, however, of wakeing for the dead is an institution in Ashantee, and deserves more than a passing allusion. This custom is based upon the belief that there is another world, such as this, after the one at present. Thus a king or chief will rule in the same capacity hereafter, and must have his wives, and slaves, etc., to attend to him, but, as these personages do not die at the same time as the chieftain, they are killed, so that their souls may attend the spirit of the deceased in the land of shades. With respect to cannibalism, several missionaries have stated that this charge is not supported by fact against King Coffee Calalli and his subjects, who are said to have as great an abhorrence of this crime as civilized nations.

The physical and other characteristics having now been referred

to, it is proposed, before entering upon the discussion of the present Ashantee war, to refer succinctly to our previous wars with that nation. Our first hostilities with these people occurred about half a century ago in the year 1824, when Sir Charles Macarthy, at the head of a native force, was defeated and slain. It is said that the skull of this General is still at Coomassie, filled with gold, in token of the bravery which he exhibited. This war lasted some years with indifferent success, and although the Ashantees did not actually attack our settlements, the British Government, owing to the expense incurred by this war, withdrew our public establishments from the coast, but, owing principally to the revival of commerce, again placed the forts, in 1843, under the direct control of the Home Government. Various raids were subsequently made by the Ashantees upon the British possessions, one of which, in 1853, was checked by the prompt action and vigour of Colonel Hill, then Governor, now Governor of Newfoundland. On that occasion the Ashantee army, without any declaration of war, crossed the Prah, and invaded British territory with 20,000. Colonel Hill, on hearing this, immediately called all the troops at his disposal, and, with a battery of small guns dragged by Fantees, cut his way through the bush. Joined by several confederated chiefs and 20,000 Fantees, His Excellency pushed boldly forward, and, on nearing the camp of the enemy, prepared to attack, giving them, however, twenty-four hours to recross the Prah, which the Ashantees did, and retired without firing a shot, or causing the English Government any expenses. The forces under Colonel Hill, besides some native troops, only consisted of about one hundred and fifty men and officers of the Gold Coast corps, but his dash deterred the enemy, and secured peace for ten years, until the year 1863, when the measures adopted to check the Ashantees were not fraught with such success as those which attended Colonel Hill's efforts and judgment.

In 1863 the Ashantees descended simultaneously upon the Dutch and English settlements, and meeting the Fantees, defeated them after a gallant resistance at Bobblescomb by resorting to the usual Ashantee outflanking strategy. After this, there was no further resistance, and the victorious King harried the country east of the Amissa river, and as far as the frontier of his allies the Aquapimi. Meanwhile, the 4th West India regiment, under Colonel Couran, arrived at Cape Coast Castle, where preparations

were made by him. These preparations of attack lasted from July to December, on the 5th of which month he started from Mansu with the 4th West India regiment, with detachments of the 2nd and 3rd West India regiments, and some of the Gold Coast artillery, in all about sixteen hundred men. The Ashantees, however, having ravaged the country, and being laden with spoil and prisoners, with wise precaution retired from Couran's line of march, who advanced without opposition to Prahsu, the crossing place of the Prah, and encamped there. Couran then reconnoitered the woods and swamps in the neighbourhood of his camp, but, of course, found no Ashantees. The camp was fearfully unhealthy even for that pestilential climate. The river overflowed during the rainy season, and the loss of life is described as awful. Couran finally retired towards Cape Coast Castle, but not until June, 1864, was the camp broken up, and in all these months no Ashantees had shown. Thus ended this ill-advised, ill-executed, calamitous war, which, although brought to a successful close solely by the enemy doing as he pleased, and not by any skill whatever on our part, either in military tact or diplomatic art, cost the country so much both in money and valuable lives, that a very general desire prevailed in England to get rid of these Colonies. To this end a Committee of the House of Commons (known as Sir C. Adderley's Committee) was appointed to consider the state of British possessions in Africa. This Committee made its report in June, 1865. The purport of which was, that it was not possible to withdraw the British authority wholly or immediately from the African settlements; that all further extension of territory, or the adoption of new treaties offering any protection to native tribes, would be inexpedient, and that it was desirable to encourage in the natives those qualities which would fit them to govern themselves, with a view to our ultimate withdrawal from all our possessions, except, probably, Sierra Leone. The latter idea referred to the natives then included in our Protectorate, and who, on being taught to govern themselves, required also such instruction as would enable them to defend themselves from the attacks which must take place from barbarous neighbours, and which must eventually fall upon us, as it would be undignified for a great nation to play a secondary part in affording support to those whom we guarantee to protect. As the amount of protection to be given to those under our shield would vary, according to the efficiency

of their forces, it is not making a very bold assertion to state that our policy, unless we kept a large military force on the coast, should have been to have perfected the Fantees as much as possible in the art of self-defence. It is true this policy was initiated by Mr. Cardwell, before the appointment of Sir C. Adderley's Committee, in June, 1864, when the Secretary of State wrote to Governor Pim that the duty of defending themselves rested with the chiefs, and that he was "to give them advice, to supply them judiciously with military stores, and, in concert with the officer in command of the forces, to furnish them with such assistance as he may be able to afford." Lord Granville pursued a similar line of policy, and in 1869 addressed Governor Kennedy in the same strain as Mr. Cardwell had Governor Pim, and added, "that the British Government is unable to make itself responsible for their defence in case they should prove unable to defend themselves." This seems singular language. Its meaning, however, does not appear obscure. The reader will probably translate it: "The British Government will defend the Fantees as long as they can defend themselves, but not after."

The announcement of this line of conduct on the part of Great Britain, however vague the despatches may be, ought, we would imagine, to be the prologue to the performance on the part of the representatives of the Crown in West Africa of the rôle written for them by Mr. Cardwell and Lord Granville. But the successive Governors seem to have forgotten the text, as we find Colonel Harley, as late as the 15th March, 1873, writes in reference to the Ashantee invasion from the Gold Coast as follows: "I confess, that the position is one of some embarrassment; for while, on the one hand, the instructions of the Secretary of State (*vide* despatch of the 23rd of June, 1864) are definite and specific as to the extent of the assistance to be given to the tribes of the Protectorate upon such an emergency arising as at present, it is difficult to find that these instructions have been expressed or even communicated to the people after the war of 1864: so that ten years of an indolent ease have been allowed to pass without the tribes taking any active measures, as far as I can ascertain, for their defence. Indeed, the fact declares itself openly, as they are as helpless now as they were found to be in 1863, when the Ashantees invaded the Protectorate."

The reader will have now, doubtless, gleaned that the inactive policy of the Home authorities, or in other words, the "doing

nothing policy" has contributed to produce the present war, and to make it formidable and unfortunate when it began; for, in addition to the hostilities, we must submit to the misfortunes of having our forts filled with as many panic-stricken fugitives as they will hold, and bear the burdens which charity imposes, as well as yield with a good grace to the duty of protection—duty which our pledge of good faith demands. Speaking of protection in relation to the Fantees, it is, perhaps, needless to remark that in assuming that responsibility, it was incumbent upon us, in order really to protect ourselves, to keep these people in order, and to see that they did not commit acts of violence against the Ashantees; but we seem to have ignored this ordinary precaution, as the recent great outrages committed by the Fantees upon the Ashantee traders to Elmina are undoubted, and it is equally certain that nothing was done by the British authorities to check these depredations, which, if asserted as one of the causes of the present outbreak, reflect unfavourably on the Home Executive or upon their representatives in West Africa.

At this juncture the reader, probably weary of these strange acts, will anticipate as their epilogue the narration of the withdrawal of Great Britain from the West African settlements, or the recital of the steps taken to establish a strong military force on, and suitable to that coast. But, however tedious the play may appear, the author of this paper cannot yet afford the peruser any relief, on the contrary he must submit to listen to the performance of a sixth act tragedy—to be told that we extended our territory in Africa and withdrew the troops to a great extent.

The history of the acquisition of new territory is familiar to us, and having been already referred to in this article need not now be further reviewed. The story of the withdrawal of the troops is of importance to the completion of the present paper, and the story, although brief, must be told even at the expense of wearying the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY.

In December, 1873, Governor Hennessy, in a despatch from Sierra Leone, writes in reference to Military expedition as follows: "Sir Harry Ord pointed out to the Committee of 1865 that the Military Expedition, which then amounted to a charge of £127,897 on the Imperial Exchequer, could be considerably reduced when the Government-in-Chief of the four settlements was concentrated at Sierra Leone, and local forces substituted for some of

the West Indian detachments. This policy has been steadily pursued and with such success (the author of this paper may here observe with such success as to bring on the Ashantee war) that, though the trade with the United Kingdom has considerably increased, the Military expenditure chargeable to the United Kingdom has fallen to one-fourth of what it was in 1865. In 1871 it amounted only to £29,331. * * *

"In 1863, Governor Freeman purchased four hundred stand of arms for a force he was raising from a wide-spread Mahomedan tribe, the Houssas. In July, 1864, he reported that he could maintain one hundred armed Houssas at an annual cost of £1269. Before his death, which occurred soon after, he anticipated the substitution of his Houssas for Imperial troops, and this was accomplished under Sir Arthur Kennedy's instructions in 1869. An armed police force has also been substituted for the Imperial troops on the Gambia."

"Under your Lordship's instructions I tried the experiment in May last of moving one hundred Houssas from Lagos to the Gold Coast. They are now doing garrison work at Elmina; and are found to be, for the sort of duty required in the Protectorate, more useful than the West Indian troops."

As to the utility and fighting qualities of these Houssas, the following extracts from the letter of a correspondent, who, in referring to this tribe, writes as follows: "Our native allies are far worse than worthless as companions in a fight. The Houssas may be trained to be valuable scouts, but their wild excitability and ill-directed fire are calculated to confuse and bewilder the troops, and do more harm than good.

"The Houssas were by no means particular at whom they fired, banging away miscellaneously in the direction of any shots, whether by friend or foe. Fortunately, their aim was utterly wild, or we should have had a heavy list of casualties.

"The tendency of the Houssas, when fired at, is, at present, to run away."

When this conduct, on the part of the Houssas, is contrasted with the gallant conduct of a small detachment of the First West India Regiment, who, not many months ago, defended the outpost of Orange Walk, in British Honduras, against a host of Indians, and drove them off, we fail to comprehend the reasons which could have induced Mr. Hennessy to pen the foregoing despatch unless

he wished to pander to the wishes of the Home Cabinet, whose inclinations evidently pointed at military reduction, as the following extract, from Mr. Cardwell's speech on the occasion of moving the Army Estimates in 1870, will testify: "We have much more pleasant reason for discontinuing the services of the Third West India Regiment. When I first went to the Colonial Office, I found two West India regiments quartered on the West Coast of Africa. These two regiments were not considered sufficient for the duties they had to discharge, and there was a continual pressure for an additional force. However, the government of our colonies on the West Coast was changed. Our Governor from Sierra Leone now superintends the whole of these colonies. This gentleman was in London last October, and my noble friend and I had the pleasure of hearing from his own lips, that what two regiments could not do a few years ago, two companies are perfectly competent to do now." The sequel to these utterances need not be dwelt upon. The reader has already more than gleaned it. He has already seen that two companies were not sufficient, and that the substitution of Houssas for West Indian troops was a grave error.

The conduct of the successive Governors in recommending Military reduction, although not commendable, is not difficult to understand, when we reflect upon the fact that all the Administrators who advocated the disbandment of the Imperial troops in West Africa received promotion. Of course they performed other duties with ability and zeal, and doubtless deserved advancement, but the fact of their furtherance remains undisputed. Sir Harry Ord was made Governor of the "Straits settlements;" Sir Arthur Kennedy was given Hong Kong; Mr. Hennessy received the Bahamas—a change certainly to a better climate, although the emoluments are not so great as in "Sierra Leone." Colonel Harley had no time to play the same rôle as his predecessors. The King of Ashantee was too premature, otherwise the gallant Colonel might have acted the part of his "precursors."

With respect to the present war, Colonel Harley seems to have experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining information as to the strength of the enemy engaged in the first incursion, for, in a despatch to the Colonial Office about March last, he wrote that he believed that the number of Ashantees did not exceed four thousand, and stated that, in addition to the forces that the tribes

might be expected to supply, he had on the spot two hundred and seventy men of the 1st West India regiment, two hundred and twenty Houssas, two hundred volunteers, and one hundred and fifty native police, besides four vessels of war on the coast. And writing in a despatch of the 8th April, Colonel Harley says, "I may add that a feeling of complete security is felt here and along the coast, which the presence of four of Her Majesty's ships at present in the roads, no doubt, strengthens." Mr. Cardwell seems to have been pleased with the tenor of this despatch, for in the House of Commons on the 2nd May last, he spoke respecting the letter as follows: "When the military administrator spoke in those terms, there could be no doubt that confidence was felt in the resources at hand."

But Mr. Cardwell and Colonel Harley were both mistaken. The best politicians are sometimes deceived. Even Mr. Hammond, who had an experience of nearly fifty years in the foreign office, announced the settled tranquillity of Europe to Lord Granville, on his assumption of office at the death of Lord Clarendon. The prophecy was falsified in a few days by the outbreak between Prussia and France, but it is presumed it was as difficult for Mr. Hammond to secure the confidence of M. Olivier or Bismark as it was for Colonel Harley to pry into the secrets of the King of Ashantee. Lord Kimberley, however, in the House of Lords, on the 20th May, admitted that sufficient importance had not been attributed to the attack of the Ashantees, and that the report which had been received in the first instance of the number of the attacking force had been under estimated. The Colonial Secretary added, that further measures had been taken for the protection of the Settlements. The Government, having despatched fifty marines, and fifty marine artillery, and issued instructions to have the whole of the 1st West India regiment hurried to the coast, Lord Kimberley further added, respecting the discrepancy between the earlier and later statements of Colonel Harley as to the number of Ashantees forming the invading army, that he would read the explanation of the Administrator, taken from a despatch dated Cape Coast Castle, 12th April, 1873, the extract is as follows, viz: "I fear that there can be little doubt now that the Ashantees are in considerable force. I had not thought so, and my conclusion was not without reason, as knowing something of the resources of the food supply in the districts they

occupy, I imagined they could not maintain so large a force as has been variously represented at twelve, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, and as much as forty thousand men, but from reliable and intelligent evidence this is said to be the whole fighting strength of the Ashantee power." Having read the extract, Earl Kimberley said: "This was no doubt a serious state of things; but the Administrator had taken prompt and active measures, and it was only due to Colonel Harley to state that, as far as he was aware, the Colonial Office had great reason to be satisfied with his proceedings."

Thus it is admitted that a large army which, had we taken proper precaution and acted promptly, might have been driven back at the outset, but we had no troops, or next to none there, so that no active measures could be taken. We then, as it were, delivered up the whole country, until within a few miles of Cape Coast Castle, to the enemy, and being thus bearded, had no alternative but to fight. Thus we have an Ashantee war—a war which Lord Derby says "will be a doctor's war, and an engineer's war quite as much as a soldier's war." He also says: "The liability to quarrels of this kind is one of the penalties we pay for an extended empire, and as long as we have an enemy in our front, even though that enemy should be a Gold Coast savage, there will be no difference of opinion among politicians of all colours as to the necessity of defending British territory, or of vindicating our honour by resisting attack." There is encouragement in such words as these for the gallant men who are now called upon to vindicate our honour. Politicians have now quitted the stage. The settlement of the difficulty is now in other hands. The Snider rifle, and the Gatling and shell guns must now decide the dispute, and these weapons are wielded by soldiers whose ancestors, in the hour of their country's need, have never failed.

Having at length entered into the present fray, the Government use the most vigorous means to prosecute it successfully. The authorities, doubtless, follow Shakspeare's advice:

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.

It is possible there is some excess of preparation, but this is a step in the right direction, because the season during which alone

active warfare is possible, is rather a brief one for a campaign, which is evidently contemplated to extend to a distance of nearly two hundred miles. The government and medical authorities evince every desire to compass the important object of preserving the health of the men, and are determined, even at the sacrifice of professional routine, to obtain so desirable a result as the preservation of many valuable lives. The clothing of the troops has been especially looked to, and a large number of medical officers have been despatched to the coast, with a view not only to attend to the sick soldiers, but to endeavour, by the introduction of sanitary precaution, to hinder the outbreak of disease.

As to the details of the present raid, the reader, it is presumed, is so familiar with them that it is only necessary to refer to them in the briefest manner possible. It will be therefore sufficient to state that soon after the invasion of the Ashantees into the "Protectorate," the town of Elmina, about seven miles from Cape Coast Castle, was either captured by them, or had revolted in their favour. It was destroyed by our bombardment about midsummer, and Chama, at the mouth of the Bussum Prah, was the scene of the disaster that befell Commodore Commerell and his party of sailors on August 11th, in a boat expedition to survey that river. At this sad news being received in England, Sir Garnet Wolseley, with a number of officers, was despatched to the seat of war, and at the same time the 23rd Welsh Fusileers, and the first battalion of the Rifle Brigade were placed under orders to follow him, when required, to the Gold Coast. These regiments have since left England. However to be regretted may be the disaster at the Prah, it must be regarded as an incident inseparable from all campaigns, and the first news of it should have been borne with as much patience as exultation when called forth by the knowledge of a victory. We should be slow to condemn the operations of our commanders, without being thoroughly acquainted with the country in which the tactics are being carried on, although, in the present case, it is difficult to comprehend the reasons which induced Commodore Commerell to place so much trust in the Chiefs of Chama. An African savage must be a friend or a foe. However the term neutral may be applied to European diplomacy, it cannot be applicable to potentates whose lax ideas with respect to murder are not conducive to their comprehension of, or acquiescence in the rules of national honour. It would have been

better for Commodore Commerell to have taken the Chama Chief with him in his boats, so that these rulers would have been in a fair way to receive the fatal volley which, had this precaution been adopted, would never have been fired, but then we must not judge too hastily, or offer an opinion touching an attempt for prosecuting which grave reasons may have existed.

The choice of Sir Garnet Wolseley as the leader of the present expedition has given the utmost satisfaction. He entered the service in 1852 and served in the Burmese war of 1852-53. He took part in the Crimean, Chinese and Indian mutiny campaigns. He commanded the Expedition sent in 1870 from Canada to the Red River Settlements. He is a C. B. and a K. C. M. G. His recent reconnoissances against the Ashantees was a strikingly neat and complete piece of African warfare, reflects the greatest credit on the General and the officers and men under him, and calls for acclamation, which the genius displayed by him in so well masking his intentions, enforces from us. The result of this recent operation is most satisfactory in many ways. Indeed, the discovery of the hasty expenditure of ammunition on the part of our troops is a great point gained. This waste is one of the results of breech-loading rifles. The rapid process of loading them, in comparison with the muzzle-loader, causes our troops, in the heat of action, to expend too much ammunition, and when we take into consideration that officers at Aldershot on ordinary field days have great difficulty in checking their men from firing too rapidly, we can readily understand the difficulty of restraining from committing this error when excited by real action. But it is a matter which must be looked to.

The plan of the present campaign will, no doubt, be to advance on Coomassie. This will probably be accomplished by continuing the measures which had been commenced previous to the arrival of our General. Colonel Festing and Lieut. Gordon had already completed a road for twenty-four miles in the direction of Coomassie, they had driven the enemy from the immediate neighbourhood of Elmina and Cape Coast Castle and the Fantees had commenced to return to the deserted villages in the vicinity of the coast. Captain Glover and other officers are now engaged in levying additional troops among the Mahometan tribes, and there can be little doubt that as soon as sufficient troops arrive to protect the working parties, the road will be extended to the Prah.

Beyond the river the country is rather open and on a higher level, so that the advance on Coomassie may probably not be found impracticable. If a sufficient road can be constructed, the traction engines which the Government have despatched will wholly or partly render the use of beasts of burden unnecessary; and in a comparatively open country English troops can scarcely fail to defeat any number of even the most warlike Africans. Indeed, in a few words, one may say that Sir Garnet Wolseley's duty is to keep our men healthy and to make roads they can travel on. The fighting part is left to our soldiers and from it they will not flinch. If our General performs these two duties he will have accomplished a great end and will deserve the gratitude and admiration of his country.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, on arrival at Cape Coast Castle, immediately assembled the Kings and Chiefs, and, in explaining his views, instructed these rulers as to the course he wished them to adopt. In the course of his address, the General said: "This war is not Her Majesty's war, but is your war." This sentence, and, indeed, the whole speech, has been much criticised by the press, and various are the opinions respecting it. While the *Times* endorses its tenor, the African *Times* says: "There is a cold, hard tone in his words, not calculated to induce that hearty co-operation so desirable and so essential to success;" and the *Pall Mall Gazette* refers to it as follows, viz.:—

"The first reflection which must suggest itself on reading this highly diplomatic deliverance is the extreme want of conformity between almost every one of its statements and the true facts of the case. This war is not a Fantee war, but our war in every sense of the word—ours, that is, in the sense that we gave the provocation, whatever it was, and that the stake which is at issue on its event is found entirely by us. It is not true that Her Majesty has no other interest on the Gold Coast than to secure the blessings of peace and civilization to the Fantees, or that it is for the furtherance of those interests, in any but the most indirect and accidental of senses, that Sir Garnet Wolseley has been despatched to that coast. It is not true that Her Majesty, if she consulted her own interests alone, might content herself by keeping her troops within the forts; on the contrary, her interests, both military and commercial, imperatively demand the opposite course. Sir Garnet Wolseley was, however, it will be said, addressing not Englishmen, but those Fantees amongst whom our only interest is to spread the blessings of civilization, and one of these blessings is the art of using language to conceal the thoughts.

We do not wish to lay too much stress on the moral anomaly of the situation, or on the somewhat odious effect of the contrast between our lofty and transcendental account of our mission on the Gold Coast and the decided earthliness, not to say meanness, of the policy by which it is to be carried out. But, morality aside, we cannot help questioning the prudence of the course which Sir Garnet Wolseley has apparently been instructed to pursue. From a mere worldly point of view it can never be wise to 'say a thing that is not' unless there is a chance of being believed, and what sort of a chance is there of this in the present instance? Sir Garnet Wolseley's speech is, in effect, a *rechauffe* of a despatch of Lord Kimberley's of several months back in the earliest days of the war, and he has been directed to reproduce it, quite regardless of the change of circumstances which has occurred in the mean time."

The author of this paper, although not disposed to accept intact the leader of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, cannot refrain from observing that it appears strange to call a war in which Her Majesty's sailors and soldiers are shot, and in which a British Protectorate and even British possessions are invaded, not Her Majesty's war but that of a people whom we are in honour bound to protect, treating their quarrels as our quarrels. But then if the pen of Sir Garnet Wolseley is guided by Downing Street, his sword is at least free, and that, judging by his late bold attack upon the Ashantees, is unfettered, and will be used by him to some purpose. What we must look to are deeds and not words, and the latter are to be valued by the effect they produce. Notwithstanding the so called coldness of his words, our General's address seems to have made a favourable impression upon our native allies, as the following extract from the *London Standard* will show:

"Sir Garnet Wolseley's energy has fairly communicated itself to the chiefs, and although it is by no means certain that they will be able to raise an army for us, it is now certain that they will endeavour to the utmost of their power to do so. Those who know them best are the most surprised to find that the kings are really keeping their word and departing for their own countries. The greater portion of the officers who came out with us are leaving with these potentates, and will, by their presence, show the people that England is in earnest in their behalf."

The reader has now been offered almost all that is known of the Ashantee war up to the present date. Probably before these pages are in print, the veil of the future will have been torn aside, and the valour of our troops will be deeds of history. But the author does not profess to be prophetic, however proud he

may feel to chronicle the triumph of our soldiers, and the present effort to induce his readers to lend an ear to Africa must be concluded. It is pleasing, however, to add as a last piece of information that, although there is no wish to underrate the perils of our brave garrison in Guinea, latest communications respecting the health of the troops, and the sanitary prospects during the winter months are of a highly encouraging character.

Let us, therefore, look forward to a satisfactory solution of the present difficulty—a difficulty which should never have arisen. Had successive Ministers imposed a microscopic tax upon the British public, the present large periodical outlay would have been avoided, and we would have cheated of further victims the yawning white man's grave.

CONSERVATOR.

ANITHER'S AWA.

My mither, puir body, her hairt it was sair,
For the sad, dreary thocht, she might see me nae mair,
Had filled her whole soul; and the tears doon did fa',
As she uttered these words, 'Anither's awa.'

It's twa years or sae since I've seen her auld face;
But oft in my day-dreams she comes to my place;
And my hairt it grows fu' as I think o' us twa
Embracing each ither: Anither's awa.

The seas row atween us; but naething that's here
Can loosen the ties that bind us sae dear;
And often I've thocht it was guid for us a',
These words yince were uttered, Anither's awa.

For, mither, dear mither, I thankfully see
'Twas God's ain kind grace that brocht tears to your e'e;
For, though seas row atween us, I'm nearer you a'
Than when you said, sobbin', Anither's awa.

Your true hairt devotion and kindness tae me,
That then were not noticed—or only a wee,
Tak' now due proportions,—are twice mair than a'
This world's rich treasures: Anither's awa.

And not only that; but the fact o' itsel',
 That we yince were sae patient, has wrocht like a spell;
 And I'm nearer tae Jesus, and nearer tae a'
 My brithers on earth, since Anither's awa.

It may be that yet we will meet ither here;
 But if't's not sae granted, we need never fear;
 For we'll meet up abuin, whar there's nothing awa
 Tae mak' us say sadly, Anither's awa.

Sae, then, we'll work trusting firm in His grace,
 Wha's blessed us sae far wi' the licht o' His face;
 And there's naething that's ill shall e'er us befa':
 Sae blythe be and glad though Anither's awa.

W. P. BEGG.

THE FOLK-LORE OF BRITISH PLANTS.

ARTICLE II.

BY JAMES MASON.

Lily—Lily of the Valley—Daisy—Forget-me-not—Rush.

THERE are some plants which fortune has thrown together, and which, in our minds, at least, are always found in company. Of these the lily and the rose furnish the most prominent example. These two flowers have been called rival queens of the garden: but let us not look at them so. Let us rather consider them as existing in harmony, each proud of the other's attractions; the lily, out of courtesy, giving the rose the first place, and the rose taking it, not vaingloriously, but to avoid disputing about what, after all, is a matter of no importance. It is but right, then, as I commenced the first article with an account of the folk-lore connected with the rose, that I should begin this paper by telling all that is interesting about the LILY.

The first thing that occurs to me to mention is, that the name of the lily has been conjectured to refer to some old personification of the night, which Orpheus described as "the mother of gods and men." In the Syrian dialects, and in the Hebrew, we have *Lil*, *lilleh*, etc., as denoting the evening. Mr. Conway, from whose articles on "Mystic Trees and Flowers" I have already done myself the pleasure of quoting, remarks on this head:—

"The similarity of the name of the lily to Deleilah and to Lilæa, the beautiful nymph and daughter of Cephissus, is worthy of note. That the cold golden-haired Lilith, and the chaste, man-hating Diana, should be personifications of the moonlight, and that their emblem should be the pale golden-headed lily, is not wonderful, but it is still more significant when we associate it with the only white lily known to the Orientals—the water lily. Pliny and others speak of the water lily as one of the normal antidotes to the love-philtre."

The lily appears to have been a favourite flower with the ancient Greeks, and in the wedding ceremonies of the modern Greeks the priest is supplied with two chaplets of lilies and ears of corn, which he places on the heads of the bride and bridegroom, as emblems of purity and abundance.

The East Indian *Nelumbium*, which is found in great abundance in hot countries, and with which the ditches about Pekin are reported by travellers to be literally choked, is supposed to have been the sacred bean of Pythagoras, the object of religious veneration in Egypt. The priests were forbidden even to look at it. Its singular seed-vessels, in whose cells the bean-like seeds lie, are thought to have suggested the cornucopia of the ancients.

The sacred lily of the East is the lotus, and there is hardly an oriental mythology in which it has not a place. It was considered in Egypt to be the throne of Osiris, the god of day.

In the early centuries of our era the lily had the good fortune to become mixed up with the history of the Virgin Mary. The lily which generally appears in pictures and elsewhere in connection with her, is the great white lily (*lilium candidum*) of our gardens. The pure white petals have been held to typify her body, and the golden anthers within to represent her soul, sparkling with divine light. This lily, by the way, was believed by the Jews to counteract witchcraft and enchantment. Judith is said to have crowned herself with a wreath of white lilies before setting out for the tent of Holofernes.

There is a legend of the Cistercian friars, exhibiting the blessed Virgin in connection with the lily. It seems that there was a brother of the order so rude and unlettered that he could retain nothing in his memory beyond the *Ave Maria* of the angelical salutation. But this he repeated incessantly. At last he died, and was buried; and from his grave a lily of gold sprang up, with *Ave Maria* inscribed on every leaf.

As a token of purity, the lily was frequently placed by artists of old in the hands of female saints. It was specially dedicated to the patroness of music, St. Cecilia.

Perhaps one of the strangest features about the folk-lore of the lily is the subtle relationship which the plant was held to bear to life. It is a northern superstition that, if one is unjustly executed,

white lilies will spring from his grave in token of innocence. And from the grave of a maiden three lilies spring, which may be gathered by no one but her lover. In many of the Swedish ballads, lilies as well as roses grow out of graves. And many examples are to be met with of persons changed by death into lilies. A curious incident in which the lily plays the leading part is given by Thorpe in his "*Northern Mythology*," from the "*Niederländische Sagen*" of Wolf, Leipzig, 1843:—

"There was once, in days of yore, a conjuror who cut people's heads off and set them on again. One day, when he was practising his art, a travelling journeyman entered the room as a spectator. On the table before the conjuror there stood a large glass filled with distilled water, out of which grew a white lily every time the conjuror had cut a head off, which he called the Lily of Life. When the conjuror had cut a head off, the traveller quickly stepped up to the table, and, with a sharp knife, severed the stalk of the lily, without being observed by any one; so that when the conjuror would replace the head, the operation failed, whereupon he was seized and burnt for a murderer."

This took place, the narrator says he has often heard his father relate, in the year 1528, and he adds that, anterior to the French Revolution, the judicial acts concerning the trial were to be seen.

The Water-lily is gathered in Germany with certain rites, as a charm against witchcraft. In Spain it is said that those who have by magic arts been transformed into animals can be restored by the aid of the lily. There used to be a famous lily at Lauenburg. It was said to have sprung up when a poor and beautiful girl was spirited away out of the clutches of a dissolute baron. It appeared annually, and the event was anxiously looked forward to by the inhabitants of the Hartz, many of whom made a pilgrimage to behold it. They returned to their homes, it is said, overpowered by its dazzling beauty, and asserting that its splendour was so great that it shed beams of light on the valley below.

The lily was the national emblem of France till the revolution of 1789, when the tri-colour (white, red, and blue) was adopted. It was popularly held to have been brought from Heaven by an angel to Clovis in 496, he having made a vow that if he proved the victor in a pending battle with the Alemanni, near Cologne, he would embrace Christianity. Another legend is that after one of the battles of the Crusades the white banner of France was found covered with it. Likely enough, the sanctity with which the words of Christ in the Sermon on the Mount had invested the lily were the chief cause of raising the flower to the position of a national emblem. It really ought, however, in all fairness to be mentioned that the identity of the lily with the fleur-de-lis of France has been questioned. An attempt has been made, but not successfully it seems to me, to show that the fleur-de-lis is not the

iris or royal lily at all, but merely an ornamented sceptre. This is not the place to pursue the subject, and I shall do no more than refer the inquiring reader to *Art. Flowers and Emblems of Heraldry*" (p. 80 et seq.) where it is fully discussed.

I have alluded to the flower mentioned by Chaucer when he called attention to the superiority of the arrangement of the lines of the field to that of Solomon in all his gifts. What that gift was has been asked from the earliest times to the present day. It we could but certainly identify it with what nature would to be regarded, how closely it would bring home to us one of the most important lessons ever taught in earth. The Lily of the Valley is used to be regarded as the *floris in questionibus* our poets are fond of. This humble flower loves the dale and is indigenous in all our climates. The flower at which our Saviour pointed was indeed not one of a brilliant red colour belonging to a queen's robe, but the size of the common tiger lily. Probably I say, because there are a few other flowers, which, in striving to occupy the honourable position, make out a fair case for themselves.

The Lily of the Valley is dedicated to the Virgin and always held to be symbolical of purity and innocence. In some parts of St. Leonard's Forest, in Sussex, it grows freely, and a legendary tale is there related of it. It is reported to have sprung from the blood of St. Leonard, who once encountered a mighty worm, or "fire-drake" in the forest, and fought with it for three successive days. The saint came off conqueror, but he was severely wounded in the struggle, and the ground was red with his blood. Wherever the blood fell Lilies of the Valley sprang up in profusion.

In some country places the Lily of the Valley is called "Ladder to Heaven," a name evidently suggested by the graceful arrangement of the flowers. In Haslemere the people are very fond of this flower, and go out on Whit-Monday in large numbers to the woods to gather it: when evening falls there is hardly a house without a large bouquet.

From the coy Lily of the Valley, which "shuns eminence and loves the dale," to the DAISY is no very violent transition. The latter is about as modest and lowly as the former.

"The Daisy scattered on each mead and downe,
A golden tuft within a silver crowne:
(Fair fall that dainty flowre, and may there be
No shepherd graed that doth not honour thee.)"

So says the old poet Browne. His love for the plant has been shared by all the tuneful tribe, to such an extent, as fully to justify Wordsworth's styling it "the poet's darling." The allusions to it in Spencer, Milton, Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, Burns, Keats, and many other writers of high rank, are no doubt familiar to you. You recollect the enthusiasm of Chaucer for the "modest crimson-tipped flower"—

"Of all the flowres in the mede,
 Than love I most these flowres white and rede,
 Soch that men callen Daisies in our town,
 To them I have so great affection,
 As I sayd erst, whan comen is the Maie,
 That in my bedde there daweth me no daie,
 That I n'am up and walking in the mede,
 To see this flowre ayenst the sunne sprede ;
 Whan it up riseth early by the morrow,
 That blisful sight softeneth all my sorrow."

Report will have it that this plant takes its name from "day's eye," because the flower opens and closes as daylight comes and goes. It is popularly looked on as the emblem of modesty, and is the badge of Maid Margaret, that was so meek and mild, a very popular saint in the olden time. "It may have been assigned to her," says Mr. Prior, in his '*Popular Names of British Plants*' (p. 112), "from blossoming about her day, the 22nd of February." In France the daisy is called *Marguerite*.

"The daise, a flowre white and rede,
 In French called *La Belle Margarete*."

—*Chaucer.*

The device of *Marguerite of Anjou*, Queen of Henry VI., was a daisy, in allusion to her name. It is also known by the name of *La Paquerette*.

In *Ossian*, the poet makes the first daisy be sown over a baby's grave by the hands of infantine angels. "From that day forth the maidens of Morven have consecrated the little daisy to early infancy. It is, they say, the flower of innocence, the flower of a new-born babe."

It used to be employed in an interesting way in the days of chivalry. A knight, when an accepted lover, was allowed by his lady-fair to engrave a daisy on his arms; but when the damsel would neither say yes nor no, she wreathed her head with a coronet of wild daisies to show that she would consider his proposal.

For purposes of love divination, the daisy is much made use of in France. Lovers, in order to ascertain the warmth of each other's affections, take a daisy and pluck its leaflets off, one by one, saying "Does he [she] love me?—a little—much—passionately—not at all." The phrase which falls to the last leaflet is the answer to the enquiry. In England the marigold, and in Germany the star-flower, or aster, is generally used for the same purpose. An odd piece of advice given to a man to enable him to dream of his mistress, or to a woman to enable her to dream of her lover, seems to have been: "Hide a daisy root under your pillow, and hang your shoes out of the window" (*Scott's Play of the "Mock Marriage,"* 1696.) Probably it is some piece of love divination that W. Browne alludes to when he speaks of—

"The gentle daisy with her silver crown,
 Worn in the breast of many a shepherd lass."

In the North of England the peasants judge of the advance of the year by the appearance of our flower, saying that "spring has not arrived till you can set your foot on twelve daisies."

In Thuringia it is said that he who has a tooth extracted must eat three daisies to be free from tooth-ache in future. Who would not make trial of so simple a remedy?

About the identity of the FORGET-ME-NOT there exists some popular misapprehension. There is little doubt that the plant really entitled to bear this fanciful appellation is the Creeping Water Scorpion Grass.

The following tale, explanatory of the origin of the name Forget-me-not, is given from Mill's "History of Chivalry," 1826, where it is quoted from Anthony Todd Thomson:

"Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake on a fine summer's evening, when the maiden espied some of the flowers of the *Myosotis* growing on the water, close to the bank of an island, at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when her knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot, cropped the wished for plant; but his strength was unable to fulfil the object of his achievement, and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers upon the bank, and, casting a last affectionate look upon his lady-love, he cried, 'Forget me not,' and was buried in the waters."

There is a Persian legend regarding the Forget-me-not given by the poet Shiraz. It has a more delicate poetic tone than belongs to the European legend:

"It was," says Shiraz, "in the golden morning of the early world, when an angel sat weeping outside the closed gates of Eden. He had fallen from his high estate through loving a daughter of earth, nor was he permitted to enter again until she whom he loved had planted the flowers of the forget-me-not in every corner of the world. He returned to earth and assisted her, and they went hand in hand over the world, planting the forget-me-not. When their task was ended, they entered Paradise together—for the fair woman, without tasting the bitterness of death, became immortal, like the angel whose love her beauty had won, when she sat by the river, twining the forget-me-not in her hair."

So much, then, for "the sweet Forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers."

RUSHES have not given rise to a great deal of folk-lore. Perhaps, in the olden time, they were too much before the eyes of the people to acquire any mysterious attributes: men were too familiar with them. Rushes as well as sedge were used in summer to strew the floors of houses. The English stage also was at one period covered with rushes.

Long ago it was a custom at marriages to strew rushes, along

with herbs and flowers, from the house of the bride to the church. To this practice we have an allusion by Braithwaite in his "Strapado for the Divell," 1615:

"All haile to Hymen and his marriage day,
Strew Rushes, and quickly come away;
Strew Rushes, maides, and ever as you strew,
Think one day, maides, like will be done for you."

In churches, also, rushes were regularly strewn. The Rev. G. Mills Cooper, in his paper on the Abbey of Bayham, in the *Sussex Archæological Collections* (vol ix., 1857), observes, with reference to this custom:—

"Though few are ignorant of it, it may not be so generally known that the strewing of churches grew into a religious festival: dressed up in all that picturesque circumstance wherewith the old Church knew well how to array its ritual. Remains of it linger to this day in remote parts of England. In Westmoreland, Lancashire, and districts of Yorkshire, there is still celebrated, between hay-making and harvest, a village fete called the Rushbearing. Young women, dressed in white, and carrying garlands of flowers and rushes, walk in procession to the parish church, accompanied by a crowd of rustics, with flags flying and music playing. There, they suspend their floral chaplets on the chancel rails, and the day is concluded by a simple feast. The neighbourhood of Ambleside was until lately, and may be is still, one of the chief strongholds of this popular practice; respecting which I will only add, as a curious fact, that up to the passing of the recent Municipal Reform Act, the town-clerk of Norwich was accustomed to pay to the sub-sacrist of the cathedral an annual guinea, for strewing the floor of the cathedral with rushes on the Lord Mayor's Day, from the western door to the entrance into the choir. This is the most recent instance of the ancient usage that has come to my knowledge."

Not quite such an Arcadian account of the ceremony of rush-bearing is given by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (p. 358), dating from Runcorn, in Cheshire. He exhibits the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of that place as a rude, hearty, masculine race, contrasting pleasantly with Mr. Mill's "young woman dressed in white, and carrying garlands of flowers and rushes."

"At the annual wakes," he says, "a large quantity of rushes are collected together, and loaded on a cart almost to the height of a load of hay, they are bound on the cart, and cut evenly at each end. On the Saturday evening a number of men sit on the top of the rushes, holding garlands of artificial flowers, tinsel, etc. The cart is drawn round the parish by three or four spirited horses, decked out with ribbons—the collars being surrounded with small bells. It is attended by morris-dancers, dressed in strange style—men in women's clothes, etc. One big man in woman's clothes, with his face blackened, has a belt round his waist, to which is attached

a large bell, and carries a ladle, in which he collects money from the spectators. The company stop and dance at the principal public-houses in their route, and then proceed to the parish church where the rushes are deposited, and the garlands hung up very conspicuously, to remain till the next year."

The withered state of the tops of the rushes is explained in an original way in Kilkenny. It is the result, say the natives there, of the curse of St. Patrick. The saint had been in the act of denouncing the vengeance of heaven against some rapacious chief, and had uttered the words, "I curse," when the friends of the chief fell on their knees and begged for mercy. St Patrick yielded; but it seems to have been necessary for him to conclude his sentence, so, instead of adding the name of the chief, he said, "the tops of the rushes and the red stones of the Dinan," a small stream in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny. The tops of the rushes, ever since this terrible curse, have been withered, and the Dinan has been a river of misfortune, liable to rise suddenly and sweep away any one attempting to ford it.

For one complaint, at any rate, the rush is held by country wiseacres to be efficacious. In Devonshire, it is used as a charm for the thrush. Three rushes are taken from any running stream, passed separately through the mouth of the infant, and then thrown back into the water. As the current bears them away, so, it is said, will the thrush depart from the child.

It will be remembered by the classical reader that the Spartans crowned themselves with rushes in the Promethean festivals.

THE THREE EAGLES.

THREE Eagles sped in their rapid flight,
Unto the banquet gathered the three,
Their quarry it was a fallen knight,—
One lit by his head and one by 's knee,
One solemn paced by, the luckless wight,
A grave high pavin grotesque to see.

Screamed eagle the first: "pick out his eyes!
Because he looked on the poor with scorn,
No grief had he for his vassals' sighs,
No care that babes and women should mourn,
He held their lives as his lawful prize
For reason that he was Norman-born."

The Three Eagles.

Screamed eagle the second : "tear his hand !
It never was given in honest clasp,
Clutched his fingers the vengeful brand,
Ever 'twas ready to smite, or grasp
The prostrate foe or the weaker's land,
To seize his prey and to hold like hasp."

Screamed the third eagle : "tear his heart !
For reason that it was stern and cold,
In man's affections he had no part,
He loved not even the yellow gold,
All other feelings froze with art
For pride of place and of lineage old."

Screamed all the eagles : "gobble and drink !
Sip and soppet ! tear sinew and limb,
Crest and talon ! with flutter and wink
Sharpen the beak for the banquet grim,
Gnaw at his vitals ! surfeit and prink,
Bury our necks in this wreck of him."

A white dove passing cried : "spare his face,
Weeps one in the turret that loved it well,
Its smiles beguiled her of Heaven's grace,
It was false, but fair, though his ruth was fell,
She was true to him if not to her race,
She would barter heaven and welcome hell

To toy once more with his tresses brown,
To pour her soul on his lips of clay ;"
The sated eagles, with eerie stoun,
Heavily rose on the dying day,
The white dove fled, and the sun went down,
And there on his back the dead man lay.

HUNTER DUVAR.

THE LEMMING OR NORWAY RAT MIGRATIONS.

THE lemming multiplies so rapidly that in the course of ten or twelve seasons food becomes scarce, and, on the approach of some winter when the food-question has become one of life or death, the over-stocked market is relieved by an expedient unparalleled in its nature among four-footed animals. This singular little creature is so local in its habits, that, unless under the circumstances we are about to narrate, it never leaves the mountain-regions to establish itself on the plains, where food is more abundant.

The inhuman suggestion of a modern writer that our paupers should be packed into rotten ships, which should be sent out to sea and scuttled, is something like the method adopted by the lemmings themselves to avert the famine which threatens to annihilate the entire species. When the time for the settlement of the question of partial extermination for the benefit of the race, or total extermination by starvation, can no longer be delayed, they assemble in countless thousands in some of the mountain valleys leading into the plains, and, the vast army of martyrs being selected, they pour across the country in a straight line, a living stream, often exceeding a mile in length, and many yards in breadth, devouring every green thing in their line of march; the country over which they have passed looking as if it had been ploughed, or burned with fire. They march principally by night, and in the morning, resting during the day, but never seek to settle in any particular locality, however abundant food may be in it, for their final destination is the distant sea, and nothing animate or inanimate, if it can be surmounted, retards the straight onward tide of their advance.

When the reindeer gets enveloped in the living stream, they will not even go round its limbs, but bite its legs until, in its agony and terror, it plunges madly about, crushing them to death in hundreds, and even killing them with its teeth. If a man attempts to stem the living torrent, they leap upon his legs; and, if he lay about him with a stick, they seize it with their teeth, and hold on to it with such determined pertinacity that he may swing it rapidly round his head without compelling them to loosen their hold. If a corn or hay rick be in the way, they eat their way through it; and, on arriving at the smooth face of a rock, they pass round it, forming up in close column again on the other side. Lakes, however broad, are boldly entered, and the passage attempted; and rivers, however deep and rapid, are forded, impediments in the water being as boldly faced as those on shore. They have been known to pass over a boat, and to climb on to the deck of a ship, passing, without stop or stay, into the water on the further side.

Their natural instincts are not in abeyance during this migration, as females are frequently seen accompanied by their young, and carrying in their teeth some one which had succumbed to the fatigues of the march, which might not be stayed until the helpless one was recruited.

Foxes, lynxes, weasels, kites, owls, etc., hover on their line of march and destroy them in hundreds. The fish in the rivers and lakes lay a heavy toll upon them, and vast numbers are drowned, and die by other accidents in "flood and field;" but the survivors, impelled by some irresistible instinct, press onward with no thought of stopping, until they lose themselves in the sea, sinking in its depths, as they become exhausted, in such numbers that for miles their bodies, thrown up by the tide, lie putrefying on the shore. Comparatively few ever return to their native haunts, but there can be no doubt that some do so, as they have been seen on the return, pursuing their backward journey in the same fearless and determined manner as their advance.

The peasants witness this dread incursion with terror. Until lately they believed that the vast horde was rained from heaven as a punishment for their sins, and during the time of their passage they used to assemble in the churches, the priests reciting prayers specially composed for such visitations. It was also believed that the reindeer ate them, and that they so poisoned the ground they passed over that they would not eat on it for a considerable time. As we have seen, the reindeer bites them with its teeth in its agony and terror, and the complete sweep they make of every blade of grass on their line of march satisfactorily accounts for its declining for a time to graze upon it.

Travelling rapidly and by night, their sudden irruption into a locality, together with the complete destruction of the field and garden crops, tended to make the ignorant peasantry look upon them as a special visitation from Providence for their sins, and will readily account for the extraordinary notions held regarding them.

Many animals migrate from place to place, or take possession of new territory, when food becomes scarce; but we have only one other instance of a living creature migrating in vast numbers to certain destruction, and that is the locust. When their numbers increase beyond the food-producing powers of their natural habitat, they pour in countless millions into the colder regions beyond, smothering each other in their flight, until the ground is covered with their dead bodies to the depth of several inches, and water-courses are choked up by them, until the air is tainted with the smell of their putrid bodies for miles. None of them ever return whence they came. Their course is always onward, until those that escape death by accident are killed by the first cold weather they encounter. And in this way Nature compels, from time to time, a vast body of these creatures to an act of self-destruction in order that the species may not be annihilated.—*Abridged from Temple Bar.*

HÄCKEL'S MONERS.

BY AIME SCHNEIDER.

THE moners are the simplest organisms we know of—we might even say, the simplest that can exist. In them, life is exhibited under the form that is best fitted to give us an idea of its essential characters, stripped of all secondary attributes. The first moner was discovered by the celebrated Prof. Häckel, of Jena, in 1864, and the number has gone on steadily increasing ever since. These discoveries have made a great stir in the scientific world, owing to their bearing on our theories of organization.

The moner which best typifies the entire class is the *Protomyxa aurantiaca*. This little creature, hardly visible to the naked eye, and, at most, as big as a small pin-head, is of a fine orange-red color, consists of a perfectly homogeneous and transparent mass of jelly, and offers the paradox of *an organism without organs*. Nor is this absence of organs merely apparent, or owing to the imperfection of our magnifying-glasses; it is real, and every thing about these little creatures goes to prove their perfect simplicity of structure. This gelatinous, homogeneous, contractile substance has been called *sarcode*, and also, but improperly, *animal protoplasm*.

In repose, the moner is nearly spherical, and gives no sign of life. But soon this little ball flattens itself out, its mass expands in various directions, and these expansions, which have received the name of *false feet*, or *pseudopodes*, keep up a continual movement of protrusion and retraction. Sometimes the moner *flows* all in one direction, and this is its way of moving from place to place. When, in the course of this slow progress over the calcareous slime of the sea-bottom, the moner falls in with one of those microscopic organisms called diatoms, it embeds it in its own body; the alimentary substances contained in the diatom are dissolved and assimilated, and the indigestible portions are left behind as the creature moves along. Thus, we have the curious phenomenon of a creature which feeds without mouth, without stomach, without apparatus of any kind, simply by incorporating into itself, as it moves, prey of every kind. In taking food, the animal appears to be passive, its seizing on its prey being a mere incident of its moving about.

In this way, the moner attains by degrees a certain size, and then stops growing and moving. It then becomes a little ball, exudes from its surface a colorless, homogeneous matter which hardens, forming a protecting envelope for the inclosed mass. Then, a very singular phenomenon occurs: by an act entirely spontaneous, the inclosed mass breaks up into a certain number of parts, which soon become independent, constituting so many little

spherical masses lying side by side within the common envelope. The original moner then exists no more; it has reproduced itself by dividing itself up, without any intermediary, into these new individuals, its progeny. Each young moner is a determinate part of the mother-animal, and, leaving out of consideration what she exuded to form the envelope, all the rest of her substance is exempted from death, and is now to begin a new life, which in turn will pass through the series of transformations already described. The envelope will soon break up and set at liberty the young moners, which, from the first, resemble the mother-animal.

At the grade of extreme simplification of life presented to us in the moner, we have organization reduced to pure sarcode, and life manifesting itself by nutrition, reproduction, and contractility, each reduced to its barely essential function—nutrition reduced to mere assimilation, reproduction to a spontaneous fission into a group of young (fissiparity) and contractility to the slow, diffusive movements of the pseudopodes.

Moners are mostly inhabitants of the sea. Some of them live at inconsiderable depths; but there is one, the *Bathybius Hæckelii*, which lives at the enormous depth of twelve thousand feet, and sometimes even of more than twenty-four thousand feet. There is only one fresh-water moner.

Many naturalists rank moners among animals, classing them as rhizopods. Hæckel, who discovered them, regards them as the representatives of an entire category of beings intermediate between animals and plants, the *protista*, so called from *protos* (first), because, according to this author, they are the first representative of terrestrial life, from which all other forms of life are developed, on the modern theories of Darwinism.—*La Nature*.

WHETHER ANIMALS COMMIT SUICIDE.

A DOUBT has been raised—whether brute animals ever commit suicide; to me it is obvious that they do not, and cannot. Some years ago, however, there was a case reported in all the newspapers of an old ram who committed suicide (as it was alleged) in the presence of many witnesses. Not having any pistols or razors, he ran for a short distance, in order to aid the impetus of his descent, and leaped over a precipice, at the foot of which he was dashed to pieces. His motive to the “rash act,” as the papers called it, was supposed to be mere *tædium vitæ*. But for my part, I doubted the accuracy of the report. Not long after a case occurred in Westmorland which strengthened my doubts. A fine young blood horse, who could have no possible reason for making away with himself, unless it were the high price of oats at the time, was found one morning dead in his field. The case

was certainly a suspicious one: for he was lying by the side of a stone-wall, the upper part of which wall his skull had fractured, and which had returned the compliment by fracturing his skull. It was argued, therefore, that in default of ponds, &c. he had deliberately hammered with his head against the wall; this, at first seemed the only solution: and he was generally pronounced *felo de se*. However, a day or two brought the truth to light. The field lay upon the side of a hill; and, from a mountain which rose above it, a shepherd had witnessed the whole catastrophe, and gave evidence which vindicated the character of the horse. The day had been very windy; and the young creature being in high spirits, and, caring evidently as little for the corn question as for the bullion question, had raced about in all directions; and at length, descending too steep a part of the field, had been unable to check himself, and was projected by the impetus of his own descent like a battering ram against the wall.—*De Quincy*.

WHETHER SHE WILL COME.

(From the German of M. G. Saphir.)

I FAIN would know, if soon I must
Be laid deep in the ground,
And upon my lonely grave
A cross or stone be found,

And when, with grass grown rank and high,
The mound does scarce appear,
Whether she, on All-Souls day,
Will come and drop a tear.

Whether she a mournful look
Will cast upon the ground,
Where there lies a royal heart,
Beneath a grassy mound.

Whether she will on the stone
A little garland lay;
And will for my soul's happy rest
A Pater Noster say.

Yes! surely she will come,
And pray on bended knee;
She knows that there is none but her
Now left to pray for me.

TURKISH PROVERBS.

THE English and Scotch language is rich in proverbs, but other nations have ample lists. The Turk has his pithy sayings, of which many are similar to our own. We may here quote a few, which will show how pithy the Mahomedan can be:—

A horse is his who mounts it, a sword his who girds it on, a bridge his who passes it.

The horse and mule kick each other; between them the donkey dies.

He sees a glow-worm and thinks it a conflagration.

The hungry man is not satisfied by looking in the full man's face.

For a *man*, what need *words* of blame? a look is enough.

A *man* is one who is faithful to his word.

A man becomes learned by asking questions.

The hind-wheel of a carriage will pass where the fore-wheel has passed.

He gives grass to the lion, meat to the horse.

He who gives little, gives from his heart; he who gives much from his wealth.

The lining is more costly than the original material. (Lit., "The *face*.")

The eye of the master is the horse's grooming.

That man is to be feared who fears not God.

The vein of shame in his forehead has burst.

Would that his mother had given birth to a stone instead.

One may not boast of father and mother.

Talking with him is like playing with a snappish dog. (Lit., "a biter.")

A distinguished house! his father a radish, his mother a turnip.

His mother an onion, his father garlic, himself comes out conserve of roses.

You must stretch out your feet according to the size of your coverlet.

You have the meat, I'll take the bone.

There is a remedy for all things but the appointed time to die. (The last five words *one* word Turkish.)

It is no time to gossip with the dying.

The courteous learns his courtesy from the discourteous.

If you are a *man*, show yourself.

A man dies, his name remains.

The old Osmanlies have mounted the old-time horses and departed. (A striking confession of national degeneracy.)

Don't rummage among old straw.

The donkey dies on the mountain, his loss comes home.

Don't let escape the opportunity of the present moment, it will not return.

He knows neither Moses nor Jesus--only himself.
If a diamond be thrown into the mire it is a diamond still.
The owner has one house, the renter a thousand.
The master of the house is the guest's servant.
He who has no rest at home is in the world's hell.
He who does not beat his child will afterwards beat his own
breast (same verb, transitive and reflexive.)
He that does good shall find good: he that does evil shall find
evil.
Good for good is natural; good for evil is manly.
Well-doing is the best capital.
Well-doing is not lost.
Good advice can be given; a good name cannot be given.
One already wet does not fear the rain.
Ague and fever says, "I know one I have once seized forty years
afterwards."
Sweetmeats have been carried to the priest's house! Well, what
is that to you?
A man doesn't seek his luck, luck seeks its man.
You see a man: what do you know of what is in his heart?
Man is harsher than iron, harder than stone, more delicate than
a rose.
Equity is half of religion.
He wants work and then runs from work.
He became an infidel remaining between two mosques.
Two watermelons cannot be held under one arm.
Two captains sink the ship.
When two persons are conversing together, don't you make the
third.
The beginning and finishing of this work remains.
I've shot my arrow and hung up my bow.
Like the conversation of ducks, nothing but wah, wah, wah, wah.
He bites those before and kicks those behind.
Those who are sorry for the orphans are many; there are none
who give them bread.
A shameless face and endless gab.
Don't awaken the sleeping lion.
Eat the fruit and don't inquire about the tree.
A father gave his son a vineyard; the son gave his father—not
even a cluster of grapes.
The bird of prosperity has lodged on his head.
Content is an inexhaustible treasure.
Any one can kill a bound foe.
The mouth is not sweetened by saying, Honey, honey.
The fish comes to his senses after he gets into the net.
A man had better die than lose his good name.
A nightingale was put in a golden cage;—"O for my home,"
she said!

Be my enemy far from me,—he may live a thousand years.
 To-day's egg is better than to-morrow's hen.
 One affliction is worth a thousand exhortations.
 The Sultan's interdict lasts three days.
 He neither fears God nor knows Turkish.
 Just like trusting a cat with a piece of liver!
 To a lazy man every day is a holiday.
 Don't fall into the fire to be saved from the smoke.
 Bagdad is not remote for a lover.
 He that gives quickly gives trouble.
 It is the cat and dog that go where they are not called.
 Of lawful wealth Satan takes the half; of unlawful wealth, the whole and the owner too.
 He who accomplishes his ends by deceit shall render up his soul with anguish.
 A traitor is a coward.
 He who has not learned to serve cannot command.
 It is better to be sick than care for the sick.
 Rejoice not in another's sorrow.
 If people praise you for virtue you do not possess, take care! be not proud, but sorry the rather.
 He that conceals his grief finds no remedy for it.
 If the judge be your accuser, may God be your help!
 Like carrying water to the sea.
 The world is the infidel's paradise.
 But yesterday out of the egg; to-day he despises the shell.
 The kick of a camel is soft, but stunning.
 Why is your neck crooked, was asked of the camel. What have I that is straight? he said.
 The female bird builds the nest.
 The tongue kills quicker than the sword.
 He steal's money from the beggar's dish.
 No road is long with good company.
 If the time don't suit you, suit yourself to the time.
 Beauty comes not by forcing.
 Unless you wish to have your enemy to know your secret, tell it not to your friend.
 We eat and drink at your house, and laugh and play at mine!
 His tongue has never had fever and ague.
 Let me cook you an egg,—but the egg is at the vineyard and the vineyard is on the mountain; "obaghda, bagh da daghda."
 When one hits you with a stone, you hit him with a piece of cotton.
 You don't know the difference between alum and sugar.
 A weapon is an enemy even to its owner.
 Peace is in holding one's tongue.
 Marry a girl who is your inferior; don't give your daughter to a superior.

The scales you are hunting for are weighing chestnuts at Brusa.
 The sheep that wanders from the flock the wolf seizes.
 If to speak be silver, to be silent is gold.
 For a poet, even a rush may be vocal.
 It does not thunder till the lightning has struck.
 They say fame is a calamity—take care!
 The sheikh's miracles are those of his own telling.
 Satan's friendship reaches to the prison door.
 To the well man every day is a feast-day.
 Patience is bitter, but its end is yellow gold.
 Patience is the key of paradise.
 Even the hen, when it drinks water, looks towards heaven.
 A true word needs no oath.
 The prayer of the stranger is accepted.
 God makes the nest of the strange bird.
 Usage is preferable to purism (a translation of the sense, not literal.)
 Profit is loss, brother.
 The worth of good is not known but by experience of evil.
 The fish that escapes is a big one.
 Women have long hair, but short intellect.
 You should believe one word in forty that a woman speaks.

BOOK NOTICE.

Nova Scotia in its Historical, Mercantile, and Industrial Relations, by Duncan Campbell, Halifax, N. S. John Lovel, Montreal.

THIS is a neat, handy and useful volume. Two valuable works, one by Thomas C. Haliburton, and another by Beamish Murdoch were written some time ago—the former bringing down the history to 1763, and the latter, so far as published, to 1828. The work now before us brings down the history to the consummation of Confederation of the Provinces. There are several additional chapters treating of the position, extent, features, soil and climate of Nova Scotia; of the coal fields and iron ores; of the gold fields; of the fisheries; of the population; of the manufactures; with a note on immigration; and a valuable appendix of various matters. There is also an index which gives facilities of reference, and without which no history can be considered complete. Biographies of several prominent individuals give additional interest. Prominence has been given to the events of the last fifty years. No doubt many facts and transactions have been

omitted with a view to brevity. We believe, however, that nothing of great importance has been left out. The history under review is not too large—a charge which those who are frightened with “big” books might bring against Murdoch’s three volumes. The price is also quite reasonable. Who would be without such a truly readable and reliable history of the sister Province for two and a half dollars? We are glad to learn that the sale has already been quite large, and that the author will be at least moderately remunerated for his seven years of hard work in reading, collecting, collating and compiling. We may add with regard to the literary merits of the work, that it is well written, and—which is a most admirable quality in history—readable. The volume is well printed from the press of Lovell, and nicely bound. We wish Mr. Campbell all the success which his enterprise and ability richly deserve. As a specimen of the style, taken at random, we may quote his description of the basin of Annapolis:

“That portion of Acadia at which the voyagers had now arrived is distinguished by the beauty of its scenery. The coast along which they had previously sailed is comparatively rugged, presenting, when viewed at a distance, few attractive features. But on entering the basin of the Annapolis river the scene is changed, many of the peculiar elements which lend a charm to the Acadian landscape being found in harmonious combination. The basin itself is a great expanse of water, so large as to be scarcely comprehended in all its proportions by the keen glance of unaided vision. We can imagine the day one of unclouded splendour, the heat of summer being tempered by the cooling sea breeze. Fleecy clouds may have occasionally floated across the sun’s disc, casting a temporary shadow on wood and water, alternate glimpses of shade and sunshine producing by contrast a pleasing variety in the variegated colours of the ‘forest primeval.’ Or we can fancy the vessel, wafted in the evening through the strait by a gentle breeze, and when fairly within the basin, the wind to have died away, leaving the sails hanging loosely, and the surface of the water resplendent in the distance with the reflected rays of the declining sun. Towards the east, islands repose on the bosom of the deep, their forms being vividly mirrored on its placid surface, and from which canoes may be seen darting towards the mainland, with their paddles fitfully flashing in the sunlight. In the distance are no ranges of lofty mountains with snow-clad peaks shooting heavenward, but there are graceful, undulating hills, thickly clad, from base to summit, with wood, constituting an admirable background to the whole scene. In silent admiration the voyagers gazed on the enchanting picture, and particularly Poutrincourt, on whom the impression is such that he resolves to make the place his home. An examination of the land confirms the opinion as to its suitableness, and he obtains a grant from De Monts which, as we shall find, was afterwards confirmed to him by royal warrant.”

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE people have, so far as they have been appealed to, endorsed the action of Mr. Huntingdon in the Pacific Railway scandal; and there is little doubt that the whole country approves of it. Had there been a dissolution of Parliament it would have been difficult to return as many of the out and out supporters of the McDonald Government as would have made a respectable opposition. As it is always good that there should be two parties in Parliament, it is, perhaps, not to be regretted that a general election did not take place. We trust that the new government will do what is right, but it is no harm that they should be kept from swerving to the wrong by keen critics, ready to expose their errors. It is a great misfortune to have no enemy. We are never more likely to trip than when we think there is no danger. We hope when the Parliament assembles the administration will find a goodly number of sharp eyes on their doings to aid them in the difficult task of good government.

We shall not be able to tell whether the men now intrusted with power are worthy of it till they have had an opportunity of presenting their scheme of policy to the country. We shall not assume the province of the prophet, nor attempt a criticism of probable ministerial measures which have been imagined by opponents.

THE Spanish difficulty with the United States is almost settled. This is well for both nations. Neither Spain nor the United States is in a position to go to war. The former country has fallen very low from being one of the first powers of the world. Her regular army consists on paper of two hundred thousand men, but not one-half of that force is available; and even with the national militia and reserve, the Government is incapable of making head against the Communist insurgents on the one hand, and the Carlists on the other. The navy is in a very bad condition also. In June 1870, the total naval forces consisted of ninety-seven steamers, carrying eight hundred and sixty-one guns, and thirteen sailing vessels with two hundred and two guns. Many of the vessels, however, are transports, coast-guard vessels, and gunboats utterly worthless for war service. But since then (1870) the naval power of Spain has received a terrible blow. In the civil war which now rages, the best part of the navy joined the insurgents. Of the seven iron-clads which she possessed, four of the most formidable are under the red flag of the Commune. The navy is thus a terror and a curse rather than a protection to Spain. On the other hand, though the United States could very soon fit up a navy which could sweep the navy and commerce of Spain from the ocean and take Cuba, yet this would cost a good deal of money, and the American Exchequer is by no means

plethoric at present. It is well that this quarrel is hushed up. Spain, let us hope, will soon be able to compose her intestine quarrels, and the United States devote all her energies to manufacture and commerce.

THE Ashantee war develops itself slowly. For a full account of the country, and of the British policy in regard to it, we refer our readers to the long and exhaustive article on the subject in our present number.

THE agitation for "Home Rule" has increased of late, and is still increasing; and Gladstone is suspected of being not unwilling to make some concessions in accordance with the Home Rulers' views. The Conference held some weeks ago is said to have been attended not by the rank and file of the movement, but by the leading politicians in various walks of life, who are the recognized heads of the agitation throughout the country. Attention also has been called to the circumstance of there having been a larger number of members of Parliament present than ever followed O'Connell in the palmiest days of the repeal agitation. It is anticipated also, that "at least sixty-eight Home Rulers will be returned to Parliament at the next election." Although under a different name, the movement is virtually the same as that in which O'Connell failed. Whether it might not receive aid and impetus from the schemes which are being launched regarding the consolidation of the Empire, is a question of some importance. Various portions of the Empire are becoming alive to the necessity of doing something to bind together the various parts of the Empire in a homogeneous whole. Mr. Jenkins, lately in St. John, propounded his ideas, and in the November number of *Frazer's Magazine* we find a proposition of a similar character from Australia.

This writer thinks that a time has arrived "when, if England is to retain her position among the nations of the world, she must thoroughly revise her institutions, with a view to strengthening them and making them more able to deal with the constantly growing difficulties of her complex society. A nation is something more than a collection of individual units; its strength lies mainly, if not solely, in its institutions, that is in certain groups of individuals, having fixed and definite relations to one another and to the rest of the community, and endowed with certain powers, to be used for the general good. If then, as this paper has endeavoured to show, there has been for some time past a perceptible weakening of our old institutions going on, while no new ones have been built up, we are clearly in a dangerous condition, and one likely to be still more dangerous should we come into collision with any Continental Powers whose institutions either have not been weakened by the constant attacks of the Liberal party or are

of recent growth and in full vigour, such, for sample, as Russia or Germany. It is not that the institutions of these nations are on the whole better than ours. Far from it. The English Government is very greatly in advance of any of the Governments of the Continent. But though of a higher type than these, it may not necessarily be stronger than some of them. It may be necessary, in order to render us able to cope with the less advanced but powerful Governments of Europe, to undergo still further development—to become still more highly organized. We have either gone too far, or not far enough, in our divergence from the type represented by the Continental States. In lessening the power of the Government over the individual members of the community, we have also lessened its power over the enemies of the community—both internal and external. And in this lies great danger to the country.

“With a view to remedying this state of things, three measures will now be proposed, which it is believed would give to the English Constitution far more than its old strength and efficiency and render the Government quite able to deal both with the possible attacks of external enemies, and also with the many difficult and complicated problems offered by the structure of our society, upon the correct solution of which will depend the future welfare and prosperity of England. The first measure is the creation of a really Imperial Parliament, in the place of the English, Scotch, and Irish one that wrongly goes by that name. There are two precedents in English history for such a measure. Early in the last century, Scotland was united with England in a common Parliament and Government; and at the close of the century a like measure was carried with respect to Ireland. Every English Statesman admits the immense advantages that all three countries have derived from these measures, by being formed into one nation, and subjected to a uniform government, as well as the great increase of strength that can be used against any foreign enemy. All, then, that need be done is, following those precedents, to admit representatives from the English Colonies into the House of Commons in numbers proportioned to their population. It might not be advisable to follow the previous examples so closely as to abolish the Colonial Parliaments. These might be left to legislate for purely local requirements, but deprived, of course, of the extensive power they now possess, which would be transferred to the Imperial Parliament. The advantages of such a measure are obvious. There would then be free trade and a uniform system of laws throughout the Empire; the Colonies could no longer refuse to contribute their share to the military and naval expenses of protecting the empire; and above all England and her Colonies would really become one—would feel themselves parts of one great State—and all danger of separation and a breakup of the Empire would vanish. Although a majority

of the people both in England and the Colonies appear not to see any danger of this event happening, yet there are some who, having looked deeper into the question, are firmly convinced that unless such a measure is carried, it is merely a question of time when this catastrophe will take place. The Colonies are now, in all but name, independent. The appointment of their Governors is almost the sole tie that binds them to England, and this might be severed without producing any immediately perceptible change in their relations to one another. The English Government has the right of vetoing any Colonial legislation it may disapprove of, but this right has been becoming yearly more nominal, and recent Colonial Secretaries have shown less and less desire to interfere in Colonial affairs. This is a state of things full of danger to the connection, and it is with a view to averting the danger that the above measure for creating an Imperial Parliament has been suggested.

"It is not too much to say that upon the manner in which this question is settled, depends the future of the English race in every part of the world. Even if there should be some difficulty in carrying out this plan, it ought to be seriously grappled with by any English Government worthy of the confidence of the nation. The measure is one that is not inconsistent with the traditional policy both of Liberals and Conservatives; and has two important precedents in its favour. It ought, then, to encounter no opposition from either of the great political parties that alternately govern England; while as to any difficulties there might be in dealing with the Colonies, there is no reason to suppose that they could not easily be surmounted by a Government that is really anxious for a settlement of the question. One such chance England lost a century ago; for it seems beyond a doubt that if the American Colonies had been offered representation in the English Parliament at the time they were required to contribute to the expenses of carrying on English wars, the rebellion and separation of those Colonies from the mother country would have been avoided. A second and last chance is now offered to England of uniting with herself all her remaining Colonies; and if this chance is lost, and they are allowed to separate from her, there are those who believe that her days as a first-rate Power are numbered, even if it be not a question of time when she will become subject to some more powerful Continental neighbour.

"The second measure proposed is one for such a reform of the House of Commons as will increase its ability to deal with the immense amount of work that is now necessarily thrown into its hands. It has long been a matter for comment in the newspapers, of whatever shade of politics, that this amount of work increases very greatly every year, while every year the House of Commons seems to grow less and less able to get through it; the time of the House being wasted night after night in useless discussion, and

the measures that are in the end passed being little better than patchwork, utterly unsystematic and inconsistent in their different parts. It is this growing evil that gives some apparent basis of truth to such statements as that of Carlyle that 'England and America are going to mere wind and tongue;' and that frequently uttered by men of very different political views that 'Parliamentary government is on its trial.' Now, if no remedy could be found for the state of things complained of, these utterances would be justly entitled to some consideration, and there would be serious grounds of alarm for the future of England; since the most dangerous state for a country to be in is that in which the machine of government is constantly growing more inefficient, while the problems to be dealt with are constantly growing more complex and difficult. But there seems to be a simple remedy for the evil, and one that requires no radical alteration to be made in the English Constitution, but only such a moderate change as is strictly in accordance with the past history and growth of that Constitution. The House of Commons, as now constituted, is far too unwieldy and miscellaneous a body to deal satisfactorily with any difficult question of legislation, even if strictly under the control of the Ministry; while the frequent changes which the latter undergoes are a fatal impediment to a consistent policy and systematic course of legislative improvement. As a consequence of this, nearly all the changes in our laws and in our foreign and Colonial policy have been the result of popular clamour, and not owing to a conviction of the necessity for the changes in our Legislature.

"The proposed remedy is, that the House of Commons should be divided into a number of permanent committees, each of which would have to deal with a particular class of subjects, and would therefore be composed of such members of the House as are most fitted to deal with those subjects. For example, there would be a committee of foreign affairs composed of such members of the House as had given special attention to that subject, a finance committee composed of the most eminent financiers and political economists in the House, and committees similarly constituted for dealing with military, naval, colonial, ecclesiastical affairs, crime, public works, law amendments; in short, there would be a committee for every important class of subjects. * * *

"The third measure which appears necessary to complete the renovation of the English Government is one for a reform of the House of Lords. It must be clear to everyone who has watched the recent course of events, that this body has been losing influence in the country at a rate which should alarm those who believe that a second Chamber, if properly constituted, has important functions to fulfil. The only measure that seems likely to restore it to anything approaching to its former influence, by giving it that estimation in the public opinion which it has of late years so

much lost, and without which it is powerless, is one for gradually changing its constitution, and transforming it into a House composed practically of life members. * * * These, then, are the three measures which suggest themselves as being calculated to stay the growing weakness and incompetence of our governing institutions, and to give to the British Empire such fresh energy as would enable it, beyond all question, to hold its own against any hostile power or combination of powers that might choose to attack it, besides enabling it to deal satisfactorily with the innumerable and complicated problems that our society offers. * * *

Unless some similar, if not necessarily identical, scheme be carried out within the next few years, it is to be feared that the ever-changing course of events may sweep away the opportunity for ever. The Colonies may break away from England: the House of Lords may become utterly powerless; and even the House of Commons may become hopelessly discredited in the eyes of the nation. Should such be the case, the days of England's prosperity, and even of her independence, are numbered, and her fate will be that of other nations which, obstinately closing their eyes to the signs of the times until it is too late, have been overwhelmed and swallowed up in the great catastrophes they were unable then to avert."

Whether such a scheme be practicable we do not know. Certainly it would be unwise to allow the various portions of such an Empire as that of Great Britain to drift asunder without an endeavour to bind them together. We are ready to give most earnest attention to any feasible scheme by which Great Britain should become one, and by which, it might be, Ireland would become reconciled to the Empire. With Local Parliaments for England, Ireland, Scotland, Canada, Australia, etc., and a super-imperial Parliament, drawn according to population from all parts of the Empire, Ireland might be induced to renounce all rebellious feeling, and each portion of the Empire would become a source of power.

THE conviction of Boss Tweed and his associates is an event of great importance, showing that honesty is, after all, the best policy; that money may be purchased too dear, and that, though the mills of the gods grind slowly, they grind surely; that dishonesty walks in a lane which has no passage at the end, or a very high stile over which the passage is dangerous, and from which the fall is deadly. We have no desire to insult fallen greatness, but we like to see the fall of dishonesty that others may be taught not to offend—especially of that dishonesty which lords it over honest worth, and rejoices in the great harvests of crime.

THE
MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

No. 2.

OUR BLIND.

BY I. ALLEN JACK, A. B.

[THE writer of this article begs to acknowledge the most valuable services of O. F. Fraser, Esq., of the Blind Asylum, Halifax, of M. H. Richey, Esq., Secretary of the same Institution, and of Dr. Wiggins, Principal of the Institute for the Blind, Brantford, Ontario, who have all taken great pains in supplying him with information. As he has in many instances adopted whole passages written by these and by other gentlemen, from published reports and communications to himself, without giving credit, he feels that he is liable to a charge of literary piracy. He trusts, however, to the magnanimity of the writers, who will also see that such a course would necessitate the introduction in this article of a large number of foot notes and references. While speaking thus generally, however, he desires especially to acknowledge the aid afforded him from a number of letters on the subject of the education of the blind, written by Mr. Fraser, and published in a Halifax newspaper. He would also state that the scheme proposed for the establishment of a common Blind Institute for the Maritime Provinces was suggested by Mr. Fraser in the letters in question.]

“AND God said, ‘Let there be light and there was light.’”

SUCH is the brief statement of the first divine mandate for creation and its wonderful fulfilment, and since then millions of eyes have watched the sun bursting through morning mists and have seen the moon shining in the vaulted sky of night. Age after age have children clapped their hands for joy at the rain drops glistening on the leaves beneath the sunbeams, glinting from the rifted clouds, and jaded hearts have felt new life at the sight of nature's panoramas unfolded far and wide. Age after age have birds fluttered with painted wings among flowers of bright and tender hues, while the gifted hands of genius have fastened on the canvas many visions of ethereal as well as earthly beauty to gladden the eye of man. Perhaps we scarcely pause to think, as we wander

through the fields or up the wooded slopes, or, as we stand upon the mountain top, and feast, without an effort, on the thousand pleasing incidents of vision, what a blessed thing it is to see; but were we told that to-morrow we should tread the same soft turf and springing moss and burnished rocks, without the power of sight, the very thought would send a shudder through our frames. And yet within our midst, within our circle of acquaintance, perhaps among our very kindred, there are those whose eyes have never looked upon the world, to whom art and nature, as made known to the brain by vision, are dark and void and meaningless. To them the greater portion of the world is dead, and while their eager fingers learn the forms and features of loving mothers and faithful friends, tender glances and pleasant smiles to them are lost. But this is not the worst, for not only do our poor blind friends feel the absence of the pleasures, which those who see enjoy, but they also know that while others work they are powerless, and the fearful burthen of self-despondency, which every thinking man experiences at least at times, crushes upon their souls with double force in the lonely hours of introspection, when they hear the ticking of the clock, and call to mind that time is passing, that death is nearing, and that their short life will end with scarcely a single project carried out or even properly defined.

Fortunately, however, if it is not within the limits of human skill to remove or alleviate the physical defect, it is possible to enlighten that mental darkness which renders the life of the blind so peculiarly sad, it is within the province of modern educators to teach the eager learner various means of manual usefulness, and guide his genius into many intellectual channels. The same Deity which deprives the sufferer of sight seems indeed to develop his other faculties to a great degree of perfection, and while the sense of touch is, with the blind, delicate to an extent which we can hardly credit, experience seems to teach us that their sense of hearing is unusually accurate and acute. It is our purpose in this article to lay before the public the position and claims of the blind in the Maritime Provinces, not merely to attract attention to a most important topic, but to awaken a lively interest in a scheme which has been suggested for the formation of a common institute to be supported by the public funds and private contributions.

In order to enable the reader to form some idea of the requisites

of such an institution, and of the peculiar advantages which it may be made to offer, it will be both interesting and advisable to trace the origin and growth of the system of instruction generally adopted for the blind. Knowledge may be imparted by two methods, both of which are applicable to those who cannot as well as those who can see. The first or *vivâ voce* method, which is obviously the more ancient, is open to two objections, namely: the arbitrary use of modes of expression, due in part to possible want of culture or readiness of the teacher; and the varying aptitude or perceptiveness of the taught, whereby the result must always be to a greater or less degree inaccurate, owing to the indistinct or unsettled statement and comprehension of the idea. Thus it can be readily understood that a pupil who cannot catch the exact terms of a proposition, when uttered orally, and who consequently cannot even attempt to apprehend its solution, may, by careful study of the same proposition, expressed in clear unchanging language, either visible or tangible, eventually arrive at its accurate solution. The second method, which supplies the defects of the *vivâ voce* system, is based upon the principle of conveying ideas through fixed characters, to the brain of the seeing by means of the eye, and to that of the blind by means of the sense of touch. Without devoting any extended attention to the history of written language in general—a course which would be somewhat foreign to our present purpose—we may remark that the particular branch of written language which is available for the blind, has its origin at a comparatively recent period. It is terrible to think of the thousands of unhappy beings who sighed their lives away in an almost intellectual chaos before the invention of printing for the especial benefit of those deprived of sight, and the facilities now afforded for the mental culture of the blind should be a source of infinite satisfaction, not only to themselves but also to all true philanthropists. After the invention of printing many attempts were made to render the art available for the blind, several of which are mentioned as occurring in the sixteenth century. Archbishop Usher is said to have been taught to read by two blind aunts by means of movable wooden letters: while in 1640, a printer in Paris named Moreau, cast some movable characters in lead for the blind, but made no progress towards printing books. The following memorandum, furnished by Mr. Robert C. Winthrop to Dr. Howe of the Perkins Institute, is quoted by the

latter as a proof that at about the same period an interesting attempt was made to teach reading by tangible type in New England:—"Memorand: I have heard my Father say, y^t wⁿ they came first into ye country, they brought over an old woman who was Deafe and Blind,—this old woman lived at Ipswich in New England, w^r my Grandfather taught her to understand anything by ye letters cut in wood, and so she felt them."

"The above is copied exactly from a little scrap of paper in the handwriting of John Winthrop, the grandfather of my father. He was the son of Chief Justice Wait Still Winthrop; and the grandfather to whom he refers was John Winthrop, the Governor of Connecticut, son of the first Governor of Massachusetts. The writer of the memorandum was born in Connecticut 16th August, 1681; and died in England 1st August, 1747. He was a member of the Royal Society, and one of the volumes of the transactions of the Royal Society was dedicated to him. His grandfather was one of the first settlers of Ipswich, Mass., in 1632-3, and lived there for several years. I think the memorandum must have been written in England, as it designates Ipswich as in 'New England,' which the writer would hardly have done had he been writing in New England. He was in England from 1726 till his death.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP."

We hear also of letters made tangible by writing with a gummy liquid, and throwing fine sand upon it, which would stick when dry. But we have no clear and reliable account of any endeavours made in Europe to devise a tangible and useful type for the blind earlier than the middle of the last century, when Mr. Weisseberg, a blind man of Manheim, made some attempts in a rude way. But a most interesting account is given of a German girl named Paradis, who was born about the middle of the last century, who early manifested brilliant musical talents, and was carefully instructed, partly by Weisseberg himself. She devised a method of marking musical notes upon cards by pricking them with pins: also one by sticking pins into a large pin-cushion, and feeling the heads. In 1784 Mdle. Paradis went to Paris and among her acquaintances there, was the celebrated Abbé Haüy. The pin-cushion suggested to the Abbé the idea of producing a book based on the same principle, and he accordingly embossed some stiff paper with large letters and, finding that they could be distinguished by the touch, he sought out some blind children and

taught them to distinguish letters, arithmetical figures, etc. The "Société Philanthropique" was so favourably impressed with his success that, by its efforts, a small building was placed at his disposal with the necessary funds for the support of twelve scholars. The school thus formed seemed, however, to have been badly managed, and in 1790 it was amalgamated with that of the Deaf and Dumb, a union which has never been found beneficial to either class of sufferers: in this instance disputes arose between both masters and pupils of the two departments, which induced the National Convention in 1794 to direct a separation. The school however, although thus separated, appears to have been so poorly directed that the minister of the Interior procured the removal of the pupils to the old establishment of "Quinze Vingts," an asylum for about three hundred blind soldiers. This change was productive of the most demoralizing effects but, after a period of fourteen years, the school was rescued from impending destruction, removed to a separate house and placed under the control of Dr. Guille whose successor, Dr. Dufare, eventually regenerated and obtained for it the liberal patronage of the government and made it the leading Institution on the Continent. Haüy, who seems to have been an extremely poor manager although a great enthusiast in his chosen task, attempted to establish other institutions for the blind in various quarters but without any marked success, although the institutions at Berlin and St. Petersburg are largely indebted to him for their inception. Great Britain has been the last of the European nations to take an active interest in the education of the blind, at least so far as the perfected system of instruction is concerned: about two years since, however, Professor Campbell, a native of the State of Tennessee, U. S., who was educated at the institution of Jacksonville, who also occupied the chair of music in the Perkins Institution for ten years and subsequently studied music at Leipsic, visited London and eventually succeeded in forming there a Normal College for the Blind. The pupils of this college are taught the higher branches of learning and not confined to the mere rudiments while music especially is taught as a real science, and it is confidently expected that a large proportion of the pupils will be enabled to support themselves in comfort on the completion of their courses of study. The first public effort to educate the blind in the United States was made in Boston in the year 1829, by Dr. John Fisher, who, while study-

•

ing in Paris, had visited the French Institutions; with him was associated the eminent historian Prescott, who was himself partially blind; and other public spirited gentlemen. The result of their efforts was the formation of the world-renowned Perkins Institution. Almost contemporaneously the States of New York and Pennsylvania became interested in the subject and founded similar institutions, and the success of all three awakened an interest throughout the whole of the United States which was largely increased by the exhibition of a portion of the pupils of the Perkins Institution before the Legislatures of seventeen different States. It is now a part of the policy of the Great Republic to provide for the blind a full share of the benefit of instruction, and the Legislatures of thirty-one States make special provisions either for the maintenance of schools at home or for the support of their beneficiaries in the institutions of other States. There are now in the United States twenty-six institutions for the blind which have received in all six thousand four hundred and seventy-six pupils, the number at a recent date actually in attendance being about two thousand and eighteen. The noble example set by our neighbouring cousins has attracted the attention of at least a portion of Canada, and it is to be hoped, that in a very short period, the whole Dominion will appreciate the necessity of adopting a policy affecting a portion of our population, which is far larger than is generally imagined. It may be interesting to say that the number of blind persons now on the face of the globe is quite incredible to those who are not conversant with the subject. The late Principal of the Institution for the Blind at Berlin prepared a table, in which it is estimated that Prussia has one blind person in every one thousand four hundred inhabitants; Belgium and France one in every one thousand three hundred; Norway one in every six hundred; Sweden one in every one thousand; Switzerland one in every one thousand six hundred; Great Britain one in every two thousand; Egypt one in every one hundred. The number of blind in France is about thirty-three thousand; Great Britain and Ireland twenty-five thousand; Prussia fifty-two thousand; Germany forty thousand; United States twenty thousand. As yet the proportion of the blind in Canada has not been determined but may be estimated as about one to every two thousand three hundred. There are at the present time two institutes for the blind in the Dominion, one in Ontario and the other in Nova Scotia: we believe, though we

•

cannot speak with certainty, that the Church of Rome in Quebec also affords some slight means for the instruction of the blind among members of that faith.

To the late John Sanfield McDonald, whose name is connected with a large number of important enterprises in his native Province, Ontario is indebted for the establishment of the Institution for the Blind. This establishment is situate at Brantford, and is under the superintendence of Dr. Wiggins, who, it may be stated, is a native of New Brunswick. The building was erected solely at the cost of the Province, and the chief part of the running expenses are paid out of the provincial revenues. From the first report of Dr. Wiggins, dated 1st October, 1872, we extract the following, which gives a fair account, not only of the number of pupils in attendance, but of the manner in which they are supported, and also of the difficulties with which he has had to contend:—"Out of the total number of *thirty-six* pupils, *seventeen* are supported by Councils" (*i. e.* Municipal Councils), "*seven* are orphans, *eleven* are paying pupils, and *one* is admitted free, there being two blind in the same family. But of the seventeen supported by Councils, *five* are orphans, making in all *twelve* orphans; and as regards the *eleven* paying pupils, the parents of six of them have paid only till they can make application to their Councils. *Four* only—one having died—can be reckoned as paying pupils, and these cannot long be continued in the institution, owing to the indigency of the parents.

"During the months of July and August, in accordance with instructions, I took a tour through the Province, in order to learn how many pupils might be expected to attend the ensuing season, and it is in point here to say that had I not seen the parents themselves, as well as many of the township councillors, not above one-half the number now present would have been in attendance. Many had never heard of the institution, while many of those who had heard of it entirely mistook its character, from its being dubbed an asylum, a name inapplicable to an educational institution. It was only by the most careful and persistent reasoning that the mother could be prevailed on to give up her helpless child, even when she knew it to be for its ultimate and certain good. In only two cases, however, were my arguments unavailing, and in both these the mothers consented and countermanded as often as the great Queen in signing the death warrant of Essex,

ultimately deciding to keep their children at home. Both these are fast falling into idiocy." Dr. Wiggins recently informed us that for many reasons the prescribed system of maintaining pupils by Councils was found disadvantageous, and even in some cases inoperative. In order to remove this difficulty, he therefore persuaded the Lieutenant Governor and his Ministers to bring the members of the Local House to the Institution for the purpose of listening to a grand concert of the pupils. They came accordingly, and, while their sympathies were at *maximum*, Dr. Wiggins pressed upon the auditors that the Institution should be rendered free to all those who were unable to pay. The result was that an Act to this effect was passed at the last session of the Ontario Legislature. From the Institution at Brantford we pass to that established at Halifax a few years before the former, but, as we shall show, as a private enterprise instead of a Government work. In 1867, Mr. Matthew H. Richey, who was at that time Mayor of Halifax, received in his official capacity a communication from the executors of the late William Murdoch, a gentleman who, after amassing a very considerable fortune in business at Halifax, had returned to the "old country" to spend his last days, stating that, by his will, he had bequeathed the sum of £5000 N. S. currency to an Asylum for the Blind in the City of Halifax, with a proviso that, if no such institution should be in existence at the time of his decease or erected at a cost of not less than £3000 within three years from his decease, the sum bequeathed should revert to his estate for distribution. When this communication was laid before the City Council, a very general disposition was evinced to aid the object and willingness expressed to present a site for the building. Thereupon an Act was procured from the Legislature, authorizing the Council to convey for the purpose any land held by them, and providing for the incorporation of the subscribers to the fund for erecting the building. The late Hon. Mather B. Almon took a very lively interest in the project, headed the list with a subscription of \$2000, induced the Legislature to give a similar sum, and largely aided Mr. Richey in realizing the total amount required. A piece of land was subsequently conveyed by the Council, on which a building is now erected, which is well adapted for the accommodation of from forty to fifty pupils. In May last there were in the Institution *eleven* pupils—*eight* male and *three* female—at ages ranging from *twelve* to *eighteen*. The

branches in which instruction is afforded are reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history and music. Some who have been in the Institution from the commencement now read pretty well, while in all the studies the progress has been satisfactory, but especially so in arithmetic, four of the pupils being now in decimal fractions and one in interest. The boys work at seating chairs, and the girls at bead and wool work. The Institution is intended to be strictly non-sectarian in every respect, and upon the Board are members of different Protestant denominations and of the Church of Rome, while clergymen are quite at liberty to see the pupils professing attachment to their particular denominations, at any time. We may observe in this connection that the non-sectarian principle is also adopted at the Brantford Institute, as appears by the division of pupils under religious heads. According to this statement, of the thirty-six pupils to which we have referred, sixteen are classed as Episcopalians, one as a member of the Society of Friends, ten as Methodists, one as a Bible Christian, four as Presbyterians, one as a Roman Catholic, one as a Lutheran, and two as Davidites. In regard to the support of the pupils at the Halifax establishment, it appears that it is mainly derived from the interest upon the legacy of the late Mr. Murdoch, and an annual grant of \$1000 from the Nova Scotia Legislature. The terms for pupils are \$120 per annum, but the Board have power to take the children of those unable to pay so much at a reduced rate, and, in fact, most of the pupils hitherto received are children of poor parents.

Having now considered the existing means provided for the requirements of the blind in certain sections of the Dominion, we are naturally led to consider how many blind persons could be found to avail themselves of opportunities such, as in our opinion, should be offered. In order to demonstrate this in a few words, we submit an estimate placed in our hands by Dr. Wiggins, who, as will appear hereafter, is keenly alive to the interests of the blind in New Brunswick, and we think we may add in the other Maritime Provinces. The Doctor says: "New Brunswick has a population of two hundred and ninety thousand, and, on an average, one blind person in every two thousand four hundred inhabitants, and therefore has one hundred and thirty blind persons of all ages. It may be fairly estimated that one-fifth of these are under thirty years of age (persons of this age not

generally being fit subjects of admission), giving a result of twenty-six. Applying the same calculation to Nova Scotia, that Province must have a blind population of one hundred and sixty, or thirty-two of school age, making in both Provinces fifty-eight, of which number say twenty-five will seek admission." We may mention the facts, which are doubtlessly unknown to many of our readers, that Dr. Wiggins spent some weeks in New Brunswick during the past summer, with the express purpose of awakening an interest in the condition of the blind in that Province, and that he has most generously offered to subscribe \$1000 towards the establishment of an Institute in St. John. Finding that he could arouse no extraordinary enthusiasm in that city, he devoted the remainder of the time at his disposal to searching out and conversing with a number of blind persons, hoping that they, in a desire to help themselves, might co-operate with each other to some extent in the accomplishment of this most useful and philanthropic project.

While fully recognizing the Doctor's most kind-hearted and disinterested offer however, and while agreeing with him that the establishment of an Institute for the Blind in the City of Saint John would be productive of many benefits both direct and indirect to the Province of New Brunswick, we think that on economical, if on no other grounds, an effort should be made to induce the governing body of the Halifax Institute to permit the blind from the other Maritime Provinces to participate in those benefits which are now monopolised by Nova Scotians. It would of course be most advisable if not absolutely necessary to discover whether the terms of Mr. Murdoch's bequest or of the Incorporating Act are sufficiently comprehensive to admit of the introduction of other pupils than those of Nova Scotia, into the Halifax establishment, but even supposing that any difficulty should arise in this respect we think that it might be overcome by the establishment of an affiliated institution to be under the same board of management.

We may be mistaken, but we may candidly state that we do not expect opposition to this project from our friends in Halifax. We believe that they will recognize in the scheme which we propose, a means for strengthening that unity socially, and we may add politically, towards which the different sections of Canada are now endeavouring to advance; and we contend that nothing assists

so largely to create unity of feeling as unity of action, and that when different parties unite in accomplishing a good object they find themselves drawn towards each other by bonds of sympathy. We also believe that by increasing the means of sustenance, even though the burthen may be increased in equal ratio, the general result must be beneficial to those most interested, and that practically, by the co-operation of all the provinces, the standard of education of the Institute at Halifax will be elevated and its curriculum greatly enlarged.

We would suggest for instance that special facilities might be offered for the study of music in the higher and even the highest branches, and we venture to predict that the results, both direct and indirect, would be most beneficial not only to the Institute but to the City of Halifax and to the Provinces generally. We now come to consider the financial conditions of the scheme proposed, and at the outset we cannot but express a decided opinion that the expense of carrying it into effect should be mainly, if not entirely, defrayed from the revenues of the co-operating Provinces, in proper proportions. We conceive that the paternal principle of government, which is now so popular, would in no instance be carried out with greater propriety than in providing for the education of those who cannot educate themselves and who, without education, are useless to society and a burthen to themselves.

It is of course impossible at present to offer any detailed scheme for the establishment and support of such an Institute, as that proposed; but we would suggest a primary appropriation of such sums as the Halifax board might be willing to accept, and we think that these might be raised by private subscription in the different Provinces. For the annual support of the Institution we think that an annual appropriation by the government of each Province of \$100 *per capita* for the blind pupils receiving instruction from each Province would probably be sufficient, due allowance being made for the earnings of the pupils and the fees paid by those able to pay. This would result in the payment by New Brunswick of from \$1000 to \$1500 annually, and of the payment of sums by the other Provinces based upon the number of blind which they send to the Institution.

In concluding this article we would most earnestly desire that our local statesmen and our local philanthropists should turn their attention to this most important subject. We urge the claims of

those who are too poor, too helpless to make known their wants, and we ask for help for those who pine in darkness in our sunlit land. We do not advocate the cause of restless agitators or discontented clamorers for charity, but we entreat those who have the power to help to lighten the sorrows of our blind friends, to give them intellectual and mental light, that they may see sources of happiness of which they never dreamed.

POMPEII.

PART II.

[The Excavated "City of the Dead."]

It is remarkable that before the Christian era, from the remotest period of which we have any tradition, Vesuvius would seem to have been entirely inactive. There is no record of any irruption having occurred previous to that in which Pompeii perished; and no suspicion was at the time entertained of the terrific forces which were imprisoned in the interior of the mountain. It is true the region around Naples and some of the neighbouring islands were known to be of volcanic character: and tradition handed down stories of igneous exhalations in the islands of Ischia and Procida, at the entrance of the Bay of Naples, by which Greek colonists who settled there, two or three centuries before the Christian era, had been compelled to fly. Traces of volcanic action were visible at several points all over this region; but the security enjoyed had been so long and unbroken, that no suspicion was entertained that the tranquility of the lovely, fertile district would ever be disturbed, or that the extinguished fires would be re-kindled. These numerous traces of former volcanic action led the ancients to name the region around the shores of Naples, the Phlegraei Campii or Burnt Fields; and they accounted for the traces of igneous action by the fabled battle between the giants and the gods, in which the former were cast down and destroyed by the thunderbolts of Jupiter. The scathed thunder-riven region, it was believed, bore enduring evidence of the power of these celestial bolts. One of the conquered giants named Typhon, who threw stones to Heaven with a loud noise, and from whose eyes

and mouth fire proceeded, lay buried, as they fabled, under the neighbouring island of Ischia. In this legend it is not difficult to trace the memory of some old volcanic eruption in that quarter. Similar in origin, probably, was the classic fable regarding Lake Avernus, near Vesuvius, which pictured it as the mouth of hell, over which no bird could complete its flight, but dropped overcome by the sulphurous exhalations. Sir Charles Lyell believes this lake to have been the crater of an extinct volcano, from which mephitic vapours exhaled for a long period after an eruption. Thus does science explode the poetical and superstitious fancies of the ages of ignorance, to replace them with the far more wonderful poetry of truth and facts far stranger than fiction.

Vesuvius must then have been an active volcano at some unknown period before the historic ages, and must have given passage to streams of melted lava long before the year 79, when the volcanic fires were recalled to their old channel. Since that date, though long intervals of repose have occurred, numerous eruptions of the mountain have taken place during the last eighteen hundred years. The most celebrated since that which overwhelmed Pompeii was that of 1779, in which white and sulphurous smoke rose above the summit to the height of twelve thousand feet; and at times a fountain of fire was hurled aloft, casting so bright a light that the smallest object could be clearly distinguished within six miles of Vesuvius. The liquid lava mixed with stones and scoriæ, after having mounted at least ten thousand feet, fell all around, still red-hot and liquid; and with that issuing fresh from the crater, formed a complete body of fire two and a half miles in breadth, and casting an intense heat to the distance of seven miles. Another remarkable eruption occurred in 1793, after which the crater filled up by lava boiling from below, and instead of a cavity became a rough and rocky plain; but in October of 1822, a violent eruption set in, which, in twenty days, blew out the whole accumulated mass, leaving an immense gulf, three miles in circumference, and more than fifteen hundred feet in depth. By this tremendous explosion, more than eight hundred feet of the cone was carried away, and the mountain reduced in height from four thousand two hundred feet to three thousand four hundred. The appearance of Vesuvius has not greatly altered since this eruption of 1822. If we ask whence come those enormous forces which produce such results in the

eruptions of volcanoes, or, in the earthquake's shock, shake the foundations of a whole continent at once, burying the inhabitants of great cities under their ruins, the most satisfactory explanation is furnished by the theory which represents the interior of the globe as being in a state of high incandescence or molten fluidity. Our globe is, in fact, but a huge ocean of fire, enveloped with a cooled rocky crust, on the outside of which we have our being. This crust is of varying thickness in different places, and, from various causes, has been rent and fissured. Through these rents and fissures the molten mass within escapes, creating volcanic eruptions; or it may be also that water finds its way through, and coming in contact with the heated mass, generates steam and other gases; and these exploding or struggling to expand, produce earthquakes. Thus the throat of the volcano is the vent for the internal vapours of the globe; and the earthquake's shock, which makes whole nations quake, are the effects of awful explosions in earth's caverns, or are caused by the pressure of huge waves of fire, rolling convulsively, and undulating and bending the thin crust which confines them.

It is a striking fact that some of the regions of the earth in which volcanic action is most frequent, and earthquakes most common, are nevertheless among the most habitable and delightful on our globe. The fertility of their soil is proverbial, and is owing to the matter ejected by repeated eruptions. We wonder, at times, that people are mad enough to rebuild their dwellings on the slopes of Vesuvius and *Ætna*, or in Chili and Peru, on spots so often devastated by earthquakes, notwithstanding the records of history and the threatenings of nature. Yet so beautiful, fertile and attractive are these regions of the globe that, in spite of all perils, they will ever be the most densely peopled districts of earth. The sloping sides of Vesuvius alone sustain a population of eighty thousand souls. In such places, where nature lavishes her most precious gifts in richest profusion, men forget or despise dangers. These "Burnt Fields" around Naples, are among the most beautiful and attractive scenes in the world, combining all that is soft and delicious in climate with all that is lovely and majestic in scenery. Other bays and cities may be beautiful, but Naples alone comprises all actual and possible elements of beauty. No wonder that in the palmy days of the Roman Empire, it was the fairy-land of poets and the favourite retreat of some of the

world's greatest men. On these shores Julius Cæsar and Pompey and some of the Roman Emperors had their palaces, to which, at certain seasons, they came from the heat and din of Rome, for refreshment and repose. Here the great Roman Orator, Cicero had a villa; and here, it is said, he wrote his treatise "*De Officiis*." The gay laughter-loving Horace quaffed many a cup of old Falernian, in his pretty mansion which once adorned these shores. Virgil too, the greatest of Latin poets, passed many happy years at Naples; and just above the grotto of the Cumean Sybil, through which his hero Æneas descended into the shades, is the poet's tomb. Between Herculaneum and Pompeii, the whole shore was lined with costly, luxurious villas of Rome's nobility.

Such was the scene around Pompeii on that bright August day, in the year 79 of our era, which, as we have seen in a former article, witnessed the overthrow and burial of the doomed city. Enveloped in its ashen shroud it lay undiscovered for seventeen centuries, forsaken and forgotten, till, in the middle of last century, its remains were at length found. As yet, little more than a third of the city has been exposed to view. The niggardliness and narrow views of the old Neapolitan Government, for a length of time, prevented any considerable progress being made in the excavations; but the work has of late been carried on upon a much more skillful, liberal and enlightened plan. Still, years must elapse, even at the present rate of advance, before the whole is uncovered. It is true the more important public edifices, and most of the aristocratic quarters of the city have been already explored: but we cannot doubt that in the vast number of private houses yet to be excavated, discoveries of great interest will be made; and when the whole of this most perfect monument of the ancient world is laid bare, we shall possess, in almost the minutest details, "a city of the Roman Empire, as it stood in the days of Livy, Ovid, Pliny and Tacitus—as it looked in the century which witnessed the birth of Christ." Pompeii has been called by Sir Walter Scott "the City of the Dead," and yet the soul is there still, though the animal existence is departed. As by the waving of an enchanter's wand, an entire city has been unroofed, doors and windows left invitingly open, every mystery bared to sunlight, only the inhabitants have vanished, leaving behind them the familiar tokens of warm hearts and a busy life, to tell us what was the home-life of those old conquerors of the world, twenty centuries ago. From

these remains, better than from all the classics, we learn what sort of people this stout-hearted, world-conquering race was, and at what stage of civilization they had arrived.

The city stood on a rising ground, at the base of Vesuvius, its general figure being oval, its area nearly a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, and its entire circuit about two miles. A lofty wall surrounded the city in which eight gates have been discovered. Formerly the sea washed its western side, but now it is two miles from the sea, the shore having been extended by repeated volcanic deposits. Of the gates, the most important was that of Herculaneum, which was on a branch of the celebrated Appian way, that led to the city of Herculaneum and thence to Rome. This gate, in its arrangements resembles Temple Bar, in London, there being a large central and two small side entrances. This was the principal entrance to the city; and the other gates, leading to Vesuvius, Capua, Stabiae, the river and the harbour, all resemble it in design and construction.

The traveller, on entering now the Herculaneum gate, finds himself traversing a street of the ancient city, called Domitiana, which leads to the Forum, the distance being about four hundred yards. Five of the streets which have been excavated, may be regarded as the main arteries of the city—namely the street of the Forum, of the Baths, of Abundance, of Stabiae and of Mercury. The first thing that strikes the eye of the traveller is the extreme narrowness of most of the streets—some of them being but a single stride across. Only in the principal thoroughfares could two chariots pass, the widest not exceeding thirty-three or thirty-six feet. In a hot climate this arrangement is found beneficial in excluding the fierce rays of the sun. Every street, however, had a footway raised eight inches or a foot above the roadway, and protected by curb-stones. The streets were admirably paved with flat slabs of lava, joined together with great care—the ruts worn by the wheels, sometimes to the depth of an inch and a half, being still visible. At short intervals, there were raised crossing-stones on which people could step from one side of the street to the other, without wading through mud. The roofs of the houses were all flat and of wood, and have either been burned or crushed in. If we may judge from the admirable water-works and sewerage of Pompeii, the size and magnificence of their public baths, the number of public fountains, and of hot and cold baths in

private houses of any pretensions, these old Romans must have been lovers of pure water and cleanliness, and must have taken strong measures to prevent the accumulation of pestilence-breeding filth within the walls of their city. Their houses were not generally large in the palatial sense of modern times. Unlike ours, their plain side was towards the street, after the style of eastern houses, and the decorations were reserved for within. Curiously enough, the street doors opened outward, and it was necessary for the safety of the passers-by, in narrow streets, to utter from within a warning cry, when the door was about to be opened. The street windows were mere port holes, and were closed with wooden shutters, so that street effect, so far as domestic architecture was concerned, must have been meagre indeed. But then what wonderful art was lavished on the interior! The colours employed in painting were peculiarly bright, retaining even now an astonishing brilliancy; while the delicacy of tint and truthfulness of design in many of their paintings, still continue to be the admiration and study of modern artists. With a few exceptions, their paintings were on the walls, after the manner of modern frescoes, and with such durable art as to resist till now the damp to which they were exposed. Their secret of petrifying colours, as it were, is now lost. The most celebrated painting found in Pompeii is the parting scene between Achilles and Briseïs—one that has been classed by some with the productions of Raphaël, and one which furnishes a proof, in its faithful delineation of sentiment and passion, and in its power of expression, how little we have gained on the ancients in art, and how great must have been the intervening darkness to make modern success appear so wonderful. The mosaics found in Pompeii surpass in beauty any specimens found elsewhere. One in particular, found in the "House of the Faun," is the most important work of the kind preserved to us from the ancients. It is believed to represent the battle of Issus, and is probably a mosaic copy from some well-known picture of antiquity, Greek or Roman. It is of the finest execution. The tesserae are all cut from natural stone, and are most skilfully and artistically laid. The grouping and expression of figures, and the whole spirit of the composition are pronounced admirable by the foremost artists.

The rooms and chambers of the houses were lighted from the inner court of the house, either by the doors or by openings defended by

wooden shutters. Glass was in use and the manufacture of it well understood; but whether owing to the expense or the climate, its use in windows seems to have been limited. In one of the baths a window was discovered of a single pane, three feet square, the glass two-fifths of an inch thick, and ground on one side, to restrain prying curiosity. The shops were for the most part small, no where equal to those of a second rate street in an English provincial town. They were usually built round the houses of the wealthier classes, whom, in many instances, they furnished with a respectable income. The tradesmen's signs are still visible, painted over their doors. The wine shop is indicated by a figure of two men carrying an amphora or jar of wine. The milk shop is marked by the figure of a goat. An inn is found with the figure of an elephant rudely painted on the pilaster which divides two doors; and, on a tablet, the host informed travellers that he had a *triclinium* or dining table, and three beds, with every comfort. A training establishment of gladiators is indicated by a painting of two men fighting; while an academy advertises itself by a painting on the outside wall of one boy horsed on another's back—an agreeable reminder to the youths of Pompeii that the schoolmaster was at home, and that he used the *a posterioré* argument, in urging them along the flowery paths of knowledge.

One gets a little insight into the ways of the stout-hearted old Romans, by looking into the organic remains of one of their cheap eating-houses or cook-shops. On the marble counter of one of these establishments was found an earthen pipkin containing a number of small fish, which had been cooked in oil, with raisins and onions, and must have been almost ready to serve on the 24th of August, 79, when Vesuvius so rudely interfered with the dinner-hour. Other earthenware basins stood on a kind of brick dresser, with open fire-places to keep the soup and other messes warm; and close by were the ladles used to distribute the contents. In the centre of the room stood a neat, portable cooking-stove—so that there is nothing new under the sun. In an inner room were found jars of wine, marked with the date at which they were filled. In the same place was found, at the bottom of the inner room, a baking oven, containing eighty-three loaves, blackened and charred, but still retaining their shape, and scored at the top. The iron door which was closed on them, eighteen centuries before, had prevented the entrance of mud or ashes; and the iron shovel with which they had been put in their places, still lay on the floor.

On the outside walls of houses, especially corner houses, where doubtless the Pompeian roughs and wits congregated, there are found some curious scratchings and rude drawings, sometimes done with charcoal, at other times with paint. For example, a spiteful disappointed lover has recorded on the wall-plaster that, in his opinion, his faithless sweetheart Lucilla was made of the body of a wolf. This was rather hard on Lucilla; but let us hope that ere this, their lovers' quarrel has been adjusted in the Shades. Another gives it as his opinion that "if any one can restrain the lover, he may also bind the breezes, and forbid the perennial spring to flow"—a sentimental effusion evidently proceeding from some youth deeply smitten with the tender passion. The name of a reigning beauty is recorded on these rolls of fame where she is described as "*victrix victorum*"—conqueress of the conquerors. Here is another record; "Methe, the slave of Cuminia, loves Chrestus with all her heart. May the Pompeian Venus be propitious to both, and may they always live happily together." It is evident from these and many more in the same strain, that the grand passion entered largely into Pompeian life. It is interesting to find, among these scribbles on the wall, the first line of Virgil's *Æneid*—"arma virumque cano," etc.—a proof that the Mantuan bard was appreciated in Pompeii, years after his death. In one street a school-boy has rudely scratched on the wall the letters of the Greek alphabet which probably he was then learning. He must have been a very small boy, as his little hand could scarcely reach above three feet; and yet this little Pompeian has left an imperishable work behind him—one that excites more interest and is oftener looked at than the production of many a famous author. Another of these wall-scribes has informed posterity that on a certain day he had a very bad cold—a fact in which we find it difficult to take a deep interest, at this date. In the insides of the houses, too, many scratchings are discovered, which having been executed with a sharp instrument on the hard stucco, are as legible as the day on which they were inscribed, and afford curious indications of the every day life of the inhabitants. The mistress of one mansion, who must have been a careful housewife, has noted down, on the plaster of her chamber, certain additions made to her household stock on the 15th July 79,—five weeks before the eruption—mentioning among the rest two hundred pounds lard, and two hundred and fifty handfuls of garlic. She also..

noted the number of tunics and togas sent on that day to the washerwoman—also certain articles sent to the dyer; and in another corner, she made a record of the birthday of her eldest son. Little did the good woman fancy that these little private entries would be read seventeen hundred years afterwards, and transmitted as precious relics to posterity.

The number and magnitude of the public buildings in Pompeii strike us with astonishment, when we take into account that it was but a fourth rate city of the empire. In addition to the amphitheatre, there were two theatres capable of holding eight thousand persons, numerous gorgeous temples, courts of law and spacious public baths. Herein we distinguish another characteristic of the people. The old Roman citizen found his pleasure, for the most part, abroad. His home was in public, and the splendour of public edifices and the profusion of public amusements compensated the great body of the people for domestic deficiencies. The central point of business and magnificence was the Forum, which, as in all Roman cities, served alike for commercial purposes and for the administration of justice. Here the merchants assembled, as in our Exchanges; here were the courts of law, the great public markets, the places for the money-changers and for civic assemblages. Most of the temples were either in the Forum or its immediate vicinity. Very magnificent must the Pompeian Forum have looked, in the days of its pride and prosperity, with its triumphal arches and their marble statues of eminent men, some of them equestrian; its three sides surrounded by Doric columns twelve feet in height, and two feet three inches in thickness. The stately temple of Jupiter at one extremity, and the Basilica or court of justice at the other: the Pantheon, dedicated to the aristocracy of the Roman mythology, and the Chalcidicum, or washing place for the magisterial and priestly robes, at either side. The steps leading to the entrance of the Basilica are deeply worn, telling of the tread of many busy feet. The little marble pulpit from which the advocate spoke is still visible. The Basilica itself measured two hundred and twenty feet in length and eighty in breadth. In a recess, at its furthest extremity, was placed the judge's tribunal, the space around it being separated by a railing from the other portions of the building, which were devoted to the same purposes as our modern Exchanges. Christian churches were imitated from these Basilicas—the altar

or communion-table occupying the semi-circular recess where the judge's chair stood. On either side of the Forum were numerous public buildings of remarkable beauty, the whole, even in ruins, forming a rare scene of architectural interest.

The public baths are also objects of great interest among the ruins. To bathe was a primary necessity of Roman life: to bathe in public was an enjoyment equivalent to the opera of modern civilization. The magnificence and extent of the public baths at Rome fill us with astonishment; and although those of Pompeii are comparatively insignificant, yet were they most compactly and skilfully arranged, and decorated with much artistic excellence. Every luxury of art was employed to gratify the taste, and every means which a sensuous race could invent, was used to heighten physical enjoyment. The Pompeian baths had their interior divided into the Tepidarium, or warming room; the Frigidarium, or cold water bath; and the Calidarium, or vapour and hot water bath—all being spacious apartments beautifully painted and ornamented. The Calidarium, for instance, was a chamber thirty-seven feet long and seventeen feet in breadth, containing a spacious marble tub raised on a pedestal of the same material, the room being so constructed that a column of heated air enclosed it on every side.

The Pompeian amphitheatre is in a wonderfully perfect state of preservation, and is an object of profound interest to the visitor. These enormous structures were devoted to spectacles in which, at certain times, human beings, and at other times, wild beasts engaged in deadly combats; or criminals, or trained gladiators, engaged in conflict with beasts of prey, that their dying agonies might feast the eyes of the spectators and crown the enjoyments of a Roman holiday. The extent and splendour of the structures, in which these brutal exhibitions took place, fill us with astonishment. But, what an insight they give us into the moral condition of these proud Romans, and what a tale they tell of the innate ferocity and barbaric love of excitement which existed beneath all the glitter of their semi-civilization. The more refined and imaginative Greek turned away in horror from these bloody exhibitions of the amphitheatre; but the more barbaric Roman gloated over the dying struggles of the gladiator in the blood-stained arena, and felt his heart throb with a fierce-delirious excitement as the trained athletes butchered one another,

or the limbs of the wretched slave quivered in the jaws of the lion. These were the excitements which made his pulses bound with pleasure and led him to scorn all milder joys. The appetite for blood grew by what it fed on; gladiatorial shows multiplied, especially in the declining days of the Empire, and at length became a necessary part of all public entertainments. The numbers who fought in the arena for the amusement of the Romans seem to us almost incredible. Historians relate that in celebrating his victory over the Dacians, the Emperor Trojan feasted the eyes of the populace with the combats of ten thousand gladiators in the Coliseum at Rome. The contests of hired combatants at length palled upon the appetite of the degraded populace, and the nobles, in order to purchase popularity, went down into the arena and fought for the public amusement. There was even a lower depth to be reached—"Rome's proud dames whose garments swept the ground," forgetting their rank and sex, descended into the blood-stained lists and murdered one another with sword and spear, and the loveliest and noblest daughters of the city lay dead on the trampled sand. What a scene must open of these amphitheatres have been—the slope of the vast concave filled with tiers on tiers of marble seats, rising upwards from the arena! Lord Lytton's "*Last days of Pompeii*" and Melville's fine tale of "*The Gladiators*" help us to form some idea of these huge structures; and we can faintly imagine the scene, when the roar of one hundred thousand spectators, in the Coliseum, rent the air, and their eyes eagerly watched the thrusts and parries of the combatants, and their signals sealed the doom of the disabled victim. Byron's noble lines have well depicted the scene:

"I see before me the Gladiator lie,—
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low,—
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow,
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

"He heard it, but he heeded it not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away.
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,

There was their Dacian mother—he their sire—
Butchered to make a Roman holiday!—
Ah this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire
And unavenged? Arise ye Goths and glut your ire.”

It required the mild and merciful spirit of Christianity to abolish these cruel, degrading entertainments. But whatever we may think of the purposes to which these buildings were devoted, we cannot but admire the architectural genius they displayed, and the ingenuity and skill lavished on their construction. The Coliseum of Rome was by far the most magnificent structure of the kind, the ruins of which, at this day, are enough to humble us aspiring moderns. In his “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,” Gibbon says: “The slopes of the vast concave which formed the inside were filled and surrounded with sixty or eighty rows of marble seats, covered with cushions, and capable of receiving with ease eighty thousand spectators. Sixty-four vomitories (for by that name the doors were aptly distinguished) poured forth the immense multitude, and the entrances, passages and staircases were contrived with such exquisite skill, that each person, whether of the senatorial, the equestrian or the plebeian order, arrived at his destined place without trouble or confusion. Nothing was omitted which, in any respect, could be subservient to the convenience and pleasure of the spectators. They were protected from the sun and rain by an ample canopy occasionally drawn over their heads. The air was continually refreshed by the playing of fountains, and profusely impregnated by the grateful scent of aromatics. In the centre of the edifice the arena or stage was strewed with the finest sand, and successively assumed the most different forms. At one moment it seemed to rise out of the earth, like the garden of the Hesperides, and was afterwards broken into the rocks and caverns of Thrace. The subterraneous pipes conveyed an inexhaustible supply of water; and what had just before appeared a level plain, might be suddenly converted into a wide lake, covered with armed vessels, and replenished with monsters of the deep. In the decoration of these scenes, the Roman Emperors displayed their wealth and liberality; and we read, on various occasions, that the whole furniture of the amphitheatre consisted either of silver, or of gold, or of amber.” The Pompeian amphitheatre was, of course, small in comparison with that of Rome; but still it was capacious enough to admit ten or

twelve thousand spectators. Its form was oval; its greatest length four hundred and thirty feet; its greatest breadth three hundred and thirty-five. The upward springing of arch upon arch, in strong and graceful sweep, receding gradually from the arena, and mounting directly towards the sky, on the exterior, combined a grandeur of force and beauty in a higher degree than any other of the architectural works of man.

It is, perhaps, when we examine the interior of a Pompeian house, that we get the best insight into the Roman ways, and that these men of old cease to be mere historical phantoms, and become flesh and blood realities. A Pompeian house of the first class must have been very handsome and comfortable. Unlike the modern arrangement, the ground-floor was the principal part; for the luxurious Pompeians had a horror of staircases, and appropriated the upper stories to their slaves, and to the meanest uses. The visitor, after passing the *janua* or gate crossed the vestibule, and through another door entered the *atrium*, or reception room, where callers were obliged to wait the pleasure of the master of the house. The *atrium* was a spacious apartment, oblong in shape, having, at the side facing the entrance, the *tablinum*, or receptacle for the family archives—the busts and pictures of a long line of ancestors. The *alæ*, or wings, were on the right and left. The narrow passages leading to the interior of the house were called *fauces*, or jaws. In the centre of the *atrium* was the *impluvium*, or marble receptacle for the rain water, which descended from the *compluvium* above, towards which the roof sloped. The walls of the *atrium* were painted with arabesques and landscapes, each set round with a border of marble slabs of the rarest and costliest kinds. Through the *tablinum* the visitor entered the *peristyle*, a kind of court or ambulatory, surrounded by a bright and stately colonnade, and embellished with a parterre of blooming flowers and clumps of glossy evergreens. Opening on this were the *cubicula*, or bedchambers, mere closets and quite deficient in what we reckon comforts; for the Pompeians did not attach much importance to their sleeping apartments. The next most important apartment was the *triclinium*, or dining-room, so named from the three couches which encompassed the table on three sides, leaving the fourth open to the attendants. This was the most sumptuously decorated apartment in the dwelling, for the wealthy Romans knew how to feast magnificently. The walls

were hung with tapestry to a certain height, and above were painted with figures of young fawns, centaurs, and half-naked bacchanals. Bronze lamps were suspended by chains from the ceiling, and diffused a brilliant light. Tables of citron wood, resting on ivory pedestals, and covered with a plateau of solid silver, chased and carved,—couches of bronze, overlaid with ornamental work in silver or gold,—mattresses and cushions of the finest texture completed the sumptuous furniture of the *triclinium*. It looked out on a mosaic-paved court-yard, cooled by fountains, the murmuring of flowing waters playing among marble statues and flower beds. Such was a dining-room of one of the wealthy Romans. As every one knows, they did not sit at table, but reclined—the body resting on the left arm, the head a little raised and the back supported by cushions.

One of the largest of these private dwellings found in Pompeii is "The House of the Tragic Poet," in which Lord Lytton has located Glaucus, the Greek hero of his tale. It must have been a most beautiful and magnificent mansion, and the owner must have been a man of refined tastes. Its *atrium* measures twenty-eight feet by twenty, its walls glowing with admirable fresco paintings, the colours of which are still bright, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years. The finest of these paintings are on Homeric themes—one in particular representing Achilles delivering up his beautiful Briseis to the heralds, has long been exceedingly admired. Scarcely less magnificent are the houses of Pansa and Sallust, of Cornelius Rufus, discovered so late as 1861, of Holconius, of the Centaur and the Faun.

Of course the various objects found in the course of the excavations are not left in Pompeii, to be injured or destroyed by exposure to the weather, or carried off by unscrupulous visitors. All articles of value are carefully removed to the museum of Naples, now a rich treasure-house, to which every year additions are made. Most of the beautiful fresco paintings are placed in the museum, the plaster on which they are, being carefully detached from the walls. In this museum may now be seen the finest mosaic extant, "the Battle of Issus," found in the "House of the Faun," to which reference has been already made. There is also here a fine collection of bronze statues, among them a colossal figure of Augustus as Jupiter, the sleeping and dancing Fauns, and Alexander the Great mounting his favourite horse, Bucephalus.

Bronze candelabra and ladies' toilet-ware are in great abundance. There is a vast collection of glass and terra-cotta vases, and vessels of the most artistic designs and graceful execution; while the gold and silver ornaments of the beauties and dandies of Pompeii serve as models for the artists of modern days. Nothing, however homely in its uses, was beneath their passion for adornment. The handle of a pitcher or the leg of a pot, as it left their hands, possessed a distinctive beauty and told a history. The cost of this prodigality of ornament must have been great; and when we find such evidence of taste and wealth in a small sea-port town containing but twenty-five thousand people, what must have been the grandeur of Imperial Rome!

But we must now bid adieu to the great race whose public and private life has been so wonderfully daguerrotyped in the ruins of Pompeii. With all their unlovely features, their lust of conquest, their cruelty which delighted in the slaughter of animals, and yet more, of human beings, their selfishness and rapacity, their vices which shock the imagination, still these Romans were a mighty and magnificent race of men, who have borne a part second only to that of the Jews, in the "education of the world." True indeed the Roman was distinctively a lover of war—an assailer and subduer of the world: but if he conquered the earth, one state after another, he united them—otherwise at ceaseless war one with another—under a strong and stable government, and introduced among savage tribes the arts of civilized life. That which he trampled down was bad and deserved to perish; and that which he introduced was immensely better than that which he destroyed. In the talent for grappling with facts and dealing with the practical in man's life, the Romans bore a striking resemblance to the Anglo-Saxons, the greatest of workers and earth-subduers. Think of that great system of roads, the remains of which are visible still, after two thousand years, and which radiating from Rome reached the extremities of the Empire. Think of their bridges, aqueducts, excavations for the drainage of cities, which, with all our engineering attainments, strike us with astonishment. Consider the rich legacy of their literature which has furnished, along with that of Greece, the germs of modern intellectual progress, and of which no other age can afford to be ignorant. Think of that wondrous, strong Roman language which has imbedded itself so firmly in the substance of every living tongue in Europe. Think of Roman

law—the ground-work of all our modern codes: think of all the world owes to this departed race; and let us remember that whatever they were, they arose, flourished and decayed under the providence of God, and bore a great and conspicuous part in the history of our race. With all their mighty achievements before us, we cannot deny them a share of our admiration and gratitude. And in the earlier periods of their history, we see them manly, courageous, self-sacrificing at the call of duty, reverencing law and order, and stamping these ideas on the mind of the world. We find a religious people, reverencing the domestic ties, and guarding the purity and sacredness of home. But riches multiplied; luxury and sensuality abounded, and the stern Roman degenerated into the pleasure-seeker; domestic corruption preceded political, and the nation, tainted at the heart, fell before the savage giants of the north, who spread themselves over the soil, and changed the character and blood of the ancient inhabitants. The last days of the Great Roman Empire, which had endured for one thousand years, furnished the darkest and saddest records in all the pages of history. Rome is gone and Greece and Judea and Egypt,—all buried far deeper than Pompeii in the wrecks of time, in the dust of centuries; but humanity sweeps onward. Nations grow old and pass away, like the withered leaves of autumn; but new nations are born, more vigorous than the old, and inherit all the rich treasures of the past. The substantial gains of the Romans have come down to us, and all that was good and true in them lives still and helps forward the progress of humanity:—

“For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean—sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame:
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.”

THE WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. ZSCHOKKE.

THE TEMPTER.

I FOUND myself far from home on business at Prague. It was in April. However agreeable the diversion, I could not help being home-sick. I longed for our little town, where my young wife had been impatiently expecting my return already for seven

weeks. Since our wedding-day we have never before been so long separated. It is true, Fanny sent me letters every week ; but these lines, so full of love and fondness and melancholy, were only oil to the fire. I wished Prague and St. Nepomuc just four-and-thirty miles behind me to the northeast.

To him who has not a lovely little wife of two-and-twenty, charming as love, with two little loves playing around her, and who is not, after five years of married life, five hundred times more in love than on the day before his wedding, in vain do I talk of my home-sickness.

Enough, I thanked Heaven when all my business was finished ; and taking leave of my few acquaintances and friends, told my host to make out my bill. I was to set off on the morrow with the post.

In the morning the landlord appeared with a pretty heavy account. I had not ready money enough to pay it and the expenses of the journey too. I wished to change a note. I felt for my pocket-book, and sought it in all my pockets, and in all corners. It was gone. I felt very uncomfortable, for there were more than fourteen hundred dollars in bills in it, and that is no trifle under the sun.

It was in vain that I turned the room topsy-turvy—the pocket-book was not forthcoming.

“I might have known it,” said I to myself. “Let a man be happy for only one moment in his life, the devil is sitting behind the hedge, ready to play him a trick. One ought not to rejoice in any thing in this world, and then should we have less vexation and misery. How often have I found it so?”

The pocket-book was either stolen or lost. I had had it in my hands only the day before ; I was accustomed to carry it in the breast-pocket of my coat. Fanny’s letters were there too. I was certain that I had felt it the night before when undressing. How now were my bank-notes to be recovered? Whoever had got them could easily change them into gold and silver.

I began to swear, which by the way, is not my besetting sin. Had the Evil One gone about still, as in the good old times, although as a roaring lion, I should have struck a bargain with him on the spot. As my thoughts took this turn, there suddenly occurred to me the recollection of a figure which I had seen at billiards about a week before, in a close red coat, and which then

seemed to me like a prince of darkness in human shape. My blood actually ran cold at the remembrance; and yet I was so desperate, that I thought to myself: "I don't care, for my part! Were he here now, he would be right welcome, if he would only bring me my pocket-book."

Just then some one knocked at the door. "Holla!" thought I; "the tempter is not going to take a joke in earnest." I ran to the door; my mind was full of the plaguey red coat, and I really believed that it was he.

And lo!—wonderful surprise!—when I opened the door, in stepped, with a slight nod, the very tempter I was thinking of.

A MORE PARTICULAR DESCRIPTION.

I must relate how and where I had made the acquaintance of this apparition that the reader may not consider me a mere victim of my imagination.

I had gone one evening to a coffee-house or cassino, where an acquaintance had once before carried me to play billiards. I hoped to find the latest newspaper. At a small table sat two gentlemen, engaged at chess. Some young men were sitting at a window, in lively conversation about ghosts and the nature of the human soul. A little elderly man, in a scarlet cloak, was walking up and down the room with his hands behind him. I took a glass of Dantzic cordial, and the newspapers.

No one attracted my attention so much as the gentleman in scarlet. I forgot the newspapers and the Spanish war. There was, in his figure, in his movements, and in his features, something striking and repulsive, which corresponded with his evident want of taste in dress. He was something under the usual size, but large-boned, and broad-shouldered. He seemed to be between fifty and sixty years of age, and had a stoop in his walk. His coal-black hair hung thick about his head. His tawny complexion, and his hawk's-nose and high cheek bones gave him a very repelling look. For, while his features were cold and iron, his large eye sparkled like the eye of a young man; and yet one read in it no inspiration, no soul. There, thought I, is a born executioner, or grand inquisitor, or robber captain, or gipsy king. For a mere jest that man could set cities on fire, or see children stuck upon pikes. I would not like to travel alone in a wood with him. He has never smiled in all his life.

There I was mistaken. He could smile. He listened to the young men at the window, and smiled. But, God be with us, what a smile! It chilled me like ice. The malice of the infernal regions seemed to mock one from every feature. "If that man there in the red coat is not Satan himself," thought I, "he must be Satan's brother." I looked involuntarily at his feet for the cloven foot, and, sure enough, he had one human foot like ours, but his left was a club-foot in a laced-boot; yet he did not limp with it, but walked softly about as if among egg-shells, which he did not care to break. He ought to have let himself be exhibited for ready money, to make all the Voltaires believers.

I entirely forgot the Spanish war. I held the newspaper before me, it is true, but kept peeping over it at this remarkable figure.

As the red-coat passed the chess-table, one of the players said to his antagonist, who seemed somewhat embarrassed, "You are lost now beyond salvation." The red-coat stopped a moment, cast a glance upon the board, and remarked to the victor: "You are mistaken. In three moves you will be checkmated." The winner smiled haughtily; his opponent shook his head despairingly, and moved—at the third move the supposed victor was actually checkmated.

Whilst the chess-players were replacing their men, one of the young men at the window said warmly to the red-coat, "you smile, sir; our discussion appears to interest you; but your smile tells me that you are of a different opinion about the world and the Deity. Have you read Schelling?"

"O yes!" said the red-coat.

"And what does your smile mean?"

"Your Schelling is a sharp-minded poet, who takes the tricks of his imagination for truth, because no one can oppose him, except with other fancy-webs, which only require still greater acuteness to weave them. It is with philosophers now-a-days as ever; the blind dispute about the theory of colours, and the deaf about the laws of music. Alexander would willingly have been shipwrecked against the moon, in order to subdue it; and philosophers, dissatisfied in the sphere of reason, want to be super-rational."

So said the red-coat; some disturbance arose. But he waited not, but took his hat, and glided away.

I had not seen him since, but I did not forget the striking figure and the infernal physiognomy, and I was really frightened at the thought of dreaming about them.

And now he stood unexpectedly before me in my room!

THE TEMPTATION.

"Pardon, sir, if I disturb you," said he. "Have I the honour to address Mr. Robert ———?"

"I am that person," I replied.

"How do you prove it?"

"Strange questions," thought I; "a police spy without doubt." A half-torn letter lay on the table. I showed him my address on the envelope.

"Very good," said he. "But the name is a very common one; you may find it in every corner of Germany, Hungary, and Poland. You must give me better vouchers; I have some business with you, and have been directed hither."

"Sir," said I, "pardon me, I cannot now attend to business; I am just upon the point of leaving, and have yet a thousand things to see about. You must be mistaken in the person, for I am neither politician nor merchant."

He stared at me, and said: "Indeed!" He was then silent for a while, and appeared about to depart; but began again: "You have, however, been doing some business here in Prague? Is not your brother upon the point of becoming bankrupt?"

I must have grown fire-red, for, as I believed, that was known to no soul in the world except my brother and myself. Here the tempter gave one of his malicious smiles again.

"You are again mistaken, sir," said I: "I have a brother, it is true, and more than one, but none that fears bankruptcy."

"Indeed!" murmured the tempter, and his features again became hard and iron.

"Sir," said I, somewhat sensitively, for I was not at all pleased that any one in Prague should know of my brother's circumstances, and I was afraid that the old fox would see into my play as he did into the game of chess at the coffee-house—"You have certainly been directed to the wrong person. I must beg pardon for requesting you to be brief; I have not a moment to lose."

"Have patience only a minute," replied he; "it is important for me that I should speak with you. You appear disquieted. Has anything disagreeable happened to you? You are a stranger here. I myself do not belong to Prague; and I see the city now for the first time for twelve years. But I have considerable

experience. Confide in me. You look like an honest man. Do you need money?"

Then he smiled, or rather grinned again, as if he wanted to buy my soul. His manner became ever more suspicious. Involuntarily I cast a glance at his club-foot, and really I began to feel a superstitious dread. I was resolved in no case to commit myself with this suspicious gentleman, and said: "I need no money. Since you are so generous in your offers, sir, may I ask your name?"

"My name cannot be of much consequence to you," replied he; "that's nothing to the matter. I am a Mandeville. Does the name give you more confidence?"

"A Man-devil!" said I, in odd embarrassment, and knew not what to say, or whether the whole thing were in jest or in earnest.

Just then some one knocked at the door. The landlord entered, and handed me a letter, which had just come by the post.

"Read your letter first," said the red-coat; "and then we will talk further. The letter is, without doubt, from your lovely Fanny."

I was more startled than ever.

"Now do you know," continued the stranger with a grin, "do you not now know who I am, and what I want with you?"

It was upon my lips to say: "You are, sir, I verily believe, Satan himself, and want my poor soul for a breakfast," but I restrained myself.

"But farther," added he; "you are going to Eger. Good, my way lies through that town. I start to-morrow. Will you take a place in my carriage?"

I thanked him, and said that I had already ordered a post-chaise.

At this he became disturbed, and said; "There is no getting at you,—but your Fanny, and the little Leopold and Augustus, I must get acquainted with in going through. Can you not yet guess who I am, and what I want? The deuce! Sir, I would render you a service. Do speak."

"Well," said I, at last, "since you are a wizard, my pocket-book is missing. Advise me how I shall get it again."

"Bah! what signifies a pocket-book? Is there not something else—?"

"But in the pocket-book were important papers, more than fourteen hundred dollars in value.—Advise me what I shall do if it is lost, and what, if stolen."

"How did the pocket-book look?"

"It had a silk cover, light-green, with embroidery, and my initials wrought in flowers,—a piece of my wife's work."

"Then the cover is worth more than the fourteen hundred dollars." With this he smiled upon me with his horrible familiarity; and then added: "We must see about it. What will you give me if I supply your loss?"

At these words he looked at me as sharply and strangely as if he expected me to answer, "I will make you a present of my soul;" but as I remained embarrassed and silent, he plunged his hand into his pocket, and drew out my pocket-book.

"There have you your jewel, the fourteen hundred dollars, and all," said he.

I was beside myself. "How came you by it?" cried I, tearing it open, and finding all safe.

"I found it yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, upon the Moldau bridge."

Right, just about that time I had crossed the bridge, had had the pocket-book in my hands, and had, as I thought, put it into my pocket.

"It probably did not go into the pocket," said the red-coat. "But I could not tell whether it had been lost by a person on foot or on horseback, before or behind me. I waited an hour upon the bridge, expecting to meet some one in search of it. As no one came I went to my hotel. I read the contents of the letters, to discover the loser. An address gave me your name, and your residence here. So I have come now to you. I was here last evening, but did not find you."

Good Heavens! How one may be deceived by a man's physiognomy. I was ready to throw my arms round the neck of my Man-devil. I said the most obliging things to him. My joy was now as excessive as my previous vexation had been. But he would listen to none of my thanks. I vowed that as long as I lived, I would never again trust to physiognomical impressions.

"Remember me to your beautiful Fanny,—a pleasant journey to you! we shall see each other again," said he, and departed.

RETURN HOME.

I was now resolved to be off. I had paid mine host; and my servant, with my trunk on his back, was going before me, when

on the steps of the hotel I met my brother, on whose account I had come to Prague.

Of course all thoughts of starting immediately were at an end. We went back to my chamber. There I heard with pleasure that the embarrassed circumstances of my brother had been relieved, greatly to his advantage. Instead of suffering an immense loss, he had made a large profit on a speculation in cotton and coffee; and he had now hastened to Prague to attend to his affairs himself. "I have got my sheep out of the pit, now," said he, "but I have had worry enough. I will bid good-bye to business. I will put my money out at moderate interest, and so run no risk of being to-day a millionaire, and to-morrow a beggar and swindler. I have come now to thank you for your brotherly kindness; and to bring my business connexions for ever to a close."

I had to accompany my brother to different houses. But he saw my impatience and home-sickness, and, therefore, after a few days advised me to return home without him. I resolved to do so the more readily, as his stay in Prague would be prolonged several weeks. I took an extra post, and flew towards my dear home.

On the way the strange Man-devil continually arose before my imagination. I could not forget the odd figure with the red-coat, the club-foot, and the ill-omened features. I could not help thinking, too, of the bushel of black hair which stood about his brow. Perhaps there was a little horn under it, and then was he Beelzebub complete from top to toe.

It is true, he had brought back my pocket-book; no man in the world could have acted more honestly. He had read Fanny's letters, and brother's instructions to me, and so, naturally enough, had become acquainted with my secrets. But—his face—no, nature could not have written so illegibly!—Enough, had I ever believed in the existence of a Mephistopheles, I should have had no doubt of it now for a single moment.

I followed this train of thought, and will not deny, that I gave myself up right willingly to the play of my imagination; for it beguiled the time. I concluded that my honest Man-devil might be the real devil, and his honesty a mere trick to snap up my poor soul on the way to heaven. And if he really were the devil, what had he to offer me?—Gold and goods?—I was never avaricious. A throne? Yes, that I would have been glad to have

for a week, in order to give peace to the world; but then I should want to go back again to my own simple dwelling, to cultivate turnips with my own hand like a second Cincinnatus.—Pretty women?—A harem full of the most beautiful Helens, Armidas, and Armandas? No, when I thought of Fanny, the loveliest Circassians seemed to me but old women. I would not have given a straw to be Dr. Faust. And why? I was happy! Happy? No, not quite so, even because I was so happy. I trembled a little at the thought of the Skeleton, who with his terrible scythe might so easily mow down my Fanny, my two sons, and even myself. And then there was always the great question, whether, and how we should ever come together again in paradise?—I should have liked to have thrown a look into the future life, just to quiet myself. But suppose my devil had granted me my pious wish, and let me peep through a crack in heaven's gate, what else could a subject of Adramelech have been able to show but his own dark abode?

But enough of this nonsense.

I had been two days and a night on my way home, and it was getting late on the second day. In vain did I scold the driver, and urge him on with words and money. It was growing later and darker, and I was becoming more and more impatient. Ah, I had not seen Fanny for almost three months; nor my children, who bloomed at the side of their young mother like two rosebuds near a hardly blown rose!—I fairly trembled with delight, when I thought that my wife, the loveliest of her sex, would be in my arms that day.

It is true, that I had loved before ever I had become acquainted with Fanny. I had once had a Julia, who had been torn from me by the pride of her parents, and wedded to a rich Polish nobleman. It was our first love,—to both bordering on mutual idolatry and distraction. At the moment of separation, we had sworn eternal love, and kisses and tears had sealed the oath. But all the world knows how it goes with such things. She became the Countess St.—, and I saw Fanny. My love for Fanny was holier, riper, more tender. Julia was once the idol of my imagination, but Fanny was now the adored of my heart.

The clock of our little town struck one as we drove into the sleeping streets. I got out at the post-house, and leaving my servant behind me with my trunk, as I intended, in case all were

asleep at home, to return and pass the night there, I walked out to the suburb, where the windows of my dear home, under the high nut trees, glimmered in the moonlight.

HATEFUL VISIT.

And all slept!—O Fanny, Fanny, had you only been awake, how much grief and terror you would have saved me! They slept—my wife, my children, the domestics; no where any light! A dozen times did I walk round the house—all was fast; I would not disturb any one. Better the rapture of meeting in the morning hour, when one is refreshed by sleep, than in the feverish midnight.

Fortunately, I found my beautiful new summer-house open. I entered. There stood my Fanny's work-basket on a little table; and I saw, by the moonlight, on the table and seats the drums and whips of my children. They had probably spent the afternoon there. These trifles made me feel almost as if I were with my loved ones. I stretched myself upon the sofa, and determined to pass the night there. The night was mild and balmy, and the fragrance of flowers and garden plants filled my apartment.

To be continued.

TO-MORROW.

WITH outstretched arms I follow thee,

In sorrow,

To-morrow!

But vainly, and thou laugh'st at me,

To-morrow! To-morrow!

Ah me, to leave this shadow land,

Upon thy sunlit shores to stand,

Ah me, to clasp thy jewelled hand,

To-morrow! To-morrow!

Thou beckonest, and I pursue,

In sorrow,

To-morrow!

Earth's falsest heart to thee is true,

To-morrow! To-morrow!

But thou art falsest than the wind—

A dream, vagary of the mind,

And they that seek thee never find,

To-morrow! To-morrow!

H. L. S.

BY THE SEA.

A STUDY.

I.

IT is a dull, cheerless day: a little gleam of sunlight in the morning, and then the sharp, clear twilight of a wintry afternoon, which has lasted ever since.

From my window I can see the thin line of surf rolling in from the wide grey sea upon the Norman coast. The sea looks solid and leaden; not a white sail is anywhere visible; the smoke of a steamer is just disappearing upon the horizon. That vessel is freighted with the hopes and joys of how many! It is bearing friend to friend, lover to lover, husband to wife.

Slowly I have begun to realize the greatness of my calamity; but the events of the last few months have left me too weak to shake off the load of trouble. Every day, every hour, I am re-living vividly the past; and each scene, as it flits and fades before me, leaves me oppressed with the dull heavy pain as of a deep, incurable wound.

The desolate sea and sky seem to be my fit companions.

With this salt cool wind coming in from the main, and amid the absolute silence of all but the waves as they break upon the shore, I find a strange comfort in pouring forth alone the brief record of my irreparable loss.

It was a December afternoon, dark and foggy in the ill-lighted streets of one of the London suburbs. I was cold and hungry, and filled with a strange number of obstinate questionings. Was I going of my own free will? was I being drawn at the will of another? I cared not; right or wrong I could act no otherwise. Circumstances were to blame, I said, with that kind of half-sincerity which is more delusive than a whole lie. "If thou hast led me into temptation, deliver me from evil." But I was blind, too blind to see the insincerity of the prayer. I was drifting, and I prayed and thought, as men pray and think when they are drifting.

Presently I turned down a dark street, and saw in the dim black fog a church at the end. As I approached, I was guided by the pleasant light in the parsonage window; a load was off my heart, and yet it was not without trepidation that I rang the bell.

It was five o'clock. L—— was not in. Mrs. L—— came to meet me, and brought me into the uncurtained drawing-room, where, however, there was a good fire and some comfortable furniture. They had just removed to their dreary new house, in their dreary new parish. I sat down—the fire dazzled me and I was cold, but a few minutes sufficed to unfreeze me—then I felt a languor stealing over me which I struggled against successfully. It seemed as if my mind was growing sluggish, and my senses about to get the uppermost; but with an effort I recovered my mental ascendancy.

She knelt down on the rug and stirred the fire. "Was she cold?" I asked. "Yes, it had been such a miserable day." And with the old childlike confidence, she gave me her small hand, with the delicate tapering fingers heavy with rings. I leant back in my chair; I did not dare to analyse my thoughts; I pitched my sense of ideal duty high up, and almost succeeded in abstracting myself as an actor from the time and place. I seemed like a third person taking cognizance of everything and part in nothing that was going on. So I kept calm and dispassionate, hardly sensible of the immense effort of control I was exercising over myself. I had often been with her; I did not hold her hand then for the first time; in our most intimate conversations, let me say confessions, I had never betrayed any undue emotion. We were both sailing under false colours; we both felt that the first burst of feeling would be like the firing of the first gun, and the beginning of the end. By a kind of instinct I dared not retain her hand for a second. She sat down on the sofa by the fire as I lay back in my chair, and we were both silent.

I can see her now as in a picture, leaning half forward with her hand upon the mantelpiece, and her head resting upon the back of it, dreamily looking into the fire; a light-blue jacket, open in front and trimmed with eider-down, took the graceful curve-lines of her shoulders, and floated about her slender waist; the muslin dress flowed beneath like a voluminous white cloud, and rising in front broke low upon the snowy neck and left it bare.

"What will you do in this place?" I said. "Will you go about amongst the poor, and teach in the schools; will you visit the people?"

"I hate it so; it is the greatest misery to visit these kind of people. I don't mind the poor, and the schools; but the middle

classes, the shopkeepers—to be patronized by them, when they make themselves your equal, or superiors, and pat you on the back. I loathe them all!”

“Try another way,” I said; “don’t think of castes; keep your own dignity and position by all means; keep it insensibly if possible; but don’t be always saying to yourself, ‘I am in one class, these people in another; we never shall get on.’”

“But what am I to do? I hate their ways; and the clergyman’s wife is always a butt, expected to be at the beck and call of everybody. I never know what to say; I am always afraid of their seeing how much I dislike them; and if I never go amongst them, then I am ‘proud,’ and ‘stuck up,’ and I fancy I am neglecting my duty.”

“Suppose you tried to love them. Don’t think of them as shopkeepers, think of them as human beings, with joys, and sorrows, and feelings, not so very unlike your own. Try to love them, that is the only way; love covers a multitude of sins; people are so grateful for even a little of it. That is the only solution I have ever found to the difficulty of castes and classes whose thoughts are not as our thoughts.

“When I came amongst the barbarians the barrier seemed impassable. ‘We shall never get over this,’ thought I. I saw before me, as a young curate, a miserable parochial prospect, sunken and grinding poverty, and, higher up, snobs and shopkeepers, with all their low dishonesties, and all their airs and graces, and without their H’s. Such they appeared to me when I was an outsider. I went amongst them; I went to their marriage feasts, and their tea parties. I went to their homes when they were dying; I read the burial service over their dead; I went home in the mourning coach to comfort them; and explained the Bible to them over my watercresses and buttered toast. Many times I have nearly shed tears with them, sometimes quite; oftener still have I laughed and made merry with them; many warm affectionate squeezes have I had from the honest rough and ready hand; many true and noble hearts—how much truer and nobler than mine!—have I found where I expected to find less than nothing, or more than enough.”

“I know what you say is true. Oh! what a comfort it must be to be able to feel so; but still a clergyman is different from a clergyman’s wife. A clergyman’s wife has not the same feelings

of being a guide, of being looked up to, of being loved in a parish."

"Perhaps not, although I do not see why not; but I am only telling you how I solved my difficulties, or rather, how I attempted to solve them. The cases may not be quite parallel; we cannot help each other much; but some experiments are worth trying. Get out of yourself; leave off for a little time to think of what you would like or not like; share other people's joys and sorrows; even if you don't succeed all at once, try, and you will have gained something: you will find people's manners quite changed towards you when they think you are trying to get on with them; they will begin to try themselves; and when two people try to please each other, they do not often fail. Wonderfully true it is that 'Charity never faileth.'"

"How can I love people who make me shudder when they come into the room? One has a certain instinct which shrinks back; you cannot help that."

"No; you cannot make uncongenial people congenial; but what a victory is gained if two uncongenial people, who never can understand each other, are brought out of an almost natural state of hostility, to respect, and almost like each other!"

"Did you ever know of such a case?"

"Yes, I know people who for two years past I have been trying to get on with. We never shall get on. We are uncomfortable in each other's presence; miserable at conversation, always glad when it is over. But they are members of my congregation; my efforts at affability have been constant; and they, too, try very hard. The consequence is, that although neither of us succeed, we think of each other with kindness, and, I believe, real regard. Don't you feel—when you have made some effort, given comfort and relief to others, after an afternoon in the schools, after visiting your sick people, after deliberately sacrificing yourself—there has been a sweetness come out of the pain, the crushed sensibility has yielded a sudden and delicious fragrance? You go down to your house justified."

Her face lighted up for a moment, but became sad almost immediately.

"Yes," she said, wearily, lifting her eyes to mine with that look of strange sweet tenderness which I knew.

"But if," I continued, "you sit and mope in the house when

you ought to go out, and if you brood over your own thoughts instead of shaking them off, you cannot feel justified. Half our ills come from our brooding over fancies and impulses, until fancies loom like phantoms, and impulses grow irresistible."

"I am always acting from impulse, I cannot help it, I have tried—oh, how often! it is of no use; I wish there were no impulses."

"Do not say so, how many people think you have no impulses worth speaking of? To be able to enjoy and to suffer intensely—is that nothing? only impulses must be kept in their right channels; impulses alone cannot make you happy; nothing but doing right. Stern self-control can make life happy, then impulse will be like sunshine on a gloomy day."

I was intrenching myself behind these admirable sentiments, but my tenure was becoming every moment more insecure: it was the old, old mistake—putting the sentiment for the thing.

"But one's impulses get mixed, the bad and the good melt into each other. The mind gets confused, right and wrong get confused—I don't always know what is right and wrong."

"Yes," said I, more thoughtfully, speaking to myself, or rather thinking out aloud; and this time there was no sentiment, nothing but the naked truth; "I think we do always know right and wrong if we want to know it; but we don't always want to know it."

I began to feel a relief in taking the veil from my innermost heart: a weakness confessed so often seems like a weakness atoned for. In some states the conscience so easily takes the sop. I had begun by confusing mine, and its hold over me was growing weaker every moment.

"Is it not dreadful?" she said. "I sometimes shrink from knowing what is right, for fear—for fear it should be right and I be wrong!"

"Like St. Augustine, we pray to heaven to be delivered from temptation, and almost fear lest heaven should grant our prayer."

"What is to be done then? Prayer! prayer!" she said, passionately; and the white fingers writhed and twisted and bruised themselves against the rings with suppressed emotion; "what is to be done when one can't pray?"

It was a terrible home-thrust, the cry of a wounded soul, it went on vibrating through my own like echoes in sepulchral vaults.

There are times when you have no comfort for yourself, no comfort for any one else; when you dare not sham, when soul meets soul and truth leaps forth. Her eyes were fixed upon me, wide and tearless eyes. She was leaning forward a little, waiting my reply: "What is to be done when one can't pray?" The blind were leading the blind.

"Do not ask me," I said, "I cannot tell—God help us!"

There was a double knock, and presently L——came in and greeted me warmly. We liked each other well; and, strange to say, I felt the break in a conversation, which was becoming every moment more absorbing, a positive relief. Out of the world of moods and feelings into the actual every-day world, and with that, curiously, the sensation of hunger returned, and I felt glad when dinner was announced.

How strange is real life in its sudden transitions; as we turn back over the pages of the days and the hours, the scenes pass before us again like a moving drama. Here a summer garden, there a wild sea black with storm clouds, here the sublime solitude, and there the frivolous crowd; in real life there is no attempt at congruity—things never happen as we expect them to happen—difficulties solve themselves but are seldom solved by us.

The dinner passed pleasantly enough; there was no constraint. That night happened to be a church night; a friend of L——'s soon joined us, who was to preach. It was a cold dark night; there was a dark court to cross. Mrs. L—— came down in a heavy silk, and a still heavier black velvet cloak, that draped her slender figure nearly to the ground. She looked cold and unhappy, and hung shiveringly on my arm as we crossed the court to go to the church. Again her picture is vividly impressed on my mind as she sat in her pew nestling in the thick silk, and sheltered but not warmed by the heavy velvet. In the prayers, as she knelt, I could sometimes hear the faintest sob: it might have been the cold, I cannot say; for once when I turned all was so calm on the pale, lovely face, calm and weary. I fear the service was not of much use to-night, to her at least; for when I made some casual remark about the sermon, she said, as she took my arm to recross the court, "I did not hear a word of it—I could not listen."

"Have you a headache?"

"Yes—a little."

She clung close to me and trembled so, I almost feared she would fall. The wind blew chill.

"You should not have come out to-night," I said, as I almost lifted her along: for she seemed to sink in the wind and darkness.

The clerical friend came in to tea, and, I am bound to say, spoke very sensibly about missions and missionary societies.

Presently she came down in blue and white and eider-down, and I could not choose but drift out of the conversation, and leaving the preacher to L——, found myself once more talking to her on the sofa. She seemed more herself again now.

"Don't go away to-night."

"I must," I said. And a pang shot through me, and I thought I would not sit there; but I could not move.

"I have hardly seen you at all."

There was something in the half-smothered and painful way in which the words were uttered, more than in the words themselves, which made me look up at her. I said, "Which is the most beautiful of all these poems?"

I held a volume of Tennyson in my hand; I opened it almost at random on the poem "Love and Duty;" and giving her the book, "That," I said, "is the best;" and leaning a little forward, I read:—

"Wait! my faith is large in Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end:
Will some one say; then why not ill for good?
Why took ye not your pastime? To that man
My work shall answer, since I knew the right,
And did it."

"And do you remember after the fierce conflict," I continued, turning the leaf, "how the soul emerges from the lurid atmosphere of passion, purified by exquisite pain, into the clear calm glory? It is like coming up from an underground sulphur grotto to the outer world:—

"Then, when the first low matin chirp hath grown
Full quire, and morning driven her plow of pearl
For furrowing into light the mounded rack
Beyond the fair green field and eastern sea!"

"Let us get out of sulphur caves," I said; let us reach the fair green field and look out upon the eastern sea."

I hardly knew what I said—I was half talking to myself; speech was like a safety-valve to me at that moment; I was quite unconscious—quite careless of its effect upon her. There are moments in life when we are not sane.

The clerical friend soon left, and L—— proposed to me to smoke a pipe with him down-stairs. I would not smoke; he left me alone with Mrs. L——. He would leave her constantly for hours, not to say days. At night he would sit smoking in the kitchen, or playing chess somewhere else, and she would lie pale and tired upstairs in the drawing-room; and I too should have left her, with her great thirst for love, her childlike longing to be taken care of.

"Does he smoke much now?" I said to her.

"Oh, hours," she answered. Again I found myself leaning back in my chair and looking into the fire; again I felt the feeling of languor steal over me, and I rose up and stood before the fire with one arm on the mantel-piece.

There was something unreal about that night—to this moment I cannot understand it—all that passed seemed to pass in a dream.

Again she was sitting on the low sofa drawn near to the fire, and as I turned towards her, I said, hardly knowing what I said—

"I must go, I must go!"

"Please!" she murmured, with that same imploring, irresistible sweetness which I knew so well, which made me not dare to look at her. My head was beginning to spin, I sat down again. In another moment I felt she was by my side—I knew not how she came there—I was not looking at her, I was staring at the fire, trying to collect my thoughts.

"Oh, stay, stay," she said; "why will you not stay?"

"I must not, I cannot," I cried, springing up from my chair.

"Why?"

"Because you ask me to; because I value my peace of mind, and yours; because I am as weak as a child and as foolish; because I think I am going mad!"

"Oh!" she cried, "I have nothing to live for; all is so cold and dark; if I may not love, I do not want to live!"

I looked for one moment at the face full of abandon and anguish. She fell forwards like a dead thing, and threw her arms round me; for a moment her head lay motionless upon my breast. I never saw anything like the misery of that pale, passionate face; I could have burst out crying like a child, but this was no time to succumb; gently I took her in my arms, and half-supported her to the sofa.

"For God's sake compose yourself, my dearest Mrs. L——," I

exclaimed. She sank back upon the sofa, and I rushed out of the room and went down into the kitchen, where I found L—— quietly smoking his pipe.

"Sit down old fellow," said he; "must you go to-night?"

"I'm afraid so, I've got business early at my place." And after a little chat upon matters indifferent, we went upstairs. Mrs. L—— was still in the drawing-room, on the sofa just where I had left her; as we entered she rose with an effort feigning extreme fatigue; we parted as if nothing had happened, and I went out into the darkness of the cold December night.

II.

I was to lecture that night at my old parish; it was the last time I should lecture there. I had indeed left for some weeks, but still on this night the last link was to be broken. I arrived late—the room was crowded—I was greeted with a long and continued burst of applause as I walked towards the platform. I could not help feeling strangely moved. On all sides were faces that I knew, faces that for two years I had known and learned to love; every week I had seen the greater number of them together from my pulpit. There was hardly one unconnected in my mind with some word of exhortation, hardly one who had not in some way become associated with my private thoughts and feelings; and now I had left them, but I felt they were still my people, that I still in some sense belonged to them; many heads were reached forward to greet me, many hands sought my grasp. I felt the old thrill again, and yet I felt that I was no longer the man I had been amongst them; a blight had fallen upon me; there was life and energy, but it was the energy of an engine rushing down hill with the steam off. I felt it would be a trying night, how trying I did not then know. I was anxious not to lose force before I began, and so I ascended the platform. I looked down upon the mass of faces, again the cheering broke forth. I felt sad, but I knew that night I could speak to them perhaps as I had never spoken before. L—— just then caught my eye: he sat towards the end of the second row, and beside him, in the corner, there was another; the same stiff silk dress, the same heavy velvet cloak, the same pale face half hidden in the black lace veil. For a moment the faces before me swam, but in another I had recovered my self-possession. The dramatic soul of

oratory seemed to kindle, strange and conflicting emotions were struggling together within me; I felt as if I had taken the strongest stimulants. My real life floated away like a shadow. I was living only in the creation of the moment. The subject was the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century; and as the impassioned harmonies of verse rolled forth, I felt they were bearing me along with them. The attention of the room was rapt—the eyes of all were fixed—that infallible sign of interest so well known to the orator. Once only, in a pause, my eyes strayed to one form nestled in the corner, and apparently unconscious of all around her. The face was half hidden, one hand was raised to the forehead, and seemed to press heavily upon the eyes; a wild feeling came upon me; the sweet pale face mingled with my dreams, and lent me a deep and passionate utterance. For two hours I spoke with intense nervous energy, and when at the end of that time I sat down exhausted, the long pent-up applause broke forth, and the same feeling of sadness came over me, and then I seemed to be alone, sitting there in my chair, hearing, seeing nothing. I was soon roused from my ill-timed abstraction. There were many last words; every one must be shaken hands with. And all the while one large emotion was ready to break in upon me; I kept it off, the affection of all around me for the time had sway. For a few moments I was able to banish the one for the many. Rough faces melted into tears. Some could hardly speak. Others did not attempt to, only the affectionate warm grasp was eloquent. I made my way into the cool night air; others were waiting there for me; they could not see me in the crowd upstairs. Perhaps I am exaggerating what passed; perhaps I felt it all the more keenly owing to my very shaken and excited state of mind that evening. So many emotions had met, and clashed, and mingled in the course of the last few hours, that when I felt myself out in the open air, and had made my last adieus, I believe a child might have led me.

At this moment a hand was laid upon my shoulder. It was L——'s.

“Come home with us, and have some supper, old fellow.”

Mrs. L—— was near me in the darkness, she laid her hand upon my arm, and whispered a few words of entreaty. I started; the whisper went through me; it was my fate. I went with them. It was arranged I was to sleep there that night.

"Mrs. L—— has determined you shall," said my friend; "and has prepared your room herself."

I had enough force left to make up my mind not to stay. The sudden irreflective instincts as often lead us right as wrong. I was rapidly losing all my own principles of cool reasoning, and adopting those impulsive methods of action which I had insensibly caught from her.

There were others at supper; there was loud laughing and talking. L—— was prodigal of his fine champagne. I was exhausted, but could not eat; I drank a glass of sherry; I joined in the conversation with a kind of desperate energy. At the top of the table she sat, pale and smiling. I hardly dared to look at her, yet I felt her eyes sought mine. She was sitting with her back to the fire; the fire was too hot; she would sit by the side of the table. The gentleman next me rose to make room for her, and this placed her by my side. I believe I was laughing and talking loudly with L——. She said something to me in undertones; I answered shortly, and turned away. I could not help hearing the sigh; my heart smote me and again I looked round, and met her eyes—full, large, wild eyes, and yet calm with a certain utter abandonment of despair. Thought and passion flitted over the face like cloud-shadows chasing each other across some windy upland. Was it possible that no one else perceived it? could any one else have perceived it? I think not. I think the perception of such movements depends on the relation of souls; they see and feel each other; they mingle when those around them see no change.

Oh, what a world of woe! What a world of deep unfathomable love! Oh, poor little bird, breaking thy feathers, and dashing thyself to pieces against the iron bars of circumstance! For a moment our hands met, and were clasped convulsively; a shudder ran through her limbs. Utter recklessness of self. And again the laughter and noise of voices broke in upon the feverish dream, and the lights seemed to glare more wildly, and she turned round to smile upon some one else. They offered her some cold chicken; she pretended to eat it, but she could take nothing. I knew she was suffering from extreme exhaustion, and poured her out a glass of wine.

"Take it. It will be best for you."

"Will it?" she said, and took the glass from my hands with passive obedience.

The guests were gone. I was alone with her in the drawing-room. She made one more earnest attempt to detain me that evening. She was standing on the rug close by me; her face wore that look of exquisite sensibility which I dared not meet, and yet could not avoid. I had never seen her so bewilderingly lovely.

"Stay, now," she said.

"You should have let me go before," I cried. "I cannot; I will not come here to make you unhappy."

"If you knew how unhappy I was you could not leave me."

"Impossible; it must not be."

"Never?—half a loaf is better than none." Her words were passionate, but her quietness startled me. She seemed pale and cool, like one who had made up her mind and was resolved to do and dare everything. I turned from her.

"You are so weak and shaken," I cried, "you know not what you say!" I moved towards the door. In one moment her sweetness and gentleness forsook her. She seized my arm almost fiercely.

"Oh hard! hard!" she murmured in a kind of weird undertone of misery, and then almost instantly came a passionate revulsion of shame and disappointment; her grasp suddenly relaxed; her bosom swelled with a great convulsive sob; she threw herself upon the sofa, and hid her face amongst the cushions.

III.

I sat alone in my room thinking—and thinking, with that kind of cool analysis of self which so often follows a mood of overwrought passion. I had not drawn her, I said, by my will, we had been drawn to each other; neither had dreamt of resistance until it was too late. So I thought then, so I kept repeating to myself afterwards. I know it was a lie; from the first moment I saw her I had felt a strange irresistible spell, yet I might have resisted it; not with her, but away from her. I did not choose to resist.

And now, could she ever be mine? Then a vision of utter ruin rose before me; ruin to both of us, ruin within and without, ruin irrevocable, and why? Because society said nay, because the voice of morality said nay, because our Christianity said nay. Yet is not the law of love wider, deeper, than our conventions, our small moralities, our garbled interpretations of divine law itself?

"Forasmuch as these two have consented together," is not that and no other the real foundation of marriage? "Ay; but relax the code and you open the flood-gates," whispered Reason and Common-sense. "I know not," cried Passion; "in particular cases I may see my way; I deal not now with generalities; say what you will, our modern laws and our modern Christianity are powerless to grasp some cases." "And yet," said Reason, "to rebel against these is ruin; it must not be, for her sake, it must not be. We have to deal with things as they are." There are but two ways. We may be one with misery and sorrow, one with a blighted life and ruined hopes, with the fever of passion and the curse of crime,

"With the brief madness and the long despair,"

or—parted for ever. Such was the choice we had to make; no middle way—no reconciliation—no balm in Gilead. And all this I had to think for her, for she thought it not: she could not think it for herself.

An almost light-headedness stole over me as I sat before my smouldering fire; I fancied her sitting on my sofa, still pale and beautiful, but wearing a sweet smile of contented happy love. She was my wife—my pure and beautiful one. No cloud rested between us, she had never been another's. She was mine without remorse; all the past was an evil dream; my brightest destiny, her most passionate longing—all—all was fulfilled. She gave me energy to work, she recruited me when weary; days glided by, I lived, I breathed not without her; the white arms woven about my neck, the soft happy eyes filling with delicious tears—but wild no more. Years glided by, still the same, ever the same, time brought no change; down into the valley of the shadow of death, hand in hand, divided not; beyond the resurrection day, far into the dim eternity—together—bathed in immeasurable peace.

How long this wild disordered dream lasted I cannot tell; when I roused myself it was all dark—the lamp was out—my hands and feet were numbed with cold—my head was burning hot; I dragged myself to bed and, from sheer exhaustion, sank into a deep sleep.

IV.

Some days passed, and I heard and saw nothing of her; I went about my duties in a sleep-waking state, repeating phrases which

had lost their meaning for me. All the world was an outside show; all offices of religion were vain and empty ceremonies; all the men and women I met were shadows, part of the unreal life.

In the great wreck of human passions the love of God goes out; prayer became to me a thin mockery. And yet I did not quite despair of help, coming through prayer—help to see, help to act. It was at best, however, but a half-unconscious cry, no sooner uttered than repeated.

In the dusk I walked out by the river side. The mist drove across, and the lights gleamed through and glittered in the dark rolling tide. And as I walked, without attempting to guide or rule my thoughts, my thoughts seemed to clear themselves. Again, as on that wretched night, the two alternatives rose strongly before me. I might either take her away from her husband and leave the world to rave and God to judge me, or I might desert her in the loveless wilderness of her own home. Her love would never find its earthly close; she would sit down by and by amidst the ruins, and learn to grow content and commonplace, with little joys and sorrows, all the great flower of her life unblown, all the sweetness never to come forth. I resolved it should be so, she should have not the greater but the less misery, not the ruin and despair, but the long suffering and the low content.

What a waste there is in this life! waste of thought, waste of feeling, waste of everything. Surely in the next there must be some atonement. Thoughts that struggled here for utterance will there come forth with power; hearts that yearned for love will there be satisfied. Souls, between whom there now washes a silent unnavigable sea, will there rush together.

V.

On my table I found a letter. No more passion, no more grief—all suppressed—with a kind of desperate, forlorn hope, just as we sometimes suppress our own emotions to spare another's; just as we smile half madly when the heart is breaking.

"Anything, anything to save her love.—She could not believe it hopeless, she was content to live, so only she might keep the shadow of affection. Let her believe I was her friend still—her best friend. In spite of myself, I ever must be that.—When would I come and see her? She had been wild; she had lost

herself; she would never lose herself again.—If I would come she would be so good, not selfish any more.”

My eyes grew dim with tears, but my resolution even then swerved not.

“Living in the future; living in the future!” those were her words.

VI.

In an hour I might be with her. I knew that L—— was away; I should find her alone. Her shawl was lying on my sofa, she had lent it me one night when I left in the rain. It was a thick woollen shawl, the sight of it brought back a thousand recollections. I was walking up and down my room restless; I had not slept the night before; my hand was clenched, her letter was crumpled up in it.

“Why was she not here?” I kept thinking. “If she knew how I longed for her she would come; drawn by a spell; she would come to me from the distance.” And desperately I set myself to will that she might come. I was all unhinged again;—I threw myself on the sofa, and burying my head in the heavy folds of her woollen shawl, fancied I could see her in the dark.

A fierce inward debate was going on. Demons and angels were striving for the victory, and yet through it all God never left me. He was planning to save me, to save her, when both of us were insane.

I rose up suddenly—the demons had conquered—the voice of the angels was drowned—my heart was filled with one overflowing impulse.

“I cannot bear it,” I cried. “I must—I will—go to her.” Then I refolded the soft shawl to take back to her. I was going out immediately, when there came a gentle tap at the door. I started; my nerves were strung up to the highest pitch with a desperate resolve. Was this she? I smiled at my own folly. The servant opened the door. I had been sent for, but not by her.

A person was dying in my district and wished to see the minister.

“I will come in a moment,” said I. The door closed; the shawl fell from my hands; the grim satire of life stared me in the face. For me to pray beside the dying who dared not face my God—who was even then going whither he had said “Thou shalt not go down.” Truly He had met me in a narrow way.

Like one who has heard of the death of a dear friend, and will not realise it, but goes out into the street, or into the fields, to put a little space between him and his sorrow, so there came this pause to me; and mechanically I went out into my district to do the work of the priest.

Down a narrow alley I came to a house: there was no number on the door. On a miserable pallet, with scarcely a rag to cover him, lay a man gasping for breath; the death-film upon his half-opened eyes; the heavy beads of cold sweat upon his brow; the arms were paralysed and cold; two half-naked children were crying at the foot of the bed. The wife was evidently feigning a decent sorrow, which was all the more easy as she happened to be in drink. A few neighbours had come in out of curiosity to see the end.

With heart unmoved, but with the mechanical unction which comes so naturally—too naturally to one familiar with such scenes—I spoke the usual words of kindness and sympathy.

What I prayed I know not, yet we all knelt down beside the insensible body, and I did pray for some minutes.

When I arose a strange feeling came over me; the experiences of an hour ago seemed untrue; the passion which raged, the thoughts that burned, were all gone. I felt the same in that moment as I had felt before my great sinful love.

The feeling soon wore off, but it had diverted the headstrong current of impulse. I was not going to her now. Somehow, I felt I could not go; not that I really desired to uproot my love; nay, I had not the power to do so, I only felt utterly wretched—felt that I loved her as passionately as ever, and yet could not go to her.

VII.

In the evening I sat down and wrote: my steady purpose had slowly returned. I may not have written as I ought to have written; I may not have spared her. The thought that she would share my agony consoled me; the most unselfish love is so hideously selfish! Would she have wished to be spared this? I know she would not. It was better so. Any other words would have breathed a treachery on our love, and that, if any, was strong, was true; if it must be sacrificed, it should never be sullied by affected coldness, by a lie.

I was alone in my study; there was a green shade on the lamp; it shed a soft subdued light through the room. There were notes of sermons lying on the table, a tract or two on my desk; there was also a small piece of perfumed ribbon of the kind one burns to make a scented flame. I had taken it from her work-box one afternoon, quite in the early days. I took it up now; it smelt very sweet; with it there seemed to come a rush of the old fresh, sinless, feeling of the very early days; it brought back her ringing laugh, and the sunshine in her drawing-room.

I took up a pen and wrote to her. I said, "I should never see her again, because I loved her better than everything in life. I did not leave her because I feared God, because I feared to sin; I did not fear God and I had sinned in thought. I left her because I loved her, because I believed her life might be tolerable without me, not with me; I could not talk religion to her, or ask her to believe and pray when I could not believe and pray myself. I was so miserable I could not write any more."

I read over what I had written—there seemed to be great heavy sobs between the sentences, they were so broken and incoherent. I thought it would pain her so and tore it up. For a moment the idea of rushing to her came back upon me; there was only an hour between us. I went to my window and opened it,—the moon was rising on the Thames,—everything was very still. Then I sat down and wrote very nearly the same words over again, and the letter was posted that night.

VIII.

The next day a note was brought to me; I knew the handwriting, and, with trembling fingers, tore open the seal. It was written from her bed in pencil, and sometimes very indistinct. "My letter had stunned her—she had sat for an hour with it in her hand, thinking, almost lightheaded—She could not realise it, yet she knew what I had done was right and for the best.—She could not feel it to be so, she would try, it was all that was now left her; and, perhaps, after long pain and weariness and lowliness, God would help her. She was utterly desolate, shaken, ill,—longing only to rush away from all sights and sounds, and be alone and moan out her life in the dark." A mist of tears rose and dimmed the trembling letters; but dashing them away, I turned the leaf—there was no more—the note began and ended abruptly

without date, without signature: it was like the sharp short cry of a wild animal wounded in the woods at night. It filled me with a longing so intense to be with her, that to this hour I wonder what power it was that restrained me.

At nine o'clock that same night I stood on the pier at Dover. The fire from the steamer smote upon the surf; the wind blew the briny spray into my face. It seemed to relieve my hot aching head. It was very dark. I could see the storm lights flash along the coast—

* * * * *

J. EDWARD KNIGHT.

HORACE—BOOK I. ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

WHAT graceful boy, while fragrance flows,
In rippling breaths, from many a rose,
Courts thee, O Pyrrha, 'neath the grateful grot,
Thy yellow hair entwined in simple knot?
Ah me! Alas! with weary tears,
For broken faith he'll mourn in future years,
And sorrowing, wonder when he finds
The beaming waters lashed by storm clad winds.
Poor fool, he fondly trusts the summer air,
And thinks the breezes hushed, the prospect fair
Always, nor dreads the treach'rous smiles
On heaven's sweet face. O heedless of thy wiles,
Thy bright and glittering snares! O happy me,
Free from the dangers of that storm-tossed sea;
With wave-drench'd garments hung to dry,
I place my votive tablets now on high.

I. A. J.

THE FOLK-LORE OF BRITISH PLANTS.

ARTICLE III., AND LAST.

BY JAMES MASON.

Fern—Flax—Hemp—Hazel.

WE transport ourselves into the very heart of Wonderland, when we take up the subject of the folk-lore of FERNS. Airy forms flit by us, treasures seem within our grasp, and good luck smiles on all our undertakings.

The full-grown fern, however, is not itself an object of such importance from our point of view as the seed—for popularly the spores by means of which the ferns are propagated are known as seed—from which it springs. This seed, gathered mystically on a particular night of the year, confers strange powers on the possessor. First and most important of all, it makes him become invisible, just as if he had become the owner of the marvellous cloak of our early friend, Jack-the-Giant Killer.

A very natural explanation of the origin of this belief is given by Johnson, the botanist, in his edition of Gerard, 1633;—

“Fern,” he says, “is one of those plants which have their seed on the back of the leafe, so small as to escape the sight. Those who perceived that fern was propagated by semination and yet could never see the seed, were much at a loss for the solution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itself, they ascribed to fern seed many strange properties, some of which the rustic virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded.”

The night on which the seed should be gathered, and the manner of gathering it, vary in different countries. Midsummer Eve, however, is generally held to be the proper time. In our own land it is so. “It should be gathered then,” says a MS. of the time of Queen Elizabeth, “between eleven and twelve at noone and at night.” The seed should be caught in a plate without touching the plants, an attempt, it must be confessed, rather trying to the patience and often found to fail. At dusk, on the Eve of St. John, say some, when the hosts of elf-land are abroad in power, the fern shoots out a small blue flower, which soon disappears; and the wonderful seed quickly ripening, falls from the plant at midnight. It must then, according to these authori-

ties, be carefully caught in a white napkin. There is a superstition somewhat resembling this in Shropshire. The people there say that the common Break Fern flowers but once a year, on Michaelmas Eve at midnight, when it puts forth a small blue flower, which vanishes at the first dawning of day.

Shakespeare, and many of our early poets and dramatists, refer to the invisibility-conferring powers of fern seed. Shakspeare, in Henry IV, (part I. 2, 1) records that:—

“He who hath the receipt of fern seed may walk invisible.”

In Beaumont and Fletcher we have the question asked:—

“Had you Gyves’ ring?
Or the herb that gives invisibility?”

In Ben Jonson’s “New Inn,” one of the characters says,—

“I had
No medicine, sir, to go invisible
No fern seed in my pocket.”

Browne, in his “Britannia’s Pastoral,” also speaks of “the wondrous one-night-seeding fern.” But instances crowd upon us; these must for the present suffice.

A curious tradition is current in Westphalia. A man once, on Midsummer night, happened to be looking for a foal he had lost, and he passed through a meadow just as the fern seed was ripening. Some of the seed fell into his shoes. In the morning he went home, walked into his sitting-room and sat down, but thought it very odd that neither his wife nor any of his family took the least notice of him. “I have not found the foal,” he said. Every body in the room started: they heard the man’s voice, but saw no one. His wife called him by name, thinking he had hid himself. Up stood the husband, planted himself in the middle of the floor, and said, “Why do you call me? Here I am, right before you.” Those present were now more frightened than ever, for they heard him rise up and walk, and yet they saw nothing. The man now became aware that he was invisible. And it struck him at once that he might possibly have fern seed in his shoes, for he felt as if there were sand in them. He took them off and shook them out. And, sure enough, there he stood, plain to be seen by every-body.

Besides this property of rendering the holder invisible, fern seed is credited with other extraordinary powers. In Suabia, they say that fern seed brought by the devil between eleven and twelve o'clock on Christmas night, enables one to do as much work as twenty or thirty ordinary men.

The folk-lore of *FLAX* may be divided into two parts, that which concerns it whilst growing in the fields, and that which deals with it in the hands of the spinner. The first of these is not the more extensive, for the plant does not seem to possess great attractions for supernatural beings until it is combined with human activity. They seem even to have a horror of it, if the Danish superstition be true, that if any one is afraid of spectres, he has nothing to do but strew flax seed before his door, in which case no spirit can cross the threshold.

In the Netherlands there is a saying that the flax is sure to prosper if the sun shines on Candlemas Day (February 2nd). In Westphalia the popular belief is, that if the sun makes its appearance on New Year's Day, the flax will be straight. It is a belief current in Bohemia, that seven-year-old children, by dancing in the flax, will become beautiful. There is a poetic turn about superstitions such as this that makes them pleasant to dwell upon. In Brandenburg, if one is afflicted with dizziness, his neighbours recommend him to run after sunset, naked, three times through a field of flax; after doing so he will be quite cured, for the flax will "take the dizziness to itself."

The first superstition worth mentioning about flax after it leaves the fields is one common to Thuringia. When a young woman there gets married she places flax in her shoes, so that she may never come to poverty. And in Lauenberg, in the same circumstances, she ties a string of flax round the left leg, that it may be endowed for her benefit with the marriage blessing.

That there should be no spinning on a Saturday is a wide-spread belief, as it brings only ill-fortune and punishment. A German legend relates that two old women, good friends, were the most indefatigable spinners of their village: their wheels, in fact, even on a Saturday night, never stood still. At length one of them died; but on the Saturday evening following, she appeared to the other, who, as usual, was busy at her wheel, and showed her her burning hand, saying:—

"See what I in Hell have won,
Because on Saturday eve I spun!"

The chief superstition connected with HEMP is a species of love-divination, by means of hemp seed sown on a particular night of the year. The form which the rite assumes in some parts of England may be seen from the following quotation from Gay's "Pastorals." The time is the mysterious St. John's Eve:

" At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp seed brought;
I scattered round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cried,
'This hemp seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.'
I straight looked back, and if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."

In Derbyshire, the peasants go to the church-yard, and when the clock strikes twelve run round the church, sowing the seed and repeating a rhyme somewhat similar to that quoted above. When they have performed the circuit of the church twelve times without stopping, the lover will appear and follow.

The sowing of hemp seed is one of the superstitious rites of All Hallows Eve, mentioned by Robert Burns as common to Scotland. It appears also to be observed on that occasion in some of the western districts of England.

Long ago, in this country, hemp was by some called "neck-weed." Whether this was on account of its frequent use in the execution of criminals, or because it was held to be a remedy for some complaints affecting the neck, has not been clearly made out. It is a common notion that to own a piece of the rope with which a man has been hanged brings good luck. An interesting relic of some departed rascal is thus frequently carried about by card players in France, and also it is said in our own equally enlightened land.

In Bohemia hemp is held to be "the exorcist of fevers as well as murderers."

The HAZEL is one of the really marvellous class of trees. By its associations and reputed virtues it merits our careful attention. Among the northern nations it was considered one of Thor's trees, and the Saxons in selecting sites for their temples often chose groves of hazel. It may be in consequence of this dedication of the tree to Thor that a legend, to be heard in Bavaria, sprang up,

that the Holy Family, overtaken by a thunderstorm whilst flying into Egypt, took refuge under a hazel. In East Prussia the country people cut a hazel-rod in spring, and when the first thunderstorm comes, make a cross with it over every heap of grain. By so doing they imagine that the corn will keep for many years.

But the most remarkable use to which the tree is put is in digging for hid treasures. It is an old belief that the hazel has a subtle sympathy with what lies hidden deep underground, and in the study of the records of the past, we are every now and again coming across this strange fancy.

"The child," says Mr. Conway, "who, fortunate enough to get hold of the original version of Cinderella, sympathizes with poor Ashputtel as she sits under the hazel, saying:—

'Shake, shake, hazel tree,
Gold and silver over me;'

and glows with delight as the bird alights with all that is desirable, is catching a faint echo of a profound faith, which once held the hazel to be in the secret of all the treasures of the earth."

The way in which the hazel was used for purposes of discovery was very simple. A long forked branch or twig formed the divining rod. The person who bore it walked very slowly over the place where he suspected mines or springs (for the rod was also good for discovering springs) to be. When the rod, which was held horizontally, bent of itself, that indicated at once the presence of the desired metal or water. It was employed for finding metals of all kinds, gold, silver, copper, veins of lead, seams of coal, &c. Even to this day the superstitious practice is observed in the North of England, in Cornwall, and in other mining districts.

The cutting of the divining rod is, as may be supposed, a matter of much importance. In North Germany it is held that it must be cut from a hazel backwards, on St. John's Day, and must then be bound on a child that has been baptized, and so receive the name of John. In the Tyrol it has to be cut on Good Friday; in Bohemia, on the Sunday of the new moon; in other countries, at midnight on St. John's Eve. The tradition in the Hartz is, that after being cut the rod must be hid in the dress in which a child has been christened, and that the rod itself must be baptized in the name of the three Holy Kings, or in the name of

Caspar, if it be intended to discover gold, or Balthaser, if silver, or of Melchior, if water.

According to the Cornish miners, the hazel wand is guided to the hidden mineral by the pixies, all the treasures of the earth being in the keeping of these little people. Is it not a fact that many a rich lode has been discovered by their songs heard at nightfall on the lonely moor?

Another property belonging to the hazel is that, according to the people of Suabia, if cut on Good Friday, it will enable one to strike an absent person. This belief appears a remnant of a solemn ceremony formerly practised among the northern nations. The ceremony consisted in the setting up of a nith-stake, as it was called, and was considered a most effectual way of calling down evil upon the head of an enemy.

The hazel was long recognised in Bavaria as a symbol of authority, and as such was hung up in the court-rooms. The officers' batons were also made of hazel. Schoolmasters' rods, too, used, in the olden time, to be made of our tree.

We come now to speak of hazel-nuts, and the first fact to be recorded about them is the Bohemian belief that where they abound there will be many illegitimate children. The important part which they play in the superstitious observances of All Hallows Eve (the evening of the 31st of October), called in Scotland Halloween, and in the north of England Nutcrack Night, is well known. The manner of employing them may be seen from the following quotation from Brand's "Popular Antiquities," in which reference is made to the custom as observed in Ireland:—

"When the young women would know if their lovers are faithful, they put three nuts upon the bars of the grate, naming the nuts after the lovers. If a nut cracks or jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts named after the girl and her lover burn, they will be married."

Divination by nuts is also practised on the eve of St. Mark, and in a slightly different way from either of the methods described above. A row of nuts is planted among the hot embers on the

hearth, one nut for each girl who makes the trial. The names of the lovers are then said, and it is expected that if the love in any case is to be successful, the nut will jump away; if not, that it will burn quickly till consumed.

"If you love me, pop and fly,
If not, lie there silently."

THE CLASSICS.

ONE hour with Homer in the laurelled grot,
Where that rapacious Cyclops penned his sheep:
One hour with soft Anacreon in the spot
Where that pet dove rests on his lyre asleep:
One hour with Moschus while the Muses weep,
Because his best of poet-friends is not:
One hour with Maro when he plunges deep
Into the shades, and learns each hero's lot!
With these and Flaccus by the frothful sea
I lingered e'er my manhood's race begun;
To these and Martial, Ovid, Juvenal—three
Choice spirits—I return ere life be done.
One hour in such society? Ah me!
How swift the sparkling sands thrice-turned will run!

FISHING IN A FRENCH MOAT.

ACCIDENT rather than design caused me to be immured within one of the fortress towns of Northern France for a space of several days. The place itself was dull and stagnant notwithstanding that the annual fair lent some transitory animation to the Grande Place and quickened for a moment the lethargic pulsation of the adjacent streets.

That I should have found the half day expended upon several similar places amply sufficient for the inspection of this particular town is undebatable, had it not happened that amongst the inhabitants were friends to whom courtesy not less than inclination

demanding that I should devote myself for a period sufficiently long to hide any indication of *ennui*, which might have been repaid to my disadvantage at a future time. What with dinners, conversation, the theatre, the fair, and a very good collection of pictures in the Hotel de Ville, the after portion of the day could be disposed of without difficulty if not to great profit, but the mornings, which to an industrious soul appear at home so short and compressed by sheer weight of occupation, possess a tendency to expand in the rarer atmosphere of idleness; and certain it was that I viewed the recurrence of the long unbroken vista of time, from dawn to four hours past noon, with a feeling positively approaching alarm.

I speak of a vista, but nothing could be more purely imaginative: there was nothing like a vista obtainable in the good town of X——.

The companion of my first ramble was careful to inform me that it was due to no mere freak of architect or builder that the narrow streets curved and twisted like an entangled coil of rope, but to that prescience of the possibility, nay, the probability, of war which seems to have broken like a nightmare the rest of Gaul and to have lined and wrinkled her fairest features.

On the second morning after my arrival, whilst passing over one of the numerous drawbridges spanning the sluggish moat, I observed movements of the weeds and floatage which to an eye quickened by piscatorial experience indicated the presence of heavy fish in the waters beneath.

I inquired concerning the fishing eagerly, the morning's desolation coming full upon me.

"There are plenty of roach, perch, and pike," said my companion.

"And is there any getting leave to fish?"

"I can manage that."

"Goodness! and I not to have known of this before."

"We will see if M. L. is in his garden."

We turned off through a wicket which obligingly stood ajar, passed under the shadows of some masonry, took several sharp turns, and descended a long flight of stone steps.

A sentry was pacing the top of an adjacent earthwork, exhibiting all that looseness of "set up" which strikes the Englishman at once. He was a small man, and his uniform did not fit him. His waist-belt was half way over his hips, and he carried his

musket sword-bayonet fixed without reference to balance, the point of the bayonet being somewhat lower than the stock of the rifle.

At the foot of the stairs was a rough wooden gate. We opened it, and passed into the garden beyond. The garden consisted of a triangular piece of ground something more than an acre in extent, hemmed in by bastions, and with a picturesque tower at one extremity. A rustic arbor was built upon slightly rising ground in the centre, and within this sat M. L. smoking a cigar, and placidly contemplating his crops now advancing to maturity.

Learning that I was interested in gardens, he was at some pains to point out the most noticeable features of his own. I was more struck by the abundance and fine quality of his tomatoes than by anything else I observed. He cultivated them on rough espaliers, surrounding the outer circle of the garden and continued along the edges of some of the minor pathways. A gardener was digging potatoes, and as, in lifting one of the setts, he turned up some fine specimens of the lobworm, we easily passed to the topic uppermost in my mind, and ere our circuit of the garden was completed, punt, man, lobworms, and moat were all placed at my disposal, and nothing but want of skill or an east wind could come between me and the morrow's captures.

I did not feel quite so sanguine as, between eight and nine o'clock the next morning—weather chilly and a damp fog hanging about—I crossed the little bridge leading to Bastion No. 84, wondering whether there were really a Bastion No. 1 and No. 2, and so on all the way up, and if so, whether there were an 85, and where the numbers stopped.

It was not necessary that I should call upon No. 84 to surrender, as the keys had already been delivered to me over night. Did ever fortress pass so quietly into the hands of the foreigner? A few *gamins* were loitering in the neighborhood, and of course several red-trousered soldiers, who stared a little as I executed my "open sesame" performance and disappeared within the sacred precincts, the heavy door closing behind me with a dull thud.

I use the word "disappeared" advisedly, for I was literally gone—fallen into darkness worse than that of Erebus—and only emerging after a painful groping towards daylight, which I succeeded in finding at the further extremity of an underground passage of some thirty yards in length, and seeming three hundred at least.

The man in a blouse, who stood in a rather dejected attitude on the wall, brightened up as he caught sight of me, and after a greeting in French which I did my best to acknowledge, considering the distance, he proceeded to wave his hand and to shout "All right, sare!" a welcome which, as I subsequently discovered, literally exhausted his knowledge of the English language.

We reached the punt by means of a ladder, and I was glad to observe that it contained a landing net of huge proportions, as its presence indicated the possibility of heavy fish though when I reflected upon the delicate nature of the tackle I was able to command, my monitor's assurance, given as we pushed off from the ladder, that there were *des poissons tres-grands*, evoked something of misgiving in my mind.

The atmosphere was certainly not exhilarating in tone. The sensation was as though we were navigating a vast well, or rather a perfect congeries of wells, for we passed from one to another with as much rapidity as the nature of our craft and the manner of locomotion would permit.

Of course the wind was east, or to be accurate E. N. E.; rather worse perhaps, and occasionally as we turned the corners we met little gusts which blew the water into cold hard ripples, and shivered them against the colder, harder masonry.

There were incessant sounds of trumpets and drums, showing that the garrison was stirring; but as yet no soldiers could be seen, though the big trees which at intervals capped the earth-works loomed through the fog like giant sentinels.

The exertions of some twenty minutes brought us to the desired spot, and deep hole, well under the shelter of a projecting angle of the wall, where the water lay calm and motionless, and big rushes drooped forward as though asleep.

The punt having been secured, I plumbed the depth and found we had about nine feet of water with a bottom of black mud. It was my intention to get anything I could, though ostensibly I proposed trying the perch; and the whole surroundings of the scene were so novel that I should have been scarcely surprised had I landed a man in armor.

"Now by my angling soul," reasoned I with myself, as I selected my stoutest line, "where next will this propensity lead me? I verily believe Dr. Johnson's dictum to be literally true as applied to myself this time. True, I have fished funny waters before—

oftentimes with a strong suspicion of no fish—but I could always fall back on the exercise, the prospect, the contemplation, the fresh air, when at a loss for an argument to excuse the idleness. Now, here I am cramped up in a terribly uncomfortable boat, a blank wall for my horizon, villainously stagnant air to breathe, with a probable failure to justify my pretensions as angler by permitting myself to be out-generalled by these military fishes, and a possibility of becoming an object of suppressed ridicule to the Frenchman opposite, with whom, owing to my school-learned French and his atrocious *patois*, I am utterly unable to carry on a connected conversation, and to whose parlous mind I must, therefore, *prima facie* present a ridiculous appearance.”

“ However, here goes ! ”

The recklessness of tone apparently needed no translation, for the Frenchman looked up, sighed deeply, and at once withdrew his glance. The rubicund lobworm with which I had threaded the hook clove the watery plain with the gentlest of plashes, yet not so noiselessly but that it attracted the attention of a predatory perch, which rose for an instant to the surface and then dashed in pursuit.

It is needless to say what followed. Given a fresh lobworm on a tough hook, and a hungry perch, and the sequel is assured. My first fish weighed about a pound, and was safely aboard within two minutes. One or two of smaller size followed, and then came the inevitable lull.

We changed quarters repeatedly, with varying luck, taking fish now and again; sometimes an eel, and, on one occasion, the inordinate craving of a deluded gudgeon, brought a trifling addition to the basket, until at last they went fairly off the feed and I could lure them no more.

It was now twelve o'clock. How quickly had the hours flown on this particular morning! I had actually omitted to count the strokes of the church bell as it gave its hourly invitation to prayers. I was quite unable to say how often bugle had appealed to bugle or drum to drum. Yet, as I had taken nothing for the last hour, the sport was becoming decidedly slow, and I was by no means sorry that an engagement for two o'clock left me no alternative but to suspend operations at one, else I felt assured that the infatuation of my nature would have kept me there, fish or no fish, until nightfall; and in that case I had scarcely answered for

the continued patience of my attendant, whose native politeness could but just conceal a disposition to vote the whole thing a bore.

I was the less surprised at this when he informed me that his occupation was to *net* other portions of the water, and much he wished the governor were not so careful about this particular ditch, as the pike lay there in shoals.

At this reminder of the riches of the waters I cast a somewhat sanguinary eye at the unfortunate gudgeon, and inwardly congratulated myself that I had not returned him disdainfully to his family.

But the want of tackle seemed an insurmountable difficulty—my few lines were of fine gut, and the largest hooks I possessed were but medium perch size. Live bait fishing was out of the question; my gudgeon was dead, and, if otherwise, I had no float large enough to hold him suspended. I had recourse to spinning. I took three of the perch hooks and lashed them securely back to back. With some difficulty, having no bait needle, I threaded the gudgeon, bringing the three hooks firmly against his tail and fastening them to a treble-twisted gut line. I had previously forced several pellets of lead down the unconscious victim's throat to give him the necessary gravity, and I now hitched his tail round to cause the required rotary motion whilst passing through the water. My rod was short and thick, of a wood not unlike hickory, with no rings or fastenings for running tackle. We loosed the boat from her moorings; I seated myself with my face towards the stern and made my first throw—rather a clumsy one I am afraid.

My friend in charge, with an "All right, sare," swung back the pieces of wood which did duty as sculls, and propelled the craft gently through the water. Hitherto I had been only anxious to rig up a line somehow, but now that I was really at work I could not help mentally inquiring what would happen if a fish were really hooked. So serious were my misgivings as to the result, that I seemed involuntarily to derive consolation from the reflection that if the jack behaved as a decent jack should, he would certainly reject the bait the moment he felt the check my fixed line would inevitably give.

I was proceeding to speculate upon the probability of real experience upon this point, when the line suddenly seemed to

leap backward, cutting the water with a sharp whish—st, and the rod was almost pulled from my hand.

“Voilà! Monsieur!” cried the Frenchman in an ecstasy.

“Back water hard!” shouted I, entirely oblivious for the moment of the difference in our vocabularies, though under any circumstances I should have been puzzled to find the counterpart in French.

My companion, however, was quick-witted enough to do the right thing, and, whatever the probabilities had been, the fact was patent that, rightly or wrongly, the fish had been hooked, and was at considerable pains to demonstrate that there could be no manner of doubt on this head.

He fought bravely—passionately. Down—down he went until he forced half the rod under water; he described a series of eccentric circles, bringing a tremendous strain upon my plaited line; he rushed from right to left and back again, causing the punt to rock violently with his efforts, driving the Frenchman into the ejaculatory stage of excitement, I holding on to the rod for very life, as it were, with the perspiration rolling down my cheeks, and liable at any moment to be overbalanced into nine feet of water, yet every energy directed to keep my gentleman from a blind rush under the punt, which must have set him free immediately.

Once or twice when the captive became quieter I attempted to coax him to the surface, but in vain. I even went so far as to try to force him there, but I had as easily brought a whale to the surface. How I wished this had happened on an English lake or river, with a nice shelving bank or a shallow creek into which we might have literally towed the monster; but instead, there were horrid walls rising perpendicularly from the deepest water, and offering absolutely no point of vantage anywhere.

What was to be done? It seemed as though I had already held him for an hour—as a matter of fact the time was some ten minutes. He evidently had no intention of giving in, and so far the line had most unexpectedly held out.

There was so much commotion now that a considerable crowd of soldiery was attracted to the scene. In a few minutes half the garrison appeared to be on the walls, all talking and shouting, and every man of them gesticulating violently.

Rumination during a moment's lull had evidently decided the creature upon a change of tactics. He rushed fiercely to the end

of his tether, and struggled persistently forward. He would not be turned from his purpose; there was a perceptible motion of the boat in the same direction. In front was a bridge already filling with spectators. Good gracious! here was a pretty predicament for an English angler, to be towed whether he would or not under a bridge by a French fish!

In vain I called upon the astounded Frenchman to pull; he took no heed—his sculls were shipped, he was altogether off his head now. I almost execrated the line's stubborn endurance, and another attempt to bring my captive under control having signally failed, I had thoughts of cutting the obstinate gut, when as if to repay my ingratitude, the line suddenly snapped under water, and the fish was gone!

My disappointment was now as keen as my anxiety had been intense. It was my firm conviction—still maintained—that I had been very near capturing the champion fish of those parts. I had heard of sturgeons royal taken in our own muddy Thames, and as I held the monster fast, notions of a pike royal, engendered possibly by the then condition of the French atmosphere, intruded upon my mind.

I made no effort to conceal my mortification, and to do my guide justice, he seemed overcome with regrets, though, perhaps with a view to dissipate my gathering melancholy, he immediately adopted a more cheerful tone, and much I grieve that the finer periods of his sympathy were entirely lost upon my alien soul. He, however, made me comprehend that there was a good time coming, or its French equivalent, and facetiously he hinted that the basket would yet be filled.

"But I have no time left. I have finished," said I, glancing at my watch, and hurrying my tackle into its case.

"N'importe, Monsieur."

He took the sculls in hand, and we went on our way. It did not appear to me that we were returning. I did not recollect this and that prominent feature of the endless walls. There was a low archway on our left protected by a gate. He pulled towards it and thrust back the rusty bars. We lay close in the boat as he propelled it by his hands through the long narrow archway. On the other side the water widened somewhat, and as I sat up in the boat I perceived we were in an oblong ditch, with no outlet at the further extremity, and hemmed in by lofty brickwork, on the top

of which I could distinguish, against the grey sky, tufts of rank grass and nettles. I looked at the guide in astonishment, and requested information as to our whereabouts.

He replied in a mysterious manner, and with a motion of laughter, mellowing into a decided chuckle. By dint of great exertion on his part--for myself, I was intensely passive—we had reached a box, floating buoylike on the thick water. The Frenchman brought the boat up alongside, and stood erect grinning.

Something evidently pleased him immensely. I earnestly wished I could participate in his merriment, but could discover nothing calculated to produce it in the smallest degree. Having opened the box, he carefully explored its interior with the landing-net. There was a violent lashing of the water by a big tail, whose owner evinced a determined and not unnatural objection to the proceedings, but to no purpose, as a few minutes sufficed to transfer from the box to the floor of the punt a handsome jack of some ten pounds.

M. L. had bidden the boatman place the fish at call, in case M. l'Etranger failed to fill his basket. This was the explanation, and I confess I was much affected at the exhibition of French politeness, though as I carried my fish home I was painfully aware of a decided imposition on my part. The French small boys regarded with considerable awe both the fish and its quasi captor, and it was certain that the material and substantial evidence of my prowess had already established the angling reputation of M. l'Etranger.

My consolation lay in the reflection that many a man's reputation had been built upon the achievements of another, and after all I had been *very near* capturing a giant.

MY MURIEL.

THE gloaming's reddening light lies low
 Upon the woodland ways and seas,
 And cool winds from the hill-side blow,
 And, passing, whisper to the trees.
 Yet is not this as other days—
 My love, I will the meaning tell;
 What say the seas and woodland ways,
 To thee, my Muriel?

Love's day is o'er, love's sun is set,
 But us the sunset gleams enfold,
 For sweet love lingers with us yet,
 Love's sunset changing all to gold;
 For suns must set, and love must die,
 And lips, not hearts, must say, "Tis well,"
 And hearts must bid a long good-bye,
 My sweet, sweet Muriel.

In golden aftertime forget
 The one who loved, staked all, and lost;
 Forget me love, sweet love, and yet
 Canst thou forget how dear thou wast?
 Farewell! farewell! it must be said,
 Though my fond heart should break—farewell!
 Forget me, think my love is dead,
 As thine is, Muriel.

—*London Society.*

JUST HIS DUTY.

A STORY OF THE GREAT MINNESOTA SNOWSTORM.

IT was in the year of the great Minnesota snowstorms. You heard of them, I dare say. Most people did; and I've little doubt that, to ladies and gentlemen sitting by their snug firesides in London, or even New York, there was something pleasantly exciting in the daily accounts from those far Western States in America, of how the snow kept fall, fall, falling, day by day and week by week, in one soft, steady sheet of dazzling white, till it rose high over walls and hedges, blotted out roads, and fields, and streams, and made hills and dales alike one dead, blank level. People read with eager curiosity of whole coach-loads frozen up in one night, of travellers lost in the whirling drifts within a yard or two of their own homes, of men going out to seek for stray cattle, to be found dead and stiff within an hour or so.

"There is something not altogether displeasing in the misfortunes of others," says that cynical old Frenchman, who seems to have only lived for the sake of opening our eyes to the weaknesses and meannesses of our fellow-creatures; but, indeed, I thought he was

in the right of it during those weeks of winter, while the snow kept falling in the West; and we, safe and warm under a milder sky, asked—"What news from Minnesota?" as we would have asked—"What was done in the House last night? or, Is Patti really engaged for St. Petersburg this season?"

Bah! one man's meat is another man's poison. Why should I grumble because men and women found a subject for harmless gossip in the snows which cost me one of the dearest lives God ever sent to flower on this decayed old world of ours?

His name was Hugh Garston, and he was the master of an infants' school half-way between Rock Rapids, Iowa, and the village of White Water Springs. Also, he was an Englishman, like myself, and an under-graduate of Exeter College, Oxford. Opposing elements, I grant you; but easily reconciled when you know his story. Hugh's father had been a gentleman of property, given to travelling in his youth; and having rambled as far as Iowa one summer, had there fallen in love with and married a trapper's daughter.

As soon as the deed was done he became very much ashamed of it; deserted his wife as soon as possible, and returned to his ancestral halls in Yorkshire. Unfortunately, the trapper's daughter was not a person of delicacy. Instead of taking her desertion as a gentle hint that Mr. Garston was tired of her, and resigning herself accordingly, this young woman packed up a change of linen, and not only started off in pursuit of him, but actually found him in his own home; and arriving at the hall with a fortnight-old baby in her arms, she presented the baby to the hall's master as his son.

Mr. Garston was at once a moral and a resolute man. He had determined not to place a trapper's daughter at the head of his table; and he kept to his determination. He felt the obligation of providing for his son, and did so. Threats of proving the marriage illegal, and promises of kindness to the child, were accordingly used to subdue the mother; and both succeeded to perfection. The trapper's daughter gave up her baby; and, under obligation to return to her people and trouble no one any more, was assured that Hugh should be acknowledged and provided for.

So far, so good. She went. Mr. Garston kept his word, and in due time Hugh went to college. In the latter's twentieth year, however, something occurred which turned all this good to bad.

Mr. Garston had destined him for the church. Hugh declined to enter it, for the paltry reason that he did not believe in the Thirty-nine Articles which he was going to subscribe. A quarrel ensued. Unpleasant disclosures followed. Hugh learnt for the first time that his mother was not dead, but living and disowned; and that the second Mrs. Garston—(oh, yes, *she* had appeared on the scene some time back, an unexceptionable person of property and position)—owed her marriage to a lucky and legal flaw in the first ceremony.

Passion is productive of hasty words. Wise men pay no heed to them. Hugh was not wise. Within a week he had thrown up father, college, and prospects; and departed to seek his mother in the far West. Please to remember his trapper blood in excuse, and excuse him—as I did.

When I next met him it was out there, and he was returning from his mother's funeral. He had found her living alone in a small house on the hills, keeping a small school, and suffering from a lingering internal disorder which made life one long torture to her. Hugh brought the best medicine that torture could admit—his presence and his love; and under that gentle balm Mary Garston lingered two years, resting from her labours in peace and happiness, while the young Oxonian kept school and house for her, and tended her like nurse, servant, and son in one.

Naturally, now she was gone, I urged him to give up this wretched life, and begin a better in England, with my aid. He thanked me, and declined. He liked teaching. The school had increased, and was a blessing to those outlying farms and cabins, whose young fry would otherwise have grown up mere heathens and savages. If he gave it up, no other would take it, the pay was so poor and the situation so lonely. Besides, he was now bent on the Independent ministry, and found this a capital place for perfecting his studies in quiet, and practising their lessons in freedom. These were his arguments, and I combated them with ease. Then he turned on me, and told me—

“I have grown to care for a girl in the village yonder, Malva Keith. She is not a lady, and I am not a gentleman—after my father's pattern, at least. This state of life suits her better than any other; therefore, if I marry her, it and no other shall suit me.” I had used reason against arguments, and turned them into smoke. To use reason against love would have been folly; and I was not

a fool. We shook hands heartily, bade each other "God speed," and parted the best of friends, never to meet again in this world. The rest of Hugh's story I give from his letters and Malva's lips.

She was a practised coquette, honest enough in her way, and beautiful beyond measure, with the full, upright figure, lithe, round limbs, and rich colouring of a prairie Hebe; well aware of her beauty too, both from her glass and the more audible homage of at least a score of rough and ready admirers, trappers, timber-fellers, railway employés, loafers, and the like, who all vied in paying court to the flower of White Waters. Hugh came in among these like a star from another system; and straightway Malva cast off her old suitors, and hauled down the flag of freedom to lay it at the young schoolmaster's feet.

So far, so well; but, unfortunately, surrender was easier than subjection to this young lady. Hugh lived fully three miles off, and was at his work all day. Malva lived just outside the village—her father was a timber contractor, and a well-to-do man of the roughest class—and the house was always full of those of her swains as did not care for work, and found making love a pleasant pastime; and Malva was too partial to this incense to relinquish it at once, and for the sake of a grave, stern young man, who had other work than hanging on her apron-strings all day. The end of all this was that Hugh grew anxious, then jealous, then angry; took to reproving instead of worshipping, and so irritated Malva's pride; all of which culminated in a desperate quarrel on Christmas Eve respecting a certain Miles Pearson, whose over-familiar worship of the flower of White Waters had for some time been arousing Master Hugh's wrath. I fear that latter gentleman had inherited his father's pride; at any rate, he bore himself so sternly on this occasion that Malva, who was on the point of yielding and asking pardon, suddenly nailed her colours to the mast, and said she "waen't going to be bullied. Miles was as good as *some* folk, and better. He didn't get riley and tyrannical; and for her part she preferred Americans to half-bred foreigners," &c., &c., blue eyes flashing and pomegranate cheeks aflame. Hugh looked her full in the face, and answered her, very white and cold—

"That is your choice then? Very well. The half-bred foreigner will resign you until such time as you change your mind, and *ask* him to come back. Good morning, Miss Keith."

And so walked back to his school, and came no more to Keith's homestead.

This was Christmas Eve, as I said, and the weather was cold enough then; but the real heavy snow did not set in much before January. It had been falling off and on for several days, and was so deep in places that Hugh's school benches had grown very empty, many from the more distant clearings not being able to come. Still, the master was a great favourite with children, and these in Iowa and Minnesota are a tough and hardy little race; so on the 5th of January, 187—, though the sky was an ominous colour, and the barometer falling fast, about nine boys and girls arrived as usual, and, after a good warming at the fire, began their studies.

One of them, Seth Halkett, brought a bit of news.

"Miles Pearson's gwine to splice with old Keith's gal. Guess there'll be grand fixings down to her place. Air you a-gwine to the marryin', teacher?"

"You shut up, Seth," cried his sister, a sharp girl of twelve, who, with precocious womanhood, had got hold of Hugh's feelings in that quarter. "He's always talkin' when he knows nuthin', teacher; an' he aren't done one figger of his reck'nin' yet."

Seth stuck his hand defiantly in the ragged bands of his corduroys, and muttered—"Darn the reck'nin';" but Hugh spoke to him mildly, and bade the girl mind her own work. It was not with children that his sternness came out.

And the snow went on falling.

It soon grew too dark for studying. The flakes froze as they fell in a solid heap on the window-sill, and blotted out the light. One of the boys looked out at the front door, and got his nose frost-bitten; and a murmur rose that they would be obliged to stay in school all night. Hugh went to the back door, which was at the lee of the house, and confirmed the foreboding. The road was impassable for children already, and the snow falling in two cross currents, which made a sort of frozen whirlwind in the air. There could be no going home that evening, and he busied himself in piling up the fires, and helping the old negress, who waited on him, to get supper ready for his pupils. That night, the two girls who had been plucky enough to accompany their brothers to school slept in Hugh's bed, while he camped down with the boys in the school-room. They kept roaring fires, and used every wrap there was in the house; but the cold increased hourly, and one, the youngest child, woke crying more than once.

And the snow went on falling.

It never ceased all the next day and night. Hugh kept up the fires, fed the children well, and told them stories. Little Tommy, the youngest, cried for his mother at first; but soon ceased when the master took him on his knee and comforted him. Still the time passed very drearily; every peep from the back room showed only a white waste of snow, trending downwards to the valley, and blotting paths, fences, and landmarks in one hugh winding-sheet. Worse was coming still; for that night old Cassy whispered her master that the food was almost gone. Nine hungry mouths soon made away with the contents of one man's larder.

And the snow went on falling.

On the following day breakfast was a miserable meal, and one of the girls having discovered the cause thereof, began to wail out that they would all be starved. Hugh quieted her, gently but firmly, and going to the window pointed that the sky was clearing, and the snow-flakes falling less thickly. They continued to lessen hour by hour; and by noon Hugh determined to make his way to the nearest village store, and bring back food to the hungry children.

It was a difficult errand, even for him, who knew every inch of the way, and was cased in fur and leather from head to foot. All signs of the road were obliterated. More than once he missed his way, and sank into the snow nearly to his thighs; and the cold was so intense that the very breath froze upon his lips like an icy skin. The poor fellow was well-nigh dead when he at last reached Ethan Ball's store—a log ranch, sunk deep in snow, on the outskirts of the village; and Mrs. Ball, whose two boys were both at school, half choked him with a tumblerful of raw brandy, which she tried to pour down his throat, in her anxiety to learn the fate of the children.

The spirit did him good, however; and seeing that the sky looked very threatening, he would not even linger long in the grateful warmth, but loaded a small hand-sled with brandy, biscuits, and beef, and set off again—refusing to allow Ball, a sickly, rheumatic man, to accompany him. This husband and wife, who had never said a prayer in their lives, and only knew the name of their Maker by way of a lively curse or two, braved the cold at the open door to cry “God keep you, man,” as Hugh started on his errand of aid to the children on the hill.

I think He did—though not in their sense.

Only a light sprinkling of snow had fallen since his departure ; so that he was able to retrace the journey by his own track, and was toiling heavily up a steepish hill, when, of a sudden, his ear was caught by the dismal howling of a dog far away. He paid no heed, thinking it came from the settlement ; and presently it ceased, then changed to a bark, growing nearer and nearer ; till finally, a large black dog came in sight round a point of rock, and, bounding upon him, began a series of fawning and whining, running away a few steps, and returning to look up in his face with all a dog's frenzy of impotent eloquence. Men soon grow to understand these signs in the far West. Hugh knew, as well as if he had been told, that somewhere within hail that dog's master was lying in strait so great as to need help ; and help accordingly he set out to give. The dog led the way, and he followed ; now stumbling, now falling outright ; sometimes letting the handle of the sled slip from his half-frozen fingers, and often determining to give up the attempt and get home while he could ; but always urged on, as much by that inflexibility which made part of the man's character as by dislike of leaving a fellow-creature to perish within reach. So on and on, for half a mile or so ; and then the dog stopped beside a big, motionless mound of snow, and Hugh, bending forward, found himself staring into the white and rigid face of his old enemy, Miles Pearson.

Independent of rivalry, this man had always been peculiarly obnoxious to Hugh. He was a big, burly fellow, foul in his tongue and loose in his living, with a rooted hatred to "Britishers"—which he took every occasion of testifying by the coarsest offence which could be conveyed into words and manner—and an amount of brutal good looks and flash attire, which found him favour with the White Waters women, and were more offensive to Garston than any insults. That such a man should dare to admire Malva Keith, and not be repulsed with loathing, had certainly lowered that young lady in her lover's eyes ; and of late the two men had hardly even met without exhibiting a manifest animosity, which White Waters, looking on with cheerful anticipation, predicted would soon "end in shooting." Pearson was a dead bullet within a hundred yards, and had killed his man before. White Waters considered it safe to lay ten to two against the schoolmaster, and waited rather impatiently for an opportunity to "realize."

Now, Pearson lay a half-frozen, insensible log upon the Minnesota snows; and Hugh Garston stood above him!

Only for a moment; then he knelt down and felt the man's wrist. It gave back no answering beat. He laid his hand on his heart; that still ticked on, but very feebly. Death was running a race with Miles Pearson, and no time could be lost if he were to be beaten. Hugh lost none. Without a moment's hesitation, he set to work to force some drops of brandy down the man's throat; then jerked the bags of food out of the sled, and half dragged, half lifted the helpless body on to it instead. The children were very hungry, but *they* could wait. Miles was past waiting. But, not to lose the food, he drove the long stick with which he had been walking, into the frozen snow, and fastened the dog to it. He had got out of the way, he knew, and was far from home; but that would mark the spot. And now he looked round, half despairingly, for some nearer shelter, and straightway uttered a shout of joy. A spiral column of smoke was rising into the air, beside a huge grey bluff, about half a mile off; and Hugh's heart beat thankfully as he recognized the chimneys of Keith's homestead.

As he started to reach it, the snow began to fall.

In the great log kitchen at the Keiths', the family were all gathered round a huge fire that afternoon, talking of the snow, of the time it had lasted and the casualties it had occasioned, and wondering when fine weather would set in again. Abram Keith had heard of a Minnesota bride and bridegroom snowed-up in the sleigh, *en route* to their married home, and only rescued after two days—living, but crippled for life; and his father told of a neighbour found dead and frozen stiff, within a few yards of his house, that very morning. There was no end of such stories. Only Malva held her tongue, and looked pale and weary. Possibly she had begun to miss Hugh Garston.

A heavy bang at the door startled them all; and Abram, going to open it, gave vent to such a volley of oaths and ejaculations of wonder as brought all the family to his side, and turned the solo to a chorus. No wonder, for what had entered was the body of a man, feet foremost, laid on a sled; and propelled by another man, who, as if utterly exhausted, dropped his burden at the door, and staggered to a bench, without uttering one word in reply to the questions which assailed him. No heed was paid to him, however,

for all eyes had turned upon the apparent corpse; and there was another shout from Abram.

"Jeehosophat and all his tarnation grand-uncles, ef 'taint Miles Pearson!"

The whole house was in a commotion at once. Brandy and hot blankets were called for, Miles was put into Abram's bed; and every one was so busy in attending to his restoration, that Hugh had stumbled to the fire, helped himself to a drink of hot coffee, and turned to the door again, before any one noticed him. Then Mrs. Keith cried out—

"Garston, don't open that, man; or you'll let more of the cold in."

"I will shut it behind me," he said, laconically.

"Why, what the fury!—you're not going?" in a chorus from the men.

"Yes, I am—home."

Abram delivered himself of a whole bagful of curses, ingeniously diversified. Malva came close, and put her hand wonderingly on her lover's arm. Hugh did not look at her; but turning to his host, stated the reason for his departure—nine famishing children.

"What! out there? Why I reckoned you were coming down here till the thaw. Where did you spot poor Miles, then?"

Hugh told.

"An' you left the prog, and come away to toat him along down here! Well, I'm darned!"

Old Keith shrugged his shoulders; but Malva's eyes glistened, and her warm fingers stole down his arm, and glided sinuously into his gloved ones.

"Garston," said old Keith, giving up the past idiocy for the present—"it's most dark already, an' the snow falling like wild-fire. You'll never get home with your life this day. Don't be a darned fool, an' risk it."

"And my children?"

"Dodrot the shavers! If they've empty bellies one day, they can fill 'em the next, an' no harm done, I reckon. Let 'em be. Why, you're most broke down a'ready, an' as white as a skunk's liver."

This from Abram. Hugh looked at him coldly.

These two young men did not "hitch well," to use Malva's phrase.

"Will you go if I stay?" he asked; "or will you come with me and help?"

With the greatest sincerity, young Keith shook his head, and wished himself at eternal perdition if he were such a fool—

"*He'd* keer fur his life, he guessed, ef schoolmaster didn't fur his'n."

The schoolmaster laughed contemptuously.

"I thought so. Good night, friends. *I* care for the children given to my charge. Look after your frost-bitten friend, Abram. You can do that without running the risk of losing your precious life, or freezing your foul tongue either."

He went out as he spoke, and Abram, boiling with rage, caught up a "Colt's," and made as he would follow. Old Keith held him back.

"Let the darned fool go, and be cussed to him!" he said. "Look at the snow, boy. He'll never spot home to-night. Malva, bolt the door."

She flew off; but not to obey. Hugh had taken but a few steps, when his arm was caught, and Malva, half buried in her father's huge bearskin robe, clung panting to his side.

"Hugh, dear Hugh, do come back! Why, for pity's sake, do you flare at Abram so? He only wanted to stay you. Come back, do!"

"I beg your pardon, Malva. Your brother always irritates me; but his selfish cowardice just now put my blood up. Go back yourself, child. It isn't safe for you to be here a moment."

He put her back as he spoke, pressing her into the shelter of the deep porch, and wrapping the mufflers still closer round her. She got one arm free, however, and flung it round his neck.

"Hugh, don't you now—don't! Look at the snow, it's falling fast again; an' dusk's drawing in. Don't go to-night, Hugh—for my sake, don't! Listen"—trying to rub her soft cheek against his caressingly—"I love you—I love you better nor any one; an' I'll never speak another word to that drunken brute you saved, nor no one if you bid me—never, Hugh! Do forgive me, old man! Say you believe me, and stay to-night—do!"

She was sobbing and crying now, with her wet, flushed face hidden on his breast, and her warm, shapely arms clasped and quivering about his neck. The proprieties of courtship are not a matter of education in the North-Western States. Hugh lifted her face and kissed it.

"I do forgive you," he said. "I would make you my wife to-night if I could, and I believe you would come."

"That I would, old man, right away."

"Do your duty, then, child; and obey me like one. Mine is to go to those children this very minute, and I must do it. There," unclasping her hands, and kissing both them and the trembling lips with long, grave kisses—"God bless you, love, and good-bye. I've delayed over long already."

He opened the door for her, and strode away into the driving snow, without waiting for an answer. She walked heavily into the house, put up the bolts, and, dropping down into a seat, hid her face in her apron, weeping bitterly.

And the snow went on falling.

It never ceased all that night and the following morning; but towards evening the sky cleared, the barometer rose steadily, and two of the children's fathers from the village found their way to the school-house on the hill. The drifts had blocked up the front door and windows, but the back was still clear; and at the sound of their voices, half a dozen little faces, white, gaunt and haggard-looking, appeared in the open doorway, clamouring for food.

"Thank the Lord, mine are safe!" Jim Halkett said, griping his son's hand, while his other arm held the sobbing girl. "Why, where's schoolmaster, my kids; an' what's gone wi' Nathan's little Tommy?"

"Teacher went away to get somethin' t' eat yesterday mornin', an' never come back," Seth said; "an' Tommy, he tuk bad an' died last night. Guess he were so hungry he couldn't wait. We're most dead wi' hunger, father."

Jim had brought a bagful of bread-stuff, on the chance of such need. He hastened now to divide it among the sick and famished children, while Tommy's father went into the back room, where the little white body lay, cold and quiet—not hungry now. Old Cassy stood beside him.

"He did nothing but cry," she said, "after de massa went, till he took sick; an' den he quiet berry soon. He'd been a lyin' still, mout be a couple o' hours, when all of a sudden he skeered right up, his little face all smilin', an' cries out, 'Teacher's comin'! I see him walkin' up de hill, aside of a man all white an' shinin'. Oh, let me go! He's holdin' out his hands to me. Let me go! Dem was his berry last words, massa. He went off slick that

minnit, and ef you ask my 'pinion, Massa Garston went fust. He'd never ha' stayed away from these 'ere blessed children of the snow hadn't caught him.

She said truly. Two days later, a man and woman, starting from Keith's homestead for the school, found his body half covered with snow, and lying within a dozen yards of the stick, where the dog, stark and stiff too, crouched guardian-like upon the heap of now useless provisions. He must have lost his way in the blinding drift, and wandered round and round in circles, till he dropped from sheer exhaustion; for there were marks of his footsteps still visible, crossing and re-crossing each other in every direction. But the face was quite peaceful; and on the stern lips there still lay a smile, frozen there by the icy hand of Death, before he rose up to meet the Man whose dazzling whiteness is beyond that of all snows—yea, even of the sun and stars. And even in dying he had tried to carry out that task which, unfulfilled, had troubled his last moments; for one rigid hand still grasped an end of a pencil, while beside him lay the pocket-book, in which the poor frozen fingers had scrawled—

“Food—to the children—*Quick!*”

That strong right hand must have grown strangely dead; for the letters were all but illegible.

But what will you? He had done his best. Which of you will do more?

SLEEPY TURTLES OFF CORSICA.

[Extract from J. Newton Wilson's Journal in 1860.]

OUR beautiful barque *India* was gently moving through the sparkling waters of the Mediterranean. The breeze was exceedingly light—so light that we were scarcely making any perceptible headway. We were very near the shores of magnificent Corsica, and my young heart leaped with joy to behold the island that gave birth to Napoleon Bonaparte. I am far from capable to describe this land of marshes, low sandy beaches, lagunes abounding with game, vast mountains ranging away like a world

of fortifications, and the sides of old Monte Rotondo adorned with great forests of oak and fir, and its summit, looming above the clouds, frosted with eternal snow.

Grand torrents would now and then arrest our attention, tumbling from some dark gorge, a thousand feet down, down, amidst a rising vapour and lost in mist, which often stole from our gaze many charming pictures of fertile hills fringed with olive and laurel trees, among which a very army of black sheep and well fattened goats nibbled the succulent grass and chewed their cud. Conspicuously perched on a crag, we sometimes would observe a solitary little dwelling, that appeared as if it might slide off from its dizzy height.

Through our spy-glasses we could discern a roundish object on our lee bow. The cutter was immediately lowered, and three of us were soon on board of her; we pulled very quietly and carefully for a couple of hundred yards, then ceased rowing and propelled the little boat with motions of our surging bodies that jerked her along slowly and noiselessly. We neared the armor-covered rover, and at last touched his shining back, turned him over, and amidst great splashing hauled him in out of the cold. His turtleship awoke on this occasion exceedingly surprised, and manifested his disgust by flapping his fins and hissing threateningly. For two days the weather continued calm, and we followed up this good sport and captured in all fourteen, some of which weighed over a hundred pounds each. We had sumptuous fare now—steaks, savory stews, and soups—that would tempt the palate of a Delmonico. We kept alive several of the turtles for three weeks, by turning them on their backs and covering their mouths with a wet swab. We slaughtered them by decapitation, and I most particularly noticed that they never appeared to flinch from the keen edged knife, only on the spinal cord being severed; this would produce a slight tremor, while the blood would flow freely. A wind called the *sirocco* at last came whistling over the sea—a deluging rain accompanied it—and Corsica was hidden from our view.

THE EMPTY BOAT.

[From the German of Julius Sturm.]

THERE sailed a fisher far over the lake,
Far over the lake,
With song the air awaking ;
And in it sounded woe so deep,
A woe so deep,
It seemed his heart were breaking.

Came floating back an empty boat,
An empty boat,
Wind-driven to the shore ;
Now tell me, fishermaid, false and fair,
So false and fair,
Shall we see thy lover more ?

C. D. M.

Halifax, N. S.

DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT.

THAT very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was, that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigour of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his wealth and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great

beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And before proceeding farther, I will merely hint, that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves; as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woeful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs, and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken book-cases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black-letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central book-case was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations, in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a penderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back,

and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chamber-maid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said—"Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase, of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendour was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now, Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction-monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump, or the examination of a cob-web by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five-and-fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five-and-

fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a death-like slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dew-drops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjuror's show; "pray how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the 'Fountain of Youth?'" asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce de Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of, two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce de Leon ever find it?" said the Widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets, by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear Colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger; "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom

of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and, though utter sceptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and a shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea, that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing: "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."

With palsied hands they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more woefully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the grey, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly, there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the

ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water!" cried they eagerly. "We are younger—but we are still too old! Quick—give us more?"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old. Surely you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service."

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a single gulph. Was it delusion? even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table, three gentlemen of middle age, and a woman hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness, caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's rights; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper,

so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now again he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle-song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered towards the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror curtsying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's-foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair, that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favour me with another glass!"

"Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!" replied the complaisant doctor; "see! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset, that the chamber had grown duskier than ever; but a mild and moon-like splendour gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests, and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately-carved, oaken arm-chair, with a grey dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But, the next moment, the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares, and sorrows, and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoken. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost,

and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings, in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried, exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gaiety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor, like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an arm-chair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly—if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow—tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me!" And then the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor, quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara!" cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no, I will be her partner!" shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand, fifty years ago!" exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp—another threw his arm about her waist—the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry,

with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, grey, withered grandsires, ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shrivelled grandam.

But they were young: their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favours, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen!—come, Madame Wycherly," exclaimed the doctor, "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still, and shivered; for it seemed as if grey Time were calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved arm-chair, holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand, the four rioters resumed their seats; the more readily, because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds; "it appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke, the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chillness whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each

fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

"Are we grown old again, so soon?" cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin-lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

"Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heidegger; "and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well—I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very door-step, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!"

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning, noon, and night, from the Fountain of Youth.

A PARTY IN NEW YORK TWO CENTURIES AGO.

IN those happy days a well regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable signs of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbour on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquettings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse; that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own waggons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that

the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated round the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delf teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum; until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertissements of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips excepting to say *yah Mynheer*, or *yah ya Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen,

each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed—Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage, Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet, and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a waggon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present. If our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.—*Diedrich Knickerbocker.*

HOW TO WRITE FOR THE PRESS.

THE swiftness with which the lightning telegraph transmits information is not its only merit. It teaches the important and much neglected art of word-pruning. Countless reams of paper and gallons of ink are wasted by writers who do not understand the art, or do not think fit to practice it. The pith and substance of many an octavo volume might be comprised in a pamphlet; the ideas in many an editorial column compressed into a paragraph. Were waste of stationery the only evil of prolixity, it would be a trifling one; but the time of the public is shamefully taxed by scribblers, who either regard verbosity as a literary accomplishment, or are too lazy to condense. Some men think, in short-hand, and in committing their thoughts to paper, never use a phrase that does not tell; but even diffuse thinkers may, if they choose, solidify what they write by a critical revision. If authors had to pay for every superfluous word in their works at the telegraphic rates, what a blessing it would be to the reading

world! We have often thought it would be a good idea for young writers, who are troubled with a verbal flux, to try a course of lightning despatches as a cure. The literary market should be, in some respects, subject to the same rules as the grain market. Wheat and corn cannot be sold together; why should a few seeds of thought, half smothered with verbal husks, be merchantable in the marts of literature? Contributors to newspapers should be especially careful to avoid wordiness. Articles containing much that is valuable and interesting are often rejected because of this fault. Editors have no time to prune such productions; and hence they are consigned to the waste-basket. In the days of the patriarchs, when the lives of men were measured by centuries, time might have been spared by such a process: but in this age, when a lifetime is limited to three score years and ten, and more brain-work has to be crowded into it than Methuselah ever dreamed of, no man can afford to correct and put into shape the loosely expressed ideas of his fellows, unless he does it professionally, and is paid for it. Our advice to all writers whose besetting sin is prosinness, may be put into six words: Make the telegraph system your model. This hint is intended for all who desire to inform, interest, or amuse the busy public by means of the pen.

TO OUR READERS.

THE "MARITIME MONTHLY CLUB," having become invested with the proprietorship and management of the MARITIME MONTHLY MAGAZINE, wish to say that no efforts will be spared on their part to make it worthy of the general patronage of the reading public.

The editorial chair will be filled by a gentleman who has had previous experience in magazine enterprise, who understands the popular taste, and whose qualifications as a critic and writer are widely known and appreciated.

THE CLUB wish it to be understood that the editor is authorized to wield it to the demolition of everything dull and brainless, and to the protection and introduction to a generous public of whatever is bright, beautiful, and entertaining.

THE CLUB being made up of various kinds of political wood, the Magazine will eschew party politics, which might shiver its timbers. The great principles of politics, however, may be discussed, and it may not be incompetent to publish superior articles from correspondents, in which political opinions are expressed, subject to criticism and reply.

The chief aim of the Magazine will be to give to its readers a superior bill of literary fare—original when originality is found of great excellence; selective of whatever is good and popular.

THE CLUB trust that at the end of the year, the Maritime public will be so wedded to the MARITIME MONTHLY that no possible rivals in the realms of literature will be able to procure their divorce.

THE original proprietors of the MARITIME MONTHLY have to tender their thanks to the subscribers to the Magazine for their liberal support; to the press for its kindly notices; and to the many friends who have felt and expressed themselves favourably to the undertaking. Feeling, however, that other avocations entailing onerous duties prevented them from doing justice to the work in which they had engaged, they have resigned their interest in the Magazine to the "MARITIME MONTHLY CLUB," under whose management it will be prosecuted with taste and energy to assure success. Trusting that the literary public of these Provinces will not fail to recognize the renewed vigour which the change will, without doubt, infuse into its pages, we resign our position without regret, and with hope of a successful future for the MARITIME MONTHLY.

THE
MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1874.

No. 3.

THE DEVIL-FISH IN NEWFOUNDLAND
WATERS.

BY THE REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

THE animal kingdom is divided by naturalists into four provinces: Radiata, or rayed animals; Mollusca, or pulpy animals; Articulata, or jointed animals; Vertebrata, or backboneed animals. At present we are concerned only with the second of these provinces—the Mollusca. Cuvier was the first who applied the term Mollusca (from *Mollis*, soft) to this great department of the animal kingdom. In it are included those animals which have no skeleton, internal or external, whose bodies are soft and generally enclosed in a shell. Thus within the limits of this extensive province are included our ordinary shell-fish, such as oysters and mussels, as well as cuttle-fishes, which also possess a “shell.” Agassiz divides the Mollusca into three classes: Acephala, Gasteropoda, and Cephalopoda.

The last named is the class to which the remarkable specimens I wish to describe belong. The term Cephalopoda signifies “head-footed” Mollusca, and is most appropriate and descriptive. Their distinguishing characteristic is a central mass or head, from which radiate tentacular appendages called arms by some naturalists and feet by others. These arms serve a double purpose—they enable the animal to seize and hold its prey, being covered with rows of sucking disks, which when applied to any surface adhere, at the will of the animal, with immense force, so that it can readily draw whatever it grasps within reach of the powerful horny beak. But it can also use its arms as instruments of locomotion, and walk

with them at the bottom of the water, having its mouth and head downwards and its body upwards, thus presenting a most uncouth and grotesque appearance, as it crawls awkwardly upon its circle of feet. The mouth of the animal, which is in the middle of the central mass from which the arms radiate, consists of a pair of horny or calcareous mandibles, which bear a strong resemblance to the bill of a parrot, acting vertically one upon the other. With this powerful beak, as with a forceps, it can tear open many species of crustaceans and shell-fish, on which it is accustomed to feed, and rend its prey, of any description, when once dragged within its reach.

Professor Owen has divided the Cephalopoda into two orders; the one including the Pearly Nautilus, called *Tetrabranchiata*, or four-gilled; the other including the rest of the existing species, named *Dibranchiata*, or two-gilled. To the latter order belong the cuttle-fishes (*Sepiadae*)—a tribe which presents some of the most interesting and remarkable of animal forms.

One tribe of these cuttle-fishes have ten arms, two of them much longer than the rest, very slender and covered at their broadened extremities only with sucking disks. The other eight arms are shorter and thicker and covered on the whole of their under side with a double row of suckers. The whole ten arms taper to a fine point. The name "tentacles" is sometimes given to the arms, as not only do they serve for grasping objects but also subserve the sense of touch.

We are accustomed to regard the human hand as the very perfection of a prehensile organ, but some doubts on this point may be raised by a careful study of the arms of the cuttle-fish. Each of these arms is furnished with between one and two hundred suckers, every one of which is capable of adhering to any surface so tenaciously that it is easier to tear away the substance of the limb, while the creature maintains its hold, than to release it from its attachment. It is not difficult to understand how these suckers act. The principle is the same as that of a cupping-glass. The rim or border of each sucking-disk consists of a cartilaginous or gristly substance; and within this ring is a shallow cup-like space, across which a muscular membrane is stretched, having a circular aperture in the centre. Within this aperture is a muscular plug or piston, cone-shaped, and capable of being protruded or retracted rapidly, at the will of the animal. In the

specimens of the cuttle-fish which I am about to describe, I find that the edges of the sucking-disks are all denticulated, the horny rims, having extremely fine and sharp teeth which would sink deep into the flesh of the victim when the suckers are made to act. Let us now suppose that a lobster comes within reach of a cuttle-fish who has not dined. Instantly one of the long, lithe tentacles, which are endowed with a high degree of muscularity, darts out, and as quickly as a cat would clap her paw on a mouse, the extremity of the arm, covered with suckers, rests upon the crustacean. The moment the cuttle-fish feels the contact it draws back the muscular piston of its suckers, almost with the speed of lightning. A vacuum is created and the sharp edges of the disks are pressed against the lobster with a force equal to the weight of the water above it. Should the lobster make desperate efforts to escape, the cuttle-fish has the power of increasing the adhesion, by the retraction of the membranous disks, as well as the fleshy plugs, and thus the vacuum is enlarged and made more perfect. Should the victim still prove troublesome, and struggle hard when touched by the fatal spell, more and more of the suckers are called into play; the other arms twine round it and render it utterly powerless, and finally it is dragged within reach of the formidable beak, and speedily crushed in pieces. Should the cuttle-fish, for any reason, desire to release its grasp, it has merely to push forward the piston and the vacuum is, in a moment, destroyed by the admission of air below the suckers, and then the arms relax their hold. When we fancy the whole ten arms twining themselves round some victim—wrapping it around in their clammy folds with inconceivable rapidity, and then perhaps twelve hundred suckers at once, sinking into the flesh and seeming to drink the very blood, we see what a formidable grasp is that of the cuttle-fish and how terrible its embrace must be.

Another thing well worthy of study is the mode of locomotion in the cuttle-fishes. On examining that part of one of them from which the head protrudes, a tube or funnel is discovered which is connected with the bronchiæ, or breathing organs. The water is admitted to these organs by valves, which allow it to enter on the muscular dilatation of the body; and when the water, so admitted, has communicated its oxygen to the blood, it is expelled by this tube, just as in the case of fishes, it is driven out at the gills. But then this effete water, after purifying the blood of the

creature, is not merely got rid of, but is utilised, so as to be subservient to the movements of the animal. By ejecting the water through the funnel with force, it is, by the re-action of the surrounding medium, enabled to dart backward with amazing rapidity. This is its usual mode of locomotion, and nothing can surpass the ease and elegance of such movements. The common squid, or calamary, one of the cuttle-fish, visits the seas around Newfoundland, during the summer months, in vast shoals, which furnish the fishermen with a most valuable bait when prosecuting the cod-fishery. During a calm summer evening it is a most interesting sight to watch a shoal of these squids propelling themselves backwards over the surface of the sea. The body is just visible above the surface of the water; the head and funnel are hard at work below, like a hydraulic engine, ejecting the water, while the triangular fin, which forms the tail, acts the part of a front rudder, and directs the way. The squid can also move forward by means of the fin-like expansion of its tail, and sideways, by means of the side-fins, or expansions of the mantle. It can also, as we have seen, use its arms as legs and crawl along the sea-bed, with its head downward—a rather ludicrous method of locomotion. The backward motion, however, is that which is most graceful and natural in the squid.

Another remarkable peculiarity distinguishes the cuttle-fish. It is provided with a gland or "ink-sac," which secretes an inky fluid, by means of which it can darken the water and escape from its pursuers. A duct from this "ink-sac" opens into the funnel; and the animal can, at pleasure, squirt out the contents and envelope itself in a cloak of darkness. Formerly it was believed that the Chinese or Indian ink, so well known to artists, was made from the ink of the cuttle-fish, but this has been lately disproved, and it is known now that the Chinese ink is compounded solely from mineral matter. In Italy a similar ink, though not so black, is said to be prepared from that of the cuttle-fish, and probably resembles that which was used by the Greeks and Romans, derived from the same source. Cuvier is known to have used it to colour the plates for the memoirs of these animals. It is interesting to add that the ink-bag, having been found in a fossil state, in the Belemnite, a kind of Cephalopod which has been entombed in the solid rock for countless ages, Dr. Buckland presented some of it to Chantry, requesting him to ascertain its

orth as a pigment; and a drawing having been made with it and shown to a celebrated artist, he pronounced the sepia to be excellent, and inquired by what colourman it had been prepared.

One other peculiarity is worthy of attention. The cuttle-fishes are the most highly organized creatures of their genus, and seem to form the connecting link with the vertebrata. This is suggested by the existence in the squid or calamary of an elongated, flexible rod of horny material, when we lay open the back of the animal. This is called the cuttle-fish "pen," from its resemblance to a quill pen; in other forms similar to the squid, there is, instead of the "pen," a flattened plate of limy substance commonly called "cuttle-fish bone," and which is given to canary and other singing birds. The "pen" and the "cuttle-fish bone" foreshadow the typical chambered shell, on the principle known as "the law of homology," being constructed on the same fundamental and typical plan. Some naturalists recognize them as a rudimentary back-bone; and regard cuttle-fish as approaching nearest to the vertebrata.

It is remarkable that of the great division of cuttle-fish called *Tetrabranchiata* or "four-gilled," there is but one living representative, namely, the Pearly Nautilus, with numerous arms unprovided with suckers, no ink-sac, and an external many-chambered shell. All other cuttle-fish belong to the *Dibranchiata* or "two-gilled" order, and have either eight arms, as the octopus, or ten arms, as the calamary or squid. The geological record makes a remarkable disclosure regarding these great orders of cuttle-fish. During the Palæozoic ages, the oceans and seas swarmed with the "four-gilled" cuttle-fish, their beautiful external shells being now found as fossils, in the older rocks; but as the earth advanced towards its present condition, these curious forms slowly died out, leaving the pearly nautilus their only living representative. On the other hand, the "two-gilled" cuttle-fish have no representatives in the earlier periods of the earth's history, and only now seem to have reached their full development. The pearly nautilus occurs in almost the oldest rock-formations in which traces of living organisms are found, and still holds its ground in the great battle of life.

The cuttle-fishes commonly met with are inconsiderable in size. The squid is but six to eight inches in length. The Poulpe or Octopus, with its eight arms, usually measures about two feet from

tip to tip of the extended arms, and never more than five feet. The body of most of these is not bigger than a large clenched hand. It is, however, very remarkable that from ancient times, and to the present hour, the writings of naturalists and others have abounded with accounts of gigantic cuttle-fish. Some of these accounts were so grossly exaggerated that they have very properly been regarded as fabulous, or the offspring of ignorant credulity. Others were doubtful, and the evidence produced insufficient. No conclusive proof being forthcoming, most naturalists have utterly discredited the existence of these gigantic cuttle-fish. The older tales regarding them were often wild and absurd, but were so often repeated that we can hardly doubt they had some foundation in fact. The sea-monster called "the Kraken," celebrated in Scandinavian story, may not have been entirely the creation of the imagination, but really a kind of gigantic cuttle-fish. In "The Natural History of Norway by Bishop Pontoppidan," published so lately as 1753, a most absurd account is given of a "Kraken," the back of which, he says, when above the surface of the water, resembles a floating island, "in appearance an English mile and a half in circumference (some say more, but I choose the least for greater certainty)." The phenomena attending the rise of this unwieldy monster to the surface are described by the good bishop with wonderful minuteness, and finally he says, "several bright points or horns appear, which stand up sometimes as high and as large as the masts of middle-sized ships. It seems that these are the creature's arms, and it is said if they were to lay hold of the largest man-of-war they would pull it down to the bottom." We smile at the simplicity of the worthy bishop; but the question is, what suggested the tale? May there not have been a gigantic cuttle-fish at the bottom of it?

Pennant, one of our older naturalists, writes thus of the Octopus, or eight-armed cuttle-fish; "In the Indian seas this species has been found of such a size as to measure twelve feet in breadth across the central part, while each arm was fifty-four feet in length; thus making it extend, from point to point, one hundred and twenty feet." He further states that "the natives of the Indian Isles, when sailing in their canoes, always take care to be provided with hatchets, in order immediately to cut off the arms of such of these animals as happen to fling them over the sides of the canoe, lest they should pull it under water and sink it."

Dr. Shaw, in his Lectures, speaks with equal decision regarding the occurrence of this animal: "The existence of some enormously large species of the cuttle-fish tribe, in the northern Indian seas, can hardly be doubted; and though some accounts may have been exaggerated, yet there is sufficient cause for believing that such species may very far surpass all that are generally observed about the coasts of European seas. A northern navigator, of the name of Deris, is said, some years ago, to have lost three men in the African seas by a monster of the colossal cuttle-fish kind, which unexpectedly made its appearance while the men were employed, during a calm, in raking the sides of a vessel. The colossal fish seized three men in its arms, and drew them under water, in spite of every effort to preserve them: the thickness of one of the arms, which was cut off in the contest, was that of the mizzen-mast, and the suckers of the size of pot-lids."

Denys Montfort, in his "Natural History of the Mollusca," relates that off the coast of Angola (West Coast of Africa) an enormous cuttle-fish suddenly threw its arms across the vessel, and was on the point of dragging it to the bottom, when the continual efforts of the crew succeeded in cutting off the tentacula with swords and hatchets.

The Japanese have evidently a belief that the cuttle-fish will attack human beings; for in Mr. Laurence Oliphant's "China and Japan," there is a description of a Japanese show, which consists of a series of figures carved in wood, the size of life, and as cleverly coloured as "Madame Tussand's wax-works." One of these groups Mr. Oliphant describes as follows: "No. 5 was a group of women bathing in the sea; one of them had been caught in the folds of a cuttle-fish; the others, in alarm, were escaping, leaving their companion to her fate. The cuttle-fish was represented on a large scale—its eyes, eyelids, and mouth being made to move simultaneously by a man inside the head."

Mr. Beale, in his "South Sea Voyage," describes an adventure he had on the Bonin Islands, where he tried to stop an Octopus (which was four feet across its expanded arms) from getting back into the water. The brute fastened upon his person, with a murderous clutch, and had to be cut off from him bit by bit.

More recent accounts are so circumstantial and trustworthy, that it is impossible to doubt the occurrence of cuttle-fish of a very large size. Péron observed on the coasts of Van Dieman's

Land, a squid with arms six feet to seven feet long, and seven inches to eight inches in diameter. Quoy and Gaimard obtained fragments of a gigantic cephalopod in the Atlantic, near the Equator; and Sander Rang, in the same region, saw a cuttle-fish whose body was as large as a tun cask. A gigantic cuttle-fish was cast up on the coast of Sutland, in 1853, and has been described by Professor Steenstrup under the name of "*Architeuthis dux*." The largest of its arms were as thick as a man's thigh.

In the *Comptes Rendus*, of December 30th, 1861, the following account occurs: "On the 30th November, 1861, the French steamer *Alecton*, being about forty leagues north-east of Teneriffe, fell in with a gigantic cuttle-fish, of a brick-red colour, disporting himself at the surface of the sea. He was hit by several bullets, and at last struck with a harpoon, and seized by a cord with a slip-knot. At this moment, however, when every precaution was made to secure it, the animal, by a violent effort, tore away the harpoon from its soft flesh, and at the same time the noose slipped down to its caudal end, where it held; but in hoisting the creature out of the water, the part then seized broke off, and only a fragment, weighing about forty-six pounds, was brought on board. Both sailors and officers were anxious to have a boat lowered in order to go in pursuit of the creature; but the captain, fearing that some harm might happen to the boat's crew, in their struggle with so novel an opponent, declined, and left the mutilated cuttle-fish to its fate. The vessel was brought sufficiently near to enable the officers to make a drawing of it. Its length was from fifteen to eighteen feet, and its arms, covered with suckers, were estimated at five to six feet in length; its beak measured about a foot and a half across, and its weight was estimated at two thousand kilogrammes (over four thousand pounds)."

I now come to supply evidence, which will be regarded as conclusive, of the existence of a large species of cuttle-fish, in the waters around Newfoundland. On the 26th October, 1873, two fishermen, of Portugal Cove, were out in a small punt, off the eastern end of Belle Isle, in Conception Bay. Observing something floating on the surface of the water which they took to be a sail or portion of a wreck, they rowed close to it; when one of them struck it with his boat-hook. Instantly the mass showed that it was animated by putting itself in motion; a huge beak, "as large as a six gallon keg," the men declare, reared itself

from among the folds, and struck the boat violently, and a pair of dark prominent eyes glared at them ferociously, as if with some savage and malignant purpose. The men, as may be imagined, were petrified with terror, and for a moment, so fascinated by the horrible sight that they were powerless. Before they could make any effort to escape, there suddenly shot out from around its head two arms of corpse-like fleshiness, grappling for the boat and seeking to envelope it in their livid folds. Had these lithe, slimy arms, with their death-like adhesive powers, once fastened themselves on the boat or the men, by their powerful suckers, the boat would, in an instant, have been dragged beneath the surface of the water, and the victims brought within reach of the beak, which was ready to dart on them. With wonderful presence of mind, one of the men seized a small tomahawk, which was fortunately at hand, and severed the two arms which lay over the gunwale of the boat. The monster uttered no cry of pain, but immediately moved off from the boat, and ejected an enormous quantity of inky fluid which darkened the water for two or three hundred yards. The men declare that had this inky stream which they could see spouting forcibly from the "funnel," reached them in the boat, it would have stifled them. They saw the fish for a short time afterwards, and had a full view of it. Its body they describe as sixty feet in length, and the tail, at the thickest part, ten feet across. Its shape and mode of locomotion were the same as the common squid. In a few minutes it disappeared beneath the waves, and the men dragged the amputated arms into the boat, and brought their trophies ashore. Unfortunately, they were ignorant of the importance of their prize, and let the shorter of the arms be destroyed. The clergyman of the village, the Rev. Mr. Gabriel, assures me that the lost arm was six feet in length and ten inches in diameter; and of course, a portion of it must have remained attached to the body of the fish. The other arm was brought to St. John's, but not before six feet of it were destroyed. Fortunately I was informed of what had happened; and along with Mr. Murray, our Provincial Geologist, carefully examined and measured the arm, and had it immersed in alcohol. It is now in Mr. Murray's Geological Museum. We found the fragment to be nineteen feet in length, three and a half inches in circumference, of a palish pink colour and entirely cartilaginous, exceedingly

tough and strong. The fishermen estimated that in amputating it, they left ten feet attached to the body, and as six feet were destroyed, this would make the original length thirty-five feet. Near the extremity it broadens out like an oar, and here it is upwards of six inches in circumference; then it tapers to a very fine point. At the extreme end is a cluster of about seventy suckers, diminishing in size towards the point, having all denticulated edges. Next to this mass of small suckers come a double row of large ones, twenty-four in number, and an inch and a quarter in diameter, but the edges not denticulated. A second cluster of suckers, similar to the first, and about fifty in number, comes next to the large ones. Altogether, there are about one hundred and eighty suckers on this extremity. Before placing it in the museum, Mr. Murray and I had it photographed, by Messrs. McKenney and Parsons, of this city.

It is very evident that this is one of the long, thin tentacles of one of the ten-armed calamaries or squids; and that the arm which was destroyed was one of the eight thicker arms. I carefully cross-examined one of the fisherman who captured it—an honest, intelligent fellow—and he persisted in affirming that the body was sixty feet in length, “three times the length of his punt,” as he put it, “which is twenty feet in length, and was close to the fish.” I am inclined to think that he has, without any intention to mislead, over-stated the length, partly, perhaps, because alarmed and confused at the time, and partly because the outstretched arms would appear to add to the length. But I am satisfied that the monster seen by these men was certainly of enormous size—not less, at a low estimate, than from thirty to forty feet. It is difficult to conceive of a more horrible fate than to be entwined in the embrace of those clammy, corpse-like arms, and to feel their folds creeping and gliding around you, and the disks, with their cold adhesive touch, glueing themselves to you with a grasp which nothing could relax. The cold slimy touch is extremely sickening, and sends a shudder through the whole frame; while the ferocious glare of the cruel eyes strikes terror to the heart of the victim. The monster darts out its long arms with a snake-like, undulating motion; swiftly they glide round and round their victim, with a pressure like a tightening cord, the suckers feeling like so many mouths devouring him at the same time. Gradually the paralyzed victim, encircled in the terrible arms, which are as supple as

leather, almost as tough as steel, and cold as death, is pressed against the glutinous mass which forms the body, and then the powerful mandibles descend, rending and devouring. The creature is known to be extremely crafty, and when irritated, most ferocious. Not inappropriately have the English sailors named it the "Devil-fish."

A very fine engraving of this tentacle, copied from the photograph taken here, which was forwarded to London by Mr. Murray, accompanied with a descriptive note, appeared in *The Field* newspaper of December 13th, 1873. An able writer commenting on it in an accompanying article, says: "The animal from which this tentacle was detached, as above stated, belongs to the ten-armed section of the dibranchiate cephalopods, including the true cuttle-fish and the calamaries or squids, in which, besides the eight tapering arms seen in the octopus, there are two long tentacles, furnished with suckers, only on a widened part of the extremity. It was probably a gigantic calamary—and judging from the diameter given, (five feet)—of which the observer would be more likely to form an accurate conception than of its length—it may be fairly assumed that the body or "bag" of the animal was about twenty-five feet long, and that the specimen figured above represents probably nearly the whole of the tentacle. It is a well-known fact that calamaries attain to a large size around the coast of Newfoundland. Taking into consideration only the several instances above recorded, in which portions of the animal have been subjected to actual measurement, it may be regarded as an undoubted fact that huge creatures belonging to the lower forms of life frequent the depths of the ocean, and in their search after food occasionally venture to attack a kind of prey which proves too difficult for their "rapacious maw." It is to be hoped that Professor Wyville Thomson will bring back with him an entire specimen."

Much interest has been excited among naturalists, as well as among the general public, by this discovery; and my account of it has gone the rounds of the press both in Britain and America. I forwarded a description of the amputated arm, together with a photograph, to Dr. Dawson of McGill University, Montreal, who brought it before the Natural History Society of Montreal. The following paper on the subject, from the pen of the able Secretary of that Society, was afterwards published:

GIGANTIC CUTTLE-FISHES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

At the last meeting of the Natural History Society, held Nov. 24th, the President, Principal Dawson, read the following communication from Rev. M. Harvey, of St. John's Newfoundland:—

He (the President) stated that, in addition to many ancient accounts, some of them evidently exaggerated, Prof. Steenstrup, Dr. Morch and Prof. Allman had recorded the appearance of similar gigantic cuttle-fishes on the Coasts of Denmark and Scotland. Steenstrup has described two species under the names of *Architeuthis*—this *monachus*, and *A. dux*, and it seems not improbable that the specimens spoken of by Mr. Harvey may be referred to one of these. One of the Danish specimens is stated to have had the arms eighteen feet long, and the body twenty-one feet, so that it may have been as large as the Newfoundland specimens. Dr. Packard has directed attention to these monsters in the February number of the "American Naturalist" and has described a specimen found by a Gloucester fisherman on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland. Mr. Harvey's communication gives us the clearest evidence of the occurrence of these creatures on the shores of Newfoundland.

His letter runs as follows:—

"ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., Nov. 12, 1873.

"My Dear Doctor,

"I take the liberty of bringing under your notice some account of a gigantic cuttle-fish which was seen a few days ago in Conception Bay. The circumstances under which it was seen were as follows:—Two fishermen were out in a small punt, on Oct. 26th, off Portugal Cove, Conception Bay, about nine miles from St. John's. Observing some object floating on the water at a short distance, they rowed towards it, supposing it to be a large sail or the debris of a wreck. On reaching it, one of the men struck it with his "gaff," when immediately it showed signs of life, reared a parrot-like beak, which they declare was "as big as a six gallon keg," with which it struck the bottom of the boat violently. It then shot out from about its head two huge livid arms and began to twine them round the boat. One of the men seized a small axe and severed both arms as they lay over the gunwale of the boat; whereupon the fish moved off and ejected an immense quantity of inky fluid, which darkened the water for two or three

hundred yards. The men saw it for a short time afterwards, and observed its tail in the air, which they declare was ten feet across. They estimate the body to have been sixty feet in length, five feet in diameter, of the same shape and colour as the common squid; and they observed that it moved in the same way as the squid, both backwards and forwards.

One of the arms which they brought ashore was unfortunately destroyed, as they were ignorant of its importance; but the clergyman of the village assures me it was ten inches in diameter and six feet in length. The other arm was brought to St. John's, but not before six feet of it were destroyed. Fortunately I heard of it, and took measures to have it preserved. Mr. Murray, of the Geological Survey, and I, afterwards examined it carefully, had it photographed, and immersed in alcohol; it is now in our Museum. It measured nineteen feet, is of a pale pink color, entirely cartilaginous, tough and pliant as leather, and very strong. It is but three inches and a half in circumference, except towards the extremity where it broadens like an oar to six inches in circumference, and then tapers to a pretty fine point. The under surface of the extremity is covered with suckers to the very point. At the extreme end there is a cluster of small suckers, with fine sharp teeth round their edges, and having a membrane stretched across each. Of these there are about seventy. Then come two rows of very large suckers, the movable disk of each an inch and a quarter in diameter, the cartilaginous ring not being denticulated. These are twenty-four in number. After these there is another group of suckers, with denticulated edges (similar to the first), and about fifty in number. Along the under surface about forty more small suckers are distributed at intervals, making in all about one hundred and eighty suckers on the arm.

The men estimate that they left about ten feet of the arm attached to the body of the fish, so that its original length must have been thirty-five feet.

A clergyman here assures me that when he resided at Lamaline, on the Southern Coast, in the winter of 1870, the bodies of two cuttles were cast ashore, measuring forty and forty-five feet respectively.

More than once we have had accounts of gigantic cuttles cast ashore in different localities; but not until now have any portions of them been preserved.

By this mail I send you a photograph of the arm: it is one-fourth the original in size. You will readily see the suckers at the extremity of the arm. The disks of several of the larger ones have been torn off by carelessness on the part of the captors. A few of them, however, are perfect, and the smaller ones are not injured. I shall send you also, by this mail, three or four of these suckers which I cut off, the smallest being from the very tip of the extremity, and not much larger than a pin's head.

I shall be glad to hear your opinion of this fish at your earliest convenience.

It is a great pity one arm was destroyed, and it is still more to be regretted that we did not get the head of the monster.

Yours very sincerely,

M. HARVEY.

The photograph and specimens of the suckers of the creature, both forwarded by Mr. Harvey, were exhibited at the meeting. The Kraken, of Scandinavian superstition, is an exaggerated representation of one of these colossal cuttles. Its existence was gravely alleged by Pontopiddan as the cause of the occasional disappearance of islands. Denys de Montfort, who evidently disbelieved in their existence, having represented a "kraken octopod" in the act of scuttling a three-master (by way of caricature), told Mr. Defrance that if this were "swallowed," he would, in his next edition, represent the monster embracing the Straits of Gibraltar, or capsizing a whole squadron of ships. Truth is, however, at all times, stranger than fiction, as any one may see, in the present instance, who takes the trouble to compare Victor Hugo's fanciful and inaccurate description of the "devil-fish," in *Les Travaillieurs de Mer*, with the careful notes on a member of the same group of animals, as given above by Mr. Harvey. The cuttle-fishes are by far the most highly organized members of the great division Mollusca. By many writers they are considered as forming almost a link, as it were, between the vertebrate and invertebrate animals. The glassy internal pen of the squid, and the calcareous internal "bone" of the true cuttles, are held to foreshadow the spinal column of the higher animals. The eyes of the cuttles are large, brilliant, and more complicated in their structure than are those of some fishes. The late Mrs. Barret Browning, probably unconscious of this circum-

stance, however, commences a short poem, entitled Lord Walter's Wife, with the following couplet :

" But why do you go? said the lady, while both sat under the yew ;
And her eyes were olive in their depth, as the kraken beneath the sea blue."

J. F. W.

Mr. Murray, of the Geological Survey, forwarded an account of the arm of this cuttle-fish to the lamented Agassiz, who wrote in reply, expressing great interest in the discovery, and a desire to examine the tentacle, in order to determine whether it belonged to a new species of cuttle-fish. Before it could be sent to him, the scientific world had to deplore the loss of one of its greatest luminaries. As his letter on the subject must have been among the last he wrote, it will be read with interest; and by Mr. Murray's kind permission I am enabled to subjoin a copy of it:—

" MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY,
Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 25th, 1873.

" *My Dear Sir,*—

My friend Marcon has communicated to me your most interesting letter, and I am delighted at last to have such direct information concerning the gigantic cephalopods of the Atlantic, of which so much has been said since the days of Pontoppidan. I will now hunt up every thing that is worth noticing upon the subject; and if you would allow me an examination of your specimen, the zoological characters of the beast might be made out from the parts preserved, as we do of imperfect fossil remains. I would also ask leave to publish the substance of your letter to Mr. Marcon, in connection with this.

With great regard,

Yours, very truly,

L. AGASSIZ.

Alexander Murray, Esq., F. G. S., Director of the Geological Survey, Newfoundland."

What an interesting chapter on these gigantic cuttle-fish the world would have had, had the great ichthyologist been spared to examine this specimen and the one which I am about to describe! But alas! death has ended his labours. That busy brain so long engaged in deciphering "the manuscripts of God," is still for ever. No more will Nature, "the dear old nurse," murmur in his ear

"the rhymes of the universe." Even he had not exhausted the great "story-book." His life-long study of the fishes, fossil and living, still left much to be learned. His vast acquaintance with all forms of life in the waters did not embrace all its developments. At the very last a new form, hitherto doubtful or half-fabulous, presents itself, and he is eager to examine it, but the Master said, "It is enough: thy work is done. Come up hither."

All readers of Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea" will have a vivid recollection of his thrilling description of Gilliat's combat with the Devil-fish. I doubt not a majority of readers of that romance regard this fish as a pure creation of the author's imagination, and never suspect that it has a counterpart in nature. But fact is often far "stranger than fiction." Victor Hugo's Devil-fish, which he named "the sea-vampyre," and not inaptly described as a "glutinous mass endowed with a malignant will," was a mere babe compared with the monster seen in Conception Bay, being only five feet between the points of the extended arms, whereas this one must have been more than seventy-two feet from tip to tip of the two largest extended arms. The author represents his hero as killing his assailant with his knife; but half a dozen stout men, well armed, would have been required to despatch this monster.

Only about a fortnight after the appearance of this colossal cuttle-fish in Conception Bay, a fisherman called on me and informed me that he had taken an extraordinary fish in his herring-net at Logie Bay, four miles from St. John's. From his description, I concluded that he had captured one of the same species, but of much smaller dimensions than the Conception Bay monster. I conveyed the good news to Mr. Murray; and next day I had the satisfaction of possessing a perfect specimen of the Devil-fish. The fisherman informed me that in overhauling his herring net, he found the creature entangled in the meshes; that it made desperate efforts to escape; and that it required three men to despatch it before it could be hauled into the boat, its struggles being so violent that it was necessary to cut off the head. Mr. Murray and I made a careful examination of the fish, and had the head and arms photographed by Messrs. McKenney and Parsons, a separate photograph being taken of the body. We found it to be a calamary or squid, having ten arms. The two long tentacles are each twenty-four feet in length, and two and

three quarter inches in circumference. They are precisely of the same form as the arm previously described—expanding at the extremities, where they are covered with clusters of sucking-disks, all denticulated, the larger ones being about an inch in diameter, the others diminishing in size towards the points. The other eight arms are each six feet in length, and at the point of junction with the central mass the largest are ten inches in circumference, the under surface being entirely covered with a double row of suckers, all denticulated. Each arm tapers to a fine point and carries about one hundred suckers, great and small. On the ten arms I estimate that there are upwards of eleven hundred suckers. The parrot-like beak is in the middle of the central mass from which the arms radiate, and is larger than a large clenched hand. The eyes were behind this central mass, but unfortunately were destroyed in the process of killing it. We were able, however, to make out distinctly one eye-socket or eye-lid, which measured four inches in diameter. It was rather difficult to determine with certainty the length and thickness of the body, owing to its mutilated condition; but we ascertained that it could not have been less than seven feet in length and about five feet in circumference, at the thickest part. The impression here is that this is a young member of the species, perhaps two or three years old, and, as they are said to grow very rapidly, it would probably have reached a considerably larger size had it not met its doom in Logie Bay. The photograph is very well executed, and shows the ten arms hanging down, with their splendid array of suckers, the picture presenting the appearance of a beautifully executed embroidery. The photograph of the body shows the tail very clearly which is fin-shaped. The funnel does not appear in the photograph, but we were able to trace it running more than the half length of the body.

The possession of a perfect specimen such as this, is regarded by naturalists as of great importance, as, I believe, now for the first time, a complete cuttle-fish, of the larger species, has been preserved. I found, on trial, that it would not keep in the strongest brine, as it shrank very much and the softer and finer portions began to dissolve. We therefore decided on cutting it into fragments and putting it into alcohol. A portion has been sent to the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass.;

another will go probably to the Smithsonian Institute; and a third to the museum of McGill College, Montreal.

The existence of large cuttle-fish in the waters around these shores cannot be questioned. I am in possession of numerous accounts from persons of undoubted veracity and intelligence, who have seen and measured some of these giants. The Rev. E. Gabriel assures me that in the winter of 1870 the bodies of two gigantic cuttle-fish were cast ashore, during a storm, at Lamaline, on the southern shore, the bodies of which measured forty and forty-seven feet respectively. Another person, resident at Twillingate, tells me he saw one whose body measured eighty feet. I am inclined to suspect this measurement included the arms, and that the body may have been forty feet. A third informant assures me he measured one whose body and outstretched arms were fifty feet in length—the body itself probably twenty to twenty-five feet. Numerous instances are on record of specimens from ten to twenty feet in length of body. The bulk of our fishermen believe firmly in their existence, and call them "big squids." They have a common saying that "the squid is the biggest fish in the sea." One of them told me a curious tale. His little coasting craft lay at anchor one day, in a northern harbour, when suddenly, to the amazement of those on board, she began to sink, not having sprung a leak. In alarm, the men took to their boat; when after going down till the water was nearly on a level with the deck, she suddenly rose again. Soon after they saw a "big squid" floating about, and not unnaturally concluded that it had been trying its strength on their little craft, by fastening the suckers on the bottom and dragging it down; and then, for some reason, changed its mind, and relaxed its hold. I am thoroughly satisfied that there are about these coasts cuttle-fish whose bodies are more than thirty feet; and I regard it as probable that some specimens are occasionally met with thirty-five or even forty feet in length, though as yet, I have not satisfactory evidence of the existence of such giants. I am in hopes, ere long, of obtaining possession of one of the largest, should any be cast ashore, as I have made known the importance of preserving such specimens.

I find the following communication from Dr. Honeyman, Provincial Geologist of Nova Scotia, in a Halifax paper:

"I was much interested in the Rev. Mr. Harvey's graphic description of an Octopus. I would give you a brief description

of another member of the same family—a gigantic squid, a *decapod*. About a year ago a gentleman of our city, on seeing a squid in the Museum, which was cast on shore at Sambro by the storm which was supposed to have overwhelmed the *City of Boston* steamer, a specimen of unusual dimensions,—informed me that he had been present at the capture of an enormous squid. The place where it was captured was West St. Modent, Straits of Belleisle, Labrador side. It was lying peacefully in the water, when it was provoked by the push of an oar. It looked fierce, and ejected much water from its funnel; it did not seem to consider it necessary to discharge its sepia, as mollusca of this kind generally do in order to cover their escape. The men in the boat determined to secure it. After it had taken the boat in its arms, they tried to ship it with their oars. One of these broke, but another boat coming to aid in the capture, the squid was taken hold of by a grapple and rolled into the seine boat. The boats were engaged in the herring fishing. This also appears to have been the squid's occupation about the time of its capture. The length of its longest arm was thirty-seven feet, the length of the body fifteen feet, whole length fifty-two feet. The bill was very large. The suckers of its arms or feet, by which it lays hold, about two inches in diameter. The monster was cut up, salted and barrelled for dogs' meat. It is to be hoped that the next capture of the kind will be secured for scientific and popular uses."

In the large Aquaria at Brighton, England, and Hamburg, Germany, there is in each a living specimen of an Octopus, but the size is inconsiderable, not more, I believe, than three or four feet from tip to tip of the extended arms. This creature has eight arms, each tapering to a point; and the body is but a shapeless stomach or bag. It excites the greatest interest among the visitors; but could we only capture a live specimen of our "big squids," what a sensation it would make in an aquarium! The following account of the Octopus at Brighton, and its mode of capturing its prey, will be read with interest:

THE OCTOPUS OR DEVIL-FISH.

This marine monster's method of seizing its prey is thus described in "Land and Water" by Mr. Henry Lee, of the Brighton Aquarium, England: "A crab was so fastened that the string could be withdrawn, and was lowered near to the great

Octopus. He was sleepy, and required a great deal of tempting, but the sight of its favourite food overcame his laziness, and he lunged out an arm to seize the precious morsel. It was withdrawn from his reach; and so, at last, he turned out of bed, rushed at it, and got it under him against the plate glass, just as I desired. In a second the crab was completely pinioned. The action of an Octopus when seizing its prey for its necessary food, is very like that of a cat pouncing on a mouse, and holding it down beneath its paws. The movement is as sudden, the scuffle as brief, and the escape of the prisoner even less probable. The fate of the crab is not really more terrible than that of the mouse, or of a minnow swallowed by a perch; but there is a repulsiveness about the form, color and attitudes of the Octopus which invests it with a kind of tragic horror."

UNDER THE SNOW.

Under the snow the roses lie,
 And violets blue as the summer sky,
 They reck not how fiercely the North winds blow,
 Under the snowdrifts, under the snow.

Under the snow the mountain streams
 Babble all day of their nightly dreams,
 Whisper and frolic as on they go,
 Under the snowdrifts, under the snow.

Under the snow in bowers of moss,
 The Dryads are weaving their robes of floss,
 Robes that in summer will sparkle and glow,
 Under the snowdrifts, under the snow.

Under the snow are voiceless lips,
 And tender eyes in dark eclipse,
 And hearts that are pulseless, yet I know,
 A spring is coming to melt the snow.

H. L. S.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

I.

ONE day in August, in the year 1862, a rather rakish looking schooner might have been observed at anchor below Partridge Island. There was nothing particular in the appearance of this craft to attract attention, except that a long square-sail yard crossed her foremast, and hung accurately in the slings, giving her a character somewhat different from the common coasting vessels. Evening was gradually drawing her sombre curtain over the harbour of St. John, and the rugged heights of Fort Howe were fast disappearing from the gaze of the inhabitants of this city of hills.

I was on board of this craft, and had a short time previously bade adieu to my friends. In parting with some, I had received many a warm shake of the hand, but on bidding farewell to a few more intimate loved ones, I had been dismissed with tears, and exclamations of "God bless you my son."

"Oh! Johnny," cried my old nurse, "you will be put in prison if you go for to run the blockade!"

"Send me a lock of your hair," cried a pretty little blue-eyed maiden, as she beckoned me away.

"So long, Johnny; don't get shot," shouted one or two of my youthful companions, who had accompanied me as far as Reed's Point.

I may now state to my readers, that the vessel described was the *Sunbury*, with a cargo of salt, camp stools, clothing, powder, fish, and a thousand other articles. She had been cleared through the Custom House for Havana, but her real destination was Little River Inlet, South Carolina, Confederate States. About midnight a boat ranged alongside of us, and four men of neat attire sprang on board. The boat was dismissed, and a dandy-looking little person, who proved to be our captain, immediately gave orders to heave short. The wind was blowing fresh from the north-east, and the many heavy ships near by began making preparations to proceed on their voyages, and the musical clink of their windlasses was accompanied by the loud song of the seamen. On our anchor

being weighed, we crowded on all sail, and ran gracefully down the bay. On meeting this captain for the first time, I took a particular dislike to him, and he appeared to behold me with a frowning countenance. The three remaining personages I will name, and briefly describe as follows, viz :

Captain Benton was one of these unfortunate southern privateer skippers who had lost his vessel through force of circumstances, that is, his tongue had pressed open his mouth, and the outpourings of that organ had, like sweet music of the flute, attracted attention. A Yankee spy gleaned from him the whereabouts of his "thunder bomb," and consequently had "gathered her unto himself," or, which suited him as well, to his able and wise President, Mr. Lincoln. Benton was a tall, manly looking fellow, and one of his hands had only three fingers ; this was his right hand, and, by reason of its deformity, we all considered it more in order to hold a soup spoon than wield a sword. He was a champion tobacco-chewer, as all good sailors generally are. We styled him after a well-known dusky hero—"Three-fingered Jack." He was our Southern pilot.

Longfellow, though not a man of poetic mind, was over six feet in height, and would generally be considered a handsome man. He could strike a small glass vial, three times out of five, at thirty yards, with a pistol. Consequently, among duellists, he would be as much feared as the famous marksman, Long Tom Coffin. Strongfellow, was by no means least of this trio. He was the very model of physical power. I admired his lively, gentlemanly manners. We shook hands as friends, smoked our pipes and sipped our coffee together.

Nothing of importance took place, after leaving the Bay of Fundy, for several days, save that the little red-faced captain struck me a treacherous blow one morning at the breakfast-table, which, for the time being, enlarged my handsome nose, and caused the blood to flow quite freely. I asked his reason. "Because," said he, "Napoleon would never have a man under him unless he had a big nose." For this act I succeeded, in time, in bringing the little captain's nose to the grindstone—if I may use the phrase. When in the latitude of Delaware Breakwater our pilot, or rather Three-fingered Jack, informed us that we drew too much water to run into the desired port. He proposed to Longfellow to go up to Baltimore and discharge a lot of fish in order to

lighten us. We all disapproved of this suggestion. The pilot argued powerfully, and in a few days we were at anchor off Fell's Point, Baltimore. Here our crew deserted. Spies prowled about, and finally the United States Customs flag floated from our main rigging. *We were under seizure.*

It is almost unnecessary to remark, that Baltimore was one scene of excitement: recruits drilling, soldiers on the march to the field of battle, and Southern prisoners hurried here and there. Jeff. Davis' warlike host was rapidly marching into Maryland, and the melodious notes of the bugle summoned regiment after regiment to form; drums beat, shrill fifes bewailed, in plaintive strains, "The Girl I left behind me," and ten thousand bayonets glistened in the burning sun. The *Sunbury* was finally released, Longfellow giving bonds not to proceed into the South. We shipped a crew of free negroes, cleared through the Custom House for Havana, and sailed down the river; the wind hauling against us, we anchored close under the guns of Fortress Monroe. While here, we took boat and proceeded on shore. We were not admitted within the walls of this immense battery. All was bustle and activity. Hundreds of wounded soldiers were being landed continually, and the countenances of many bespoke great agony and helplessness. Gangs of contrabands were throwing up breastworks. Frigates and gunboats were lying promiscuously at anchor, many of them under steam. We had left Baltimore without a pilot—that official having taken French leave of us. We learned afterwards, that he had succeeded in passing through the lines; after which he walked and begged, or stole, his way to Charleston, South Carolina.

With a strong gale piping in our favour, we left Fortress Monroe, and rounded Cape Henry, passing very near a bleak and dreary lighthouse, and, with a spanking breeze, flew down the coast of Virginia, through a fleet of transports, rounded stormy Hatteras, and glided swiftly by the shores of North Carolina.

One night we narrowly escaped colliding with a United States frigate on Fryng-pan Shoals. She did not perceive us—it being dark and rainy at the time. We soon distanced the light of the cruiser, and before daybreak were off our destination. I was at the wheel. The little captain observed the morning star.

"Is not that a light on our port bow," he inquired.

"No, sir," I replied, "it is the morning star."

"You are a lying fool," answered the pedant.

My attention being diverted by this side issue, the vessel, which was running at a rapid rate, jibed her main-boom, and nearly carried away the mainmast. The captain's rage knew no bounds; he aimed at me a stunning blow with his long spy-glass, but I caught it in my arms, and Strongfellow appearing on the scene gave the little skipper a sound lecture. We now could easily distinguish several lights strung along the coast. These we mistook for Yankee gunboats, or the blockading squadron. We hauled close to the wind and stood off until noon. The sun was taken, and our exact position obtained. No enemy was in view. We shaped our course for the Inlet, which we made about four o'clock that afternoon. To us all, shoreward seemed like a huge swamp. The towering pines and low sandy beaches, made rather a dismal picture, and night was hovering nigh. We could distinguish not the slightest form of a harbour or river's mouth. At last Longfellow and I pulled to *terra firma* and discovered a tall, lanky white man fishing, accompanied by two negroes. They fled at our approach, but we held up a white handkerchief, and they halted. Longfellow offered the white man \$100 gold to pilot us in, for we had discovered the inlet on landing. He most firmly refused, and acted as if afraid—"Well," cried Longfellow, "a bird that can sing and won't, must be made to," so he produced his long revolver, and the stranger became suddenly, as it were, all smiles. He went with us, performed what we desired, and was paid, and ere the night-hawks had spread their dusky wings over the dark waters of Little River Inlet, we were safely moored ten miles above Fort Stanley. We gave three rousing cheers, and the soldiers, dressed in the Southern gray, crowded on our decks. A keg of "Highland-dew" was uncorked, and their band struck up "Britannia Rules the Waves." There is, perhaps, not a more picturesque sheet of water in the whole South than this river. On either side, its banks are studded with towering pines, with here and there an opening, through which occasional glimpses are caught of the white fields of the cotton planter. It was here the sturdy negro went forth to his daily task, his musical halloo echoing across the stream, which, before it died away, was taken up and answered from all the adjacent plantations by his brother slaves. Here the inhabitants were for a time doubtful of our character, but we soon disarmed their suspicions, and found them generally kind-hearted and obliging.

The exports of this port, before the war had ruined its commerce, were yellow pine, resin, cotton, pitch and turpentine. Many of the residents were reputed wealthy, but battle after battle had swept nearly all of their young men away, and made the little town almost bankrupt. We sold our salt for the equivalent of \$2 per bag in gold. We received our pay in Confederate scrip, it being then worth of Confederate \$2.50 to \$1, gold. The balance of our cargo was disposed of at immense profits, and three months after our arrival here, we were loaded with cotton and turpentine, but an efficient blockade was stationed off the mouth of the inlet, and we were fastened in—or, to use a sporting phrase, we were bagged. We did not accomplish unloading and loading without a great deal of toil, hardship and danger, for the cargo inwards had to be transported by us in flat-boats a distance of thirty or forty miles up a sound, along the sea-coast towards North Carolina, to a place named Indian Landing. The outward cargo had to be taken on board at this wild spot and transmitted back to our craft.

Being forced to remain in the South, and having nothing to do, Strongfellow and I would often go roaming about, sometimes to plantations. Occasionally we would take horse and leisurely ride a few leagues back to a cavalry encampment. How astonished I felt on beholding officers in conversation. All of them had careworn countenances, and were in years apparently far down the hill of life. Quite grey was their hair, which hung carelessly down their shoulders. The soldiers were to be seen in companies through the forest, their horses grazing around in every direction. Now and then the charming strains of a violin would gladden our ears, and when the young warriors learned that I could scrape them off a glorious old Scotch air my stock went up fifty per cent., and every violinist, fiddler, and cat-gut rasper in the country sought the valuable acquaintance of Johnny. Strongfellow gained hosts of friends by his kind, gentlemanly manner, and admirable dexterity with the boxing gloves.

One dark night an old planter, accompanied by his slaves and fox hounds, invited us to join him in an opossum hunt. We all started, guns in hand. Away in advance were the negroes bearing pine torches, made from what the natives called "fat lightwood." We tramped for about two miles, when suddenly the dogs took scent and darted off, treeing several of these cunning

animals. We shot ten, and captured three alive. In order to secure them the slaves climbed the trees and shook the limbs violently. This would cause the opossums to take several round turns with their tails, and in this manner they would hold on, swinging away until thrashed off. Then they would fall to the ground in the form of a ball, and a novice at this sport might kick them about and consider them dead, but the good dogs would soon cause them to uncoil and display their grinning countenances. They are much larger than a New Brunswick hare, have short legs and long bristly fur, and a head not unlike a West India pig. They are very docile and will not bite unless much provoked. Some people in the South are fond of this game roasted, for my part I would almost as soon dine on cat.

On our return from this expedition, we found the inhabitants of the town on a brisk move, although it was scarcely sunrise. Rifles were being loaded. The women were running bullets out of tea-lead, lead spoons, and all other lead at hand. Considerable excitement existed among little children, who were crying bitterly for fear their fathers would be killed. The fact was, the Yankees were advancing in large launches up the river, so my friend Strongfellow and I could not remain neutral in the action. We procured a fresh supply of cartridges for our revolvers, obtained powder and ball for our rifles, and immediately joined the ranks of the South Carolina Coastguards. This proceeding, on our part, gained us hearty shake hands from many a brave Southern officer and private, who, a few months afterwards, found a grave in the sandy soil they had fought and died for.

"Johnny," whispered Strongfellow to me, "truly these are gallant and noble fellows, but I fear they are in arms for naught."

"Will they not gain their independence?" I inquired.

"Never!" was the laconic answer.

"Why not?" I continued.

"Because they are not a quarter numerous enough," was the reply.

The preparations made on this occasion to repulse the enemy, proved to be unnecessary, as their boats ran aground after having rowed up river a mile. Not being able to find the proper channel, they retired.

The Yankee gunboats still continued to bar our chances of getting the *Sunbury* out. Many of the coast-guards were ordered

off to the battle-fields around Richmond. Every available man was dragged from his home to help fill up the thin ranks of cavalry and infantry, and many were the sad homes in this little town without fathers, brothers, or sons. In fact, none were left but old women, helpless old men, wounded soldiers, and starving children. Strongfellow and I were compelled to attach ourselves to a small body of men whose duty it was to protect this town, and the salt works and signal stations along the coast of North and South Carolina, and, during our service, we took part in several hot skirmishes. On one occasion we heard heavy cannonading about three miles south of us. The piercing notes of the bugler's horn soon gathered the grey-jackets, all well armed, and ready for the march. An hour's hard tramping brought us to the scene of action. A short distance off lay two gunboats. Near the beach were several launches, and hard aground was the blockade-running steamer *Firefly*. She had been chased on shore by the long guns of the Yankees. Captain McDonald, who commanded us, immediately gave the order to attack the boats by extending ourselves in a single line, and marching at double-quick to the water's edge, holding our fire till the beat of our drums should be the signal to engage. We darted off with a ringing cheer, and received a volley that caused two of our number to fall. The drums finally began to rattle, and we fired. Many a poor sailor and marine felt the venom of our rifle-balls and buck-shot, for our arms consisted of sporting pieces, old flint muskets, and revolvers. The launches proceeded off to their vessels, being called away by signals. With us, three were killed, and over twenty wounded. One youth alongside of me had three fingers shot away while holding the ramrod of his piece.

Strongfellow said: "Johnny, how do you fancy this way of doing things?"

"I don't like it at all," I returned. "I would sooner fight behind pine trees, like we have always done at Fort Stanley."

"Well," laughed my companion, "I almost agree with you; but, I tell you, Johnny, if these Yankees return, we will not get off so easily, for they are numerous, and armed with Enfield rifles, while we are not over four hundred strong, and our captain is such a thundering fire-eater, he would die with every soul of us on this beach before he would order a retreat."

I well knew the truth of Strongfellow's remarks, and prayed in

my heart that the gunboats would leave us. I think my supplication was heard, for a tremendous dark bank of clouds rose southward shortly after, forked lightning streaked the inky heavens, and simultaneously came the deafening roars of thunder, that would silence all the cannons that weak man could produce. The terrible voice of the Creator was over the waters. This was, indeed, no time for men to be at strife. We sought shelter in the forests near at hand. Towards evening the thunder had entirely ceased. The sun peeped out cheerily, and the dull clouds disappeared rapidly before his shining face.

A cavalry company of five hundred now reinforced us, and the gunboats again hove in sight and steamed close in shore. My heart fairly thumped within me. It was not fear that caused it; but I really did not relish fighting for a country I had no interest in, and I now prepared myself to see a grand struggle on a small scale. Strongfellow advised me to keep near him and fight like a man, and not disgrace dear old New Brunswick.

To my extreme delight the gunboats did not lower their launches, but they opened a tremendous fire of bombshells and grapeshot on us. We were ordered to scatter among the trees, and lie flat down. This we did. The cannonading was kept up over an hour; not one of us were hurt, but our horses did not fare so well. Several were slain. Darkness at last came to our aid, the enemy steamed away, and we took charge of the *Firefly*. The greatest disorder prevailed, the entire crew of the steamer had either been captured or had escaped down the coast in their barges. We helped ourselves to whatever we found, and saved a large amount of the cargo, which consisted of salt, medicines, clothing, shoes, etc. For half a mile or more the beach was strewn with oranges, matches, and all sorts of small goods. My share of the plunder that night netted me over \$400. We then fired the beautiful vessel, and soon after day dawned bright and charming; the sea, as far as the eye could discern, was like a world of mirrors. Away up and down the coast might be observed the smoke of salt works ascending in a perpendicular column towards the cloudless heavens. It was one of those refreshing winter mornings, so peculiar to these latitudes. The distant booming of a cannon interrupted the peaceful surroundings, and soon after, back steamed the two busy gunboats. Our prize was in a grand flame, and we prepared for another defence. They did not, however, seek to meet us

at close quarters, but again turned their big guns towards us, and the piles of merchandise stacked along the shore suffered severely. One shell struck within ten yards of a group of us. We were laying flat on our faces. It exploded, doing no harm, but plowing the sand over us. I learned, while in the South, to dodge shot and shell in very fair style, for I could almost always keep my eye on a shot from the time it left the ship's side till it landed, that is, providing the firing was not too lively. Only about one-half of their one hundred and twenty pound conical-shaped shells ever exploded, and we, on many occasions, would unscrew the caps and take out the powder.

The enemy finally proceeded towards Charleston, and we fell in line and marched back to Fort Stanley to the tune of "Paddy Carey." We were a hungry company. I had partaken of no food whatever for nearly thirty hours excepting an orange or two that had been well soaked in salt water. Fort Stanley commands the entrance to Little River, and is situated on a high bluff, frowning down on the water which leisurely ebbs and flows before it. It was an odd sight to observe us at mess. Every soldier cooked for himself, ground his own corn and shelled his own clams, and during the six months that I wore the Southern gray, not one ounce of any other description of prog entered my mouth than clams and corn. After "luncheon" we would gather on the barricades and smoke bad tobacco, rendered sweet by the fragrant cane-roots that we used for pipe-stems. Our pay was \$12 a month, and peach brandy was \$64 a gallon. Strongfellow and I would always go strolling about whenever we could obtain leave. At different plantations we had formed the acquaintance of many young ladies,—

Some of whom were very fair,
With large dark eyes and flowing hair.

One, a Miss V——, was always pleased to see me and darn my stockings. The only fault I could see in her was, she chewed snuff. She would chew it with all the gusto that an English man-of-war sailor would munch his junk of *pigtail*. Her papa owned plenty of "niggers," and being a doctor, and having a lame leg, he managed to keep away from Yankee bullets. He was a good-hearted old chap, and often treated Strongfellow and myself to a clam stew, saying: "Come now strangers, wade in and don't be skeered."

One day Strongfellow remarked to the Doctor that the Yankees had received a sound drubbing at the battle of Secessionville.

"That's so," cried the man of pills. "By Jerushy, our boys fit like cats and worried the Yanks dreadfully, but hold on, that ain't nothin' tu what they'll git yit, for they can't lick us no how."

"By the way," continued the Doctor, "dew yer have any niggers where yer came from?"

"Very few, sir," I replied, "and most of them are in fair circumstances."

"Dew tell," exclaimed our host, "what a blessin. By ginger that's the country for me,—no tarnation flat-nosed squash-heads to torment christians. Tell me a nigger's a human bein'? No, sir, not by a jugful, gol darned if he is!"

Shortly after this I was detailed to command a flat-boat between Little River Inlet and Indian Landing. I shook hands with Strongfellow one sunny morning, and the black slaves poled smartly down stream. Lofty yellow pines adorned the right bank of the river, and our left was a continued expanse of marshes abounding with game. Our progress was not speedy, and when the tide flowed against us we anchored. One night we moored our craft and built a fire under the lee of a sand hill. The darkies served up a goodly dish of clam scouse, and I sought the shelter of my blanket. About gray daylight I sprang from my dreams, having been aroused by pitiful cries proceeding from a big negro boy in flames. Having courted the warmth of the pine chips, he had taken fire, and a most fearful spectacle was he. His dusky friends roared and laughed at the sight, while I coated his physiognomy with corn meal, but his upper works were disfigured for life. His sufferings were intense, but the pity extended to him was exceedingly scanty.

I visited with my flat-boat all the salt works and villages northward for nearly forty miles. My darkies behaved very handsomely, and called me "Massa Johnny, de Englishman." On arriving at Indian Landing, our discharging port—for we had a cargo of merchandise to land—I ordered the *caterer* to prepare the supper. To our dismay, we found that the cornmeal had been forgotten at a landing fifteen miles below. There was no road to this spot—only a path through the swamps and woods. I left my blacks in charge of a couple of armed white men, and proceeded alone in a canoe after the neglected corn. I was sorely in need of some thing to dine on, and I pitied the famished slaves, who had been working hard all day. I found the stream narrow and very

crooked, with high rushes fringing either side. Not being familiar with the use of the paddle, I found myself a remarkably poor steersman, and on gaining much headway, I would suddenly find myself almost high and dry ashore or thoroughly wedged in among the stout rushes from whence I often had great difficulty in extricating myself. For miles I continued in this way, and at last becoming exhausted, shoved my barque on shore under the banks of a long sandy island. Dark night had thrust its gloom over me, and I was famished and sick at heart. Twenty-four hours had passed away since I had broken my fast. I felt weak. Nevertheless, I struck out in search of civilization, and a walk of four miles brought me in sight of a bright light. I thanked the gods and quickened my speed, arriving finally at a Signal Station, occupied by a few soldiers. I implored them to gladden my heart with prog. The willing fellows placed before me all they controlled—a quart of raw cornmeal. This I feasted on, and now I remembered the starving blacks. I despatched two of the gray-coats to the main land, where they secured supplies for my darkies, and next day I joined them. They had become almost starved. Three weeks after this adventure, I was obliged to ground my flat-boat loaded with cotton, off Tubb's Inlet, on my way down. The neap tides compelled me to do this. I found I could not proceed until the spring tides would favour us, so I left my crew in charge of the battery near by, and started away in search of something new.

I walked into Charlotte breastworks next evening, and was immediately taken charge of by two cavalry officers. They, of course, did not know me, but by my accent knew I was no North Carolinian. It did not take me long to unfold my nationality to them, and we *smoked the calumet of peace*. These cavaliers introduced me around the neighbourhood, and bountifully supplied me with corn-cakes. They were a handsome body of warriors, and were armed to the teeth. When on horse they presented a romantic appearance, with their knee-boots, and grey jackets, ornamented with large brass buttons, on which were stamped the palmetto tree. Broad-brimmed hats crowned their heads, one side being looped or folded tastefully, and from their girdles hung long revolvers, short swords, and handsome rifles. In their belts were gracefully thrust the well-known bowie knife. They were a jolly lot of fellows, and were never tired of asking me about my country. All the old fiddlers in the district were

hunted up, the dance became the order of the day, and now I say farewell to these hospitable friends who are to me *L'inconnu*. I proceeded back to my boat through fields of ground peas, or what we in New Brunswick know better as pea nuts, and soon after arrived safely at Fort Stanley. On gaining the old sand battery I was pleased to find Longfellow, who had just returned from a tour to New Orleans.

We proceeded one afternoon through a swamp to find my friend and old companion, Strongfellow, who was engaged in the woods with a pioneer, tapping trees; or, in other words, making turpentine. On our way, Longfellow trod on a knot of moccasin snakes, one of which instantly coiled around his boot, this he cut in two with his knife, and I shot the other. They were about four feet in length, and though their sting or bite is not deadly, yet it is said to be sometimes almost fatal, and will cause the victim to linger in a fever. From this, till I left South Carolina, we had many skirmishes with the blockading forces, and sometimes we had to retreat back among the pines. Strongfellow and I, at the end, became tired of this work. We had no enthusiasm in it, we were not fighting *pro aris et focis*. The last little engagement we had, we captured a Yankee launch, eight marines, a second lieutenant, and a keg of grog. With the latter article we drank good health, and long life to the prisoners, much to their disgust. We also relieved them of eighty Enfield rifles, a few revolvers, and a sword.

One day I was handed a letter. It was from a wealthy old lady who resided three miles distant. Its purport was for me to call on her at once, if convenient. I was aware of her being the mother of two charming daughters, both of whom were single and just budding into lovely womanhood. I went—"Oh, Mr. Johnny, I am delighted to see you," was my greeting from the venerable dame. The pretty daughters smiled sweetly at me and presented to my avaricious gaze a plate of corn-rolls. A long controversy now took place between us, and the sum total was, that I was offered by the dear good old mother—not one of her darling maidens, but the round sum of \$3000, and a fine young stud, if I would consent to go immediately to Richmond, and relieve her poor noble boy Oanus.

Oanus, she informed me was in the Rio Bravo Cavalry. I listened to this fond mother for an hour, and having refused to enter into the contract, left her *Maison de campagne*.

STRADA SAN GIOVANNI.

'Tis a quiet little byway,
 Steep and rugged as Parnassus,
 Leading from the noisy highway
 Filled with Carbonari asses.
 Lofty houses lean above it,
 Whispering, like neighbors canny;
 Still in memory I love it—
 Dingy Strada San Giovanni.

Shrined in niches on the corners,
 Saints and martyrs smile down grimly
 On the unbelieving scorners
 Stalking through the twilight dimly.
 Going no one knoweth whither,
 By the Casa Frangipani,
 Where the votive flowers wither
 Down in Strada San Giovanni.

When the summer days were weary
 With the breathings of Sirocco,
 Blowing, with persistence dreary,
 Red and sultry from Morocco,
 Pleasant was that shady alley,
 When there were not passers many,
 Like an ancient cliff-walled valley—
 Lonely Strada San Giovanni.

With her cushion, making laces,
 Deftly working, like a fairy,
 Fairest of the island graces,
 Little Anna Camelleri
 Sat upon the doorstep singing,
 Giving little heed to any,
 To and fro her bobbins flinging
 In old Strada San Giovanni.

Gentle, dark-eyed, little maiden,
 Dream of unforgotten pleasure,
 With her tresses, coin o'erladen,
 All her dowry and her treasure.
 Long ago, while multiplying
 Shadows gather thick and many,
 Still a sunbeam, time-defying,
 Shines in Strada San Giovanni.

Ottawa, January, 1874.

CARROLL RYAN.

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF TECUMSEH.

BY JOHN CAMERON, LONDON, ONTARIO.

THE 13th of September, 1872, a day of genial sunshine, tempered by pleasant breezes, found us with our faces towards the battle-field of 1813, near the side of the old Indian village of Moraviantown, where Tecumseh was killed. Thamesville is a thriving village, forty-nine miles west of London, Ont., by Great Western Railway measurement; the battle-ground is about three miles east of Thamesville. A short drive along "the old trail," due east, brings us to our destination.

The battle ground and the disposition of the forces may be briefly pictured. The River Thames (then called La Tranche), here an important and picturesque stream, confined within steep banks, and fringed with oaks, walnuts and shrubbery, and flowing from east to west, formed the southern boundary of the ground. A short distance to the northward was a narrow stretch of morass, so swampy as to be considered practically impassable. East of this morass, facing west, the British force occupied a slight knoll of rising ground. The left wing extended nearly to the bank of the river, the right rested on the north-eastern corner of the swamp. Here—concealed behind trees and logs and rushes—commenced the Indian line under Tecumseh, the dusky column stretching irregularly from east to west along the northern edge of the marshy land. The idea of Gen. Proctor, the British commander was evidently to entrap the Americans into a sort of *cul-de-sac*; and, when the British and Americans were engaged, for Tecumseh

and his Indians to make an attack upon the rear of the American force. In some manner, however, the ambush was detected by the American scouts; the fierce and stalwart Kentucky mounted riflemen—used to riding in the woods, and famous as marksmen—urged their horses impetuously through the morass in spite of mire and every opposing obstacle; springing from their saddles they were in a moment engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand struggle with the Indians; at the same time an attack was made on the British line, and the engagement became general. The result of the battle is well known. The death of Tecumseh early in the fight threw the Indians into confusion; the British line, confronted by a superior force, accustomed to warfare in the woods, was broken, and the Americans were masters of the field. The American force, some three thousand five hundred, is admitted, even by American authorities, to have been from one thousand to one thousand five hundred stronger than the combined force of British and Indians. The Americans burned the Indian village of Moraviantown to the ground; and it is related that many Indian mothers threw their babes into the Thames, rather than leave them behind to the cruel mercies of their foes.

Gen. Proctor has been accused of cowardice. Looking at the evidence we fear it cannot be denied that appearances are against that officer. It is well known that Tecumseh, a keen judge of character, did not entertain the respect for Gen. Proctor's courage he invariably manifested for Gen. Brock.

Of the manner of Tecumseh's death many versions have been given. It is now generally conceded that he was killed by Col. Johnston, the commander of the Kentucky riflemen. An Indian of fierce and commanding appearance, standing by a large walnut tree, was observed by Col. Johnston in the act of throwing a tomahawk. Col. Johnston instantly levelled his pistol, and fired at the Indian who fell dead. Though Col. Johnston did not know it at the time, as the warrior (probably from motives of precaution) was not dressed differently from his fellows, no doubt seems to be entertained that the Indian shot near the walnut tree was Tecumseh. The tree has long since been carried away piecemeal by relic hunters.

A horrible story has found currency and credence in many quarters to the effect that the vengeful Kentuckians cut strips from Tecumseh's body for "razor strips." An old Indian named

Pheasant, who served as a captain under Tecumseh, and one of the last of the native race in Canada who had seen Tecumseh, died only a few months since. Pheasant always denied most emphatically that Tecumseh had been flayed; though it is undoubtedly a fact that the bodies of a number of Indians were submitted to that indignity. Pheasant asserted that six Shawnee braves stole to the battle-ground under cover of night, removed the body of Tecumseh, and gave reverential burial to the remains of their great chieftain in the depths of a forest a short distance northward. The supposed site of Tecumseh's grave is pointed out to the curious, but like that of Moses, whose place of sepulture no man knew, the last resting place of Tecumseh is not, and can never be a matter of absolute certainty.

The name Tecumseh, or Tecumtha, as it is variously written, is said to signify "The Wildcat Springing on its Prey." The great warrior was born in the valley of the Miamis, on the banks of Mud River, a few miles from what is now Springfield, Ohio, in an old Shawnee town, in the year 1768. In his youth he is described as having been good-natured and generous. He early became pre-eminent among his fellows as a hunter and warrior. Six feet in height, straight as an arrow, symmetrical, agile, nose large and aquiline, face large and grave. Heavy eyebrows covered his flashing eyes. Physically, he was prodigiously strong and quick—an Indian William Wallace. Industrious, temperate, wise and magnanimous, noted for manhood, courage and military genius, it is no wonder that his very name exercised a talismanic influence over his dusky *confreres*. As an orator there can be no doubt that Tecumseh was eloquent and impressive. Some of his impassioned appeals, still extant, have a loftiness of sentiment, a comprehensiveness of thought, and a richness of illustration, quite in keeping with his fame. It is said that Perry's victory on Lake Erie was concealed from Tecumseh by Proctor for fear of its effect on his savage followers. Tecumseh, seeing Proctor's preparations to retire eastward from the American frontier, suspected the truth. At a council held in one of the store-houses at Amherstburg, Tecumseh, with great vehemence of manner, addressed Proctor, saying:

"*Father, listen!* Our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with the one arm (Captain

Barclay). Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father tying up everything, and preparing to turn the other way, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father do so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog that carries its tail upon its back, but when affrighted, it drops it between its legs and runs off.

"*Father, listen!* The Americans have not defeated us by land, neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we therefore wish to remain here and fight our enemy should he make his appearance. If they *defeat* us, *then* we will retreat with our father. * * * You have got the arms and ammunition which our great father, the king, sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be His will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

Lossing, in his "Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812," from which we extract the above speech, says its effect was electrical. The Indians all started to their feet and brandished their tomahawks in a menacing manner.

Tecumseh's influence over his followers was manifested in other ways. Gen. Brock wrote of him as follows: "A more sagacious or a more gallant warrior does not, I believe, exist. He was the admiration of every one who conversed with him. From a life of dissipation he has not only become, in every respect, abstemious, but he has likewise prevailed on all his native, and many of the other tribes, to follow his example."

The great scheme of Tecumseh's life was the confederation of all the Indian tribes of North America. As early as 1805, we are told, he commenced to carry out his scheme, and became the inveterate enemy of what his people termed the "American dogs." The war of 1812 found him a fast friend of the British, and using his oratory and influence with the Indians in their behalf. In August, 1812, at the capture of Detroit, Gen. Brock paid marked respect to Tecumseh. He took off his own rich crimson silk sash, and placed it round the waist of the chief.

The scene of Tecumseh's death is now a well-cultivated field. The site of the morass, plainly marked by a depression of the soil, has long been drained. Here are indentations marking the graves

where, under the rain and the dew, side by side slumber peacefully American rifleman, British soldier, and son of the forest. "After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

It is not creditable that no monument to the memory of Tecumseh has yet been erected. Few braver, abler, or more faithful allies ever fought under the old red flag. It is to be hoped the Government of Ontario will see the justice of securing, by a suitable monument, the perpetuation of the memory of a man brave, brilliant and able, though a savage,—a gifted representative of a singular and swiftly perishing race.

Leaving the interesting locality, we drove towards the Indian reservation. Half a dozen Indian lads, with bows and arrows, appeared suddenly upon the foliated brow of the steep river bank. A black squirrel, sporting upon the topmost bough of a tall oak, was brought down with unerring accuracy by a young Delaware's arrow. Another lad, invited to show us his skill, drew bow on a slender mark several hundred yards distant, out of four times grazing it twice to twice hitting it squarely in the centre. The bows and arrows were of hickory, the latter tipped with feathers and hardened at the point by burning; the bow-strings of hickory bark twisted.

Passing to the south side of the river, we were conducted over the Indian Church by the genial Moravian Brother who has charge of the Mission. We examined the hymn-books, printed in the Delaware tongue, but our success in translation was not conspicuous. The Moravian missionary, after much pondering over the Semitic structure of the Indian languages, and much close observation of the manners, moods and thoughts of the red men, has come unalterably to the conclusion that their origin is Asiatic, and that they are of the tribe of Ishmael.

We paid a visit also to the Indian burying-ground, a pleasant plot of land picturesquely situated on a high bluff in view of the winding river. Among the Indian graves reposes a devoted Moravian missionary. Over the entrance to the cemetery is an arch, on which is inscribed, in the Delaware tongue, these words: AUWEN WULISTAWITE POMMAUCHSUTCH QUONNA ANGELLIKE. ("He that believeth on me though he were dead yet shall he live.")

We returned to the outer world—to the bustle of trains and the shriek of locomotives—musing on the strange fate of a vanishing race, and impressed with the wealth of historic incident in Ontario awaiting the pen of some future Canadian Macaulay.

THE MARTYR OF ART.

He only spoke a hasty word
 That vexed his master cold and stern,
 Some small thing slighted or demurred,
 For which the slave had soon to learn
 That harder than the adamant stone,
 Is the heart wed to one pursuit alone.

His master was an artist, wholly wrapped
 In practice of his art, (artistic visions
 Of pain and suffering;) and it had happened,
 That sundry critical academicians,
 Who claimed to utter the *vox Romanorum*,
 In speaking of the handling of his pictures
 Which were on view within the Appian forum,
 Had lately made some rather slighting strictures.

"Strip me this slave!" the servile herd obeyed,
 Though almost doubting whether 'twere reality,
 Which done, the nude barbarian form displayed
 A perfect image of intense vitality,
 As Hercules when the Nemean lion
 Might hungrily have gloated on him, for so
 Gloated hungrily the master's eye on
 His wonderful development of torso.

"Now fetter him!" The cravens bring the bands,
 Though in each coward soul a horror rankles,
 And lock the gyves upon his brawny hands,
 And fetterhasps upon his shapely ancles,
 Then, with weak plaint, their slavish heads they bowed
 And begged his liberty, in feeble fashion,
 But scornfully the master cried aloud,
 Demoniacally, in dramatic passion:

"His life is mine! his life! slaves, 'tis not well
 To beg his ransom; know you not I bought him?
 Here, steward, take this knife; strike when I tell!
 A sacrifice to Art I will devote him.

Carefully, carefully,—here!—take good heed
 Just where the muscles on the line are lying,
Stab!—not too deep,—so!—he will inward bleed;
 Thou hast struck well, he will be long a-dying.

“He pales, he faints, an admirable pose!
 His limbs begin to undersway and stagger,
 But well,—’tis very well,—no gout outflows,
 The blood wells inward. Now withdraw the dagger,
 Carefully bear him through the studio door,
 Hide with this mantle from a chance spectator,
 And chain him on the sitters’ throne before
 My picture of the dying gladiator.

“Trim all the lamps and candelabra. Go!
 Let fall the closing curtain o’er the portal.
 His agony is great, but passes slow,
 If I can seize it I shall be immortal!
 His muscles shudder,—good!—I mark their lines;
 Those sinuous twitchings,—ha!—That anguished quiver—
 Quick, let me catch it,—quick! for these are signs
 He is not far off from the Stygian river.

“What? He is dead. He lieth very still,
 The massive limbs are stretched out limp and flaccid,
 Better to die thus; now he feels no ill,
 His rugged features look so calm and placid.
 I almost feel my eyes by pity dimmed,
 Though Art, alas! a war ’gainst feeling wages,
 But faithfully upon my canvas limned,
 This slave, though dead, shall live throughout the ages.”

HUNTER DUVAR.

HALF AN HOUR WITH A QUACK.

BY SYPHAXIS.

THE present era might, with propriety, be termed the age of health, or rather of health-giving panaceas. We have “tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones,” for the very rocks cry out in ringing numbers the soothing fact that Dr. Pulmonary’s Forest Bitters cure all diseases of the

system, and if we but confine our libations to the sparkling waters of Plantagenet, Vichy or Kissingen, pain will no longer rack our fever-tossed frame. And good old Doctor Parr owed his long and valuable life to his own miraculous pills, and his death, too, for that matter, for had he not omitted on the memorable morning of his demise, historians of veracity tell us, to take his accustomed matutinal pilular dose, he would be with us in the flesh this day, in the full enjoyment of a robust constitution, and a large and lucrative patronage from the extending readers and followers of quack nostrum advertisements. The first patent medicine handed down to us from the early archives of *materia medica* came from the teeming brain of one *John French, Dr. in Physick*—a gentleman who flourished in the glorious times of Shakespeare and of Milton, and who quarrelled with the political faith of Philip Massinger because it better became the erudite physician's policy at that epoch so to do. A famous man was this same Dr. French—a close student of "Aristotle and his Philosophie," as dear old Chaucer hath it somewhere, a man of vast learning and profound information, an inventor of marvellous cures, a receipt vendor, a manufacturer of secret remedies, and an author to boot. He had as much faith in the extraordinary virtues of tar as Bishop Berkeley in his most sanguine moments could have desired, and like the more modern Abernethy, whose bluntness was on a par with his skill, he believed most fervently in an eternal fitness of things. His laboratory was conducted on quite a large scale for that time, and the doctor did his own compounding with remarkable fidelity to detail and scrupulousness, care and exactness. It would be well, and much safer to human life, if the mushroom hot-bed doctors of our day would only take a leaf out of Dr. French's book and exercise a like discretion in the preparation of their proprietary medicines.

At a century later than Dr. French, was born at Palermo in 1743, perhaps, the greatest charlatan and imposter the world ever saw—the renowned Cagliostro. This wonderful character in his time excited at intervals the admiration and terror of European governments and municipalities. Kings, Princes, and Cardinals delighted to do him honour, and Prime Ministers and Governors prepared *fetes* and banquets especially for his presence and countenance. His tour was one triumphal march, and pæans were sung in every village, hamlet and city through which he passed.

One success rapidly followed upon another, until the great diamond necklace trouble arose, when Cagliostro's fall was as rapid as his rise. In one hour he slipped from the pinnacle of fame and blaze of prosperity to the lowest dungeon of the French bastille. Here he remained for nine weary months, when he was released with his wife and Cardinal de Rohan, and ordered to leave France immediately. He now became a wanderer. Every country suspected him, and so soon as he became known he was dismissed the kingdom. He and his wife went to London, and for two years they lived in Sloane street, Knightsbridge, selling "Egyptian pills at 30s. a dram." Their business, small at first, gradually ripened into a first-class trade. In May, 1787, they turned their backs upon Albion and journeyed about Europe, enduring many indignities and suffering great hardships. In 1789 the Holy Inquisition, which had been watching them sometime, seized the imposters and had them consigned to the Castle of St. Angelo. After months of tiresome trial and examination, the manuscripts of Cagliostro were burned, his wife was confined in a Convent, and he himself immured in the fortress of St. Leo, where he died in 1795, at the age of fifty-two years.

This curious rogue's real name was Joseph Balsamo, and he was a quack in every respect. Carlyle calls him the "quack of quacks." He was by profession healer of all diseases, abolisher of wrinkles, and spirit-summoner. His remedies held high reputation in their day, and commanded extravagant prices. He used to exhibit his wife, a blooming young girl, as an aged dame of sixty, whose marvellous freshness and youth were produced by his famous beautifier of the skin and wrinkle-remover. Courtly dames and cumbrous, fleshy dowagers asthametically summoned the magician to their relief, and from these customers he always reaped a rich harvest. The Cynic of Ecclefechan thus describes Joseph Balsamo: "A most portentous face of scoundrelism; a fat, snub, abominable face; dew-lapped, flat-nosed, greasy, full of greediness, sensuality, ox-like obstinacy; a forehead impudent, refusing to be ashamed; and then two eyes turned up seraphically languishing, as if in divine contemplation and adoration; a touch of quiz, too; on the whole, perhaps, the most perfect quack-face produced by the eighteenth century."

Hogarth's satire on medical quacks is one of the best of this clever satirist's works. Deeming these Æsculapian humbugs the

best friends of the undertakers, he satirizes them accordingly, and beneath the figures, with professional canes close to their faces, was this device, "The Undertaker's Arms," with the motto inscribed *Et Plurima mortis imago*. This plate is now very rare—but few impressions being taken. Among the characters sketched was one Mrs. Mapp, an Amazonian quack doctress, quite famous in her day, who gained both notoriety and money as a bone-setter—her strength of arm being only equalled, it is said, by her command of language. This woman was frequently called in to see eminent patients by some of the best physicians of her time. Next to her was a cartoon of Chevalier Taylor, the contemporary of Sir William Read, that other great quack, whose fame as an oculist was spread world-wide. Taylor had the reputation of being the man of impudence and effrontery unparalleled in history. He wrote his own memoirs. On Mrs. Mapp's left Hogarth placed Dr. Ward, whose pills, powders and plasters gulled a foolish public and enriched his purse. This corpulent physician had a "claret-stain" on his left cheek, and this beauty spot was often the subject of merriment with his enemies. Sir William Read was a greater fraud than Chevalier Taylor. He couldn't even read, and he employed a poor scholar at a trifle per week to insert in his bills a few scraps of Latin. This made his patients imagine him to be a man of vast learning, and business poured in upon him from all quarters. He rode in a magnificently caparisoned equipage, and drank punch out of a golden bowl. He practised his art in Oxford, the seat of English learning, and in one of his addresses he called upon the Vice Chancellor, University, and the city to vouch for his cures and substantiate his statements. His particular branch was the eye. Blindness fled before him like dew-drops before the morning sun. He numbered among his patrons for ophthalmia King George I. and Queen Anne, and the latter sovereign knighted him and Dr. Hannes. These lines were written at the time, and attracted considerable comment:

"The Queen, like Heav'n, shines equally on all,
Her favors now without distinction fall;
Great Read and slender Hannes, both Knighted, show
That none their honors shall to merit owe,
That Popish doctrine is exploded quite,
Or Ralph had been no duke, and Read no knight,
That none may *virtue* or their *learning* plead,
This has no *grace*, and that can hardly *read*."

The Ralph mentioned in the sixth line refers to Ralph, first duke of Montague. A curious picture exists of Read, engraved in a sheet, with thirteen vignettes of persons whose cases he cured. This charlatan died at Rochester, May 24th, 1715. He was originally a tailor or cobbler, the chronicler is not clearly satisfied which.

About the fifteenth century, the seventh son of the seventh son was believed to be endowed with superior qualifications for the medical profession. This unfortunate offspring, with no other recommendation than that, by accident, he was the seventh son of a seventh son, was, as soon as he reached the proper age, forced to learn medicine. And this belief has prevailed since, and is reckoned as one of the moral certainties in the more ignorant localities of Ireland and in Wales. In parts of England this idea has a strong hold on the peasantry, and its principles are acted upon with firmness and sincerity. A seventh son is, of his own free will, able to cure scrofula, or what is known in the *vulgus* as the Evil, by the mere touch of his finger. In Cornwall this disease is cured by the seventh son in this manner. He strokes the part affected thrice gently, blows upon it thrice, repeats a sort of incantation, and finally gives the sufferer a perforated coin or some other object to be worn as an amulet. Even in enlightened Bristol this is a recognized custom, and a few years ago a man was called by the people Doctor, simply because he happened to be a seventh son. In Dublin this form of superstition has a great hold. The people imagine prophetic power is bestowed upon the seventh son as well as the power to heal the sick. In Scotland the seventh daughter is looked upon with awe and reverence, and in a few years this happy being develops into the *spae wife* or fortune-teller, and with the fate or fortune of numberless lads and lasses in her hand, she replenishes her means with *sax pences* and *bawbees* from lovers of both sexes anxious to learn of the future. These instances are merely mentioned as illustrations of another form of quackery, and serve to show the antiquity of the idea which is even now believed in by many of our people, else so many clarivoyants would not do the immense business they now do. Very many respectable people honestly believe in this seventh son and daughter nonsense. Madame Rachel was a correct type of this system of quackery; but her fate will not deter others from pursuing a like avocation. So high a personage as the Earl of

Rochester, in King Charles the Second's time, openly declared his belief in this faith, and a rare pamphlet is extant containing the Earl's speech in its behalf.

As a matter of curiosity we print three valuable receipts from Dr. French's great work, which that gentleman gave to the world in the year of 1667. The first one was a famous spirit which the Doctor himself made out of *Cranium-humanum* and the formula is as follows :

"Take of *Cranium-humanum* as much as you please, break it into small pieces, which put into a glass retort well evated, with a large receiver well luted ; then put a strong fire to it by degrees, continuing of it till you see no more fumes come forth ; and you shall have a yellowish spirit, a red oyl, and a volatile salt.

"Take this salt and the yellow spirit, and digest them by circulation two or three months in *Balneo*, and thou shalt have a most excellent spirit. This spirit is of affinity with, if not the same as, that famous spirit of *Dr. Goddard's* in *Holborn*. It helps gout, dropsie, infirm stomach, and, indeed, strengthens all weak parts, and openeth all obstructions, and is a kind of panacea."

That is the animal remedy. The next belongs to the mineral kingdom, and the doctor calls it a "Fragrant Oyl of Mercury." It is made by taking mercury seven times sublimed, and as often revived, with unslaked lime, as much as you please ; dissolve it in spirit of salt, and a moderate heat ; then abstract the spirit of salt and edulcorate it very well by boyling it in spirit of vinegar ; then abstract the spirit of vinegar, and wash it again with distilled rain-water ; then dry it, and digest it two months in a like quantity of the best rectified spirit of wine you can get. Distil them by retort, making your fire moderate at the beginning, afterwards increasing it ; then evaporate the spirit of wine in *Balneo*, and there will remain in the bottom a most fragrant oyl of mercury. This oyl so purifies the blood that it cureth all distempers from the impurity thereof. The truth is, they that have this medicine well made need but few other medicines. The dose is four or five drops.

The water of wonderful efficacy, not undeservedly called the Mother of Balsam, takes up the third remedy, and is of the vegetable order. This is, unquestionably, the doctor's *chef d'œuvre*. He says :

Take Turpentine,
Lignum-Aloes,
Oblibanum, of each five ounces;
Cinnamon,
Lily-Leaves, of each half an ounce;
Pepper-wort,
Balsam, of each two ounces.

Mix them well together, and distil them according to Art in a gentle fire, and there will come a clear water, good in all diseases wherein the Balsam is usually applied. 1. It takes away the pimples in the face. 2. It takes away all blemishes in the eyes. 3. It comforteth a cold head, and helpeth the memorative faculty. 4. It retardeth grey hairs. 5. It cleareth the spirits. 6. It strengtheneth the digestive faculty. 7. It healeth the nerves. 8. It preventeth the palsie. 9. It expelleth all wind out of the body, and giveth a good favor to the whole body.

When you see no more white and yellow water to ascend the Alembick of Distil, then increase the fire a little, until it leave distilling. This water keep apart, for it is of infinite vertues, which I am not able to comprehend. 1. It purgeth the whole body, and preserveth it from putrefaction, like the true natural Balsam. 2. After a man is dead, it admitteth not of corruption. 3. It cureth Leprosie. 4. It is good in the Epilepsie. 5. It is good in old deafness. 6. It removeth Rhume. 7. It suffereth not grey hairs. 8. It preserveth youth, etc.

When this water has done distilling, then increase the fire, and there will distil a red water. If you put one drop of this water into your hand, it will immediately penetrate it, whereby it sheweth its vertue in contractures. It preserveth a dead body from corruption. It taketh away forgetfulness proceeding from any infirmity, and comforteth the memory. It cureth the crook-back, *if it be rightly applied.*"

These were the three great remedies of Dr. French, genuine cure-alls in their way, and worth in their time very many golden guineas. It is an interesting and amusing study to look over a few of these old medicines once so popular with the people of a past generation or two, and compare them with the "new fangled notions" of our day. In old times it was absolutely necessary that the ingredients in the phials and boxes should taste unplea-

santly; and the virtues contained within were measured by the degree of vileness of flavour which they possessed. It is an innovation of quite recent date, that of making medicines palatable, and while our forefathers struggled with immense doses of calomel and powdered jalap root, we, with more tender stomachs, regale ourselves with effervescing citrates, sweetened with richly-flavoured syrups. We no more indulge in "two bull-dogs and a driver"—black draught and blue pills—but a resinous gum named jalapine is moulded with exquisite precision into a tiny globe, and with a thick coat of sugar, is admitted into the mouth, swallowed, and lo! the desired end is accomplished. We have all the beneficial effects of the mercury, say the medicine men, and none of the injurious results. No one inhales chloroform now, when he can avoid the anguish of a raging headache, by the simple use of hydrate chloral. Though this latter sedative is considerably over-rated, and caution should be exercised in its use.

As the age advanced, and people took a more extended interest in the æsthetical, the help of the engraver was called into requisition, and handsome wrappers, in the highest style of the art, now envelope several of the more popular and best paying of our patent medicines. Thus we find Dr. Doolittle's Cough Syrup, which, a few years ago, was put up in dirty bottles of various sizes, with ill-printed labels giving directions as to how it should be administered, now contained in a handsome symmetrical phial with a gorgeous label, fresh from the lithographic stone, and a beautiful xylographic portrait of the sage and venerable Doolittle himself, discovered in his laboratory compounding his panacea for the relief of all mankind. Well executed views and scenes of forests, glades and glens now surround bottles of Jaundice Bitters and Dyspeptic Drops, while Dr. Oscar's Anti-Bilious Pills and Deobstruent Physic are enclosed in a porcelain box, with a neat wrapper on the outside, printed in gold letters on a mauve ground. The public are ever on the alert for the beautiful, and their medicines must come in good shape or not at all. We live in the days of giant posters, mammoth show cards, and page advertisements; when a man, if he would make money with a quack nostrum, must advertise lavishly, not to say recklessly. He who has the largest purse will win. Fortunes are daily lost and won in the great patent medicine trade. This new branch of commerce has been wonderful in its extension. A short time ago there were a few well-known proprietary articles

which commanded a fair sale; but now they can be counted by the thousand. In obscure districts, in small villages, the patent medicine man manufactures his local remedy, and it has a home popularity and importance, too. Of course the remedies from the great houses and wholesale marts of New York, Boston and Philadelphia have a trade extending all round the world; but these never interfere with the sales of the small trader who travels from house to house with his pony-cart and case of medicines. We remember a man, and though it is ten years since we saw him first, he seems to grow not a whit older, and his clothes become no seedier as time passes away, in a small town in New York State, who carried at that time, and does so still, a black leather carpet bag, smooth with age, on which were lettered in white, "Use Smith's Itch Ointment." And this pale, cadaverous-looking benefactor sauntered along the dusty road, carpet bag in hand, playing, when opportunity offered, the benevolent part of the good Samaritan, at the rate of twenty-five cents a head. We trembled for the locality when we saw him again last year, and inwardly hoped some descendant of the learned Duke of Argyll might come this way, some day, and confer a boon on the people of this peaceful retreat.

Of all the medical humbugs the hair preparations have the widest and most popular sale. Almost fabulous prices have lately been paid by large firms wishing to possess themselves of some fast selling hair renewer. The sum of one hundred thousand dollars was paid down in cash to one firm, to stop making a certain capillary renovator. It happened in this wise. A maker had spent a great deal of money in advertising his preparation, and already his article was selling to advantage. It had beaten all competitors for popular favor, all but one which was steadily pressing on him. Every expedient was resorted to, but with no avail. Both preparations were running neck and neck. The question was which should triumph in the end. One morning a trade of magnitude was made. A hundred thousand dollars changed hands, and both preparations, under different names, are now made by one man, who doesn't care much which has the largest sale. The chief expense in these articles is the wrapper, which is usually of elaborate and chaste design. The fluid is composed for the most part of sugar of lead and sulphur dissolved partly, for there is always a sediment in alcohol. Moustache and whisker

producers are the greatest of all frauds; though the sales of these preparations alone, are quite enormous. They are sold at high retail prices and the demand is, in trade parlance, "lively;" the profit is therefore large.

So long as patent medicines are composed of harmless materials there is really no danger in selling them, but extra precaution must be taken in the purchase of proprietary preparations which have for their base chlorodyne and opium—two dangerous drugs in unskilful hands, and likely to accomplish much mischief when improperly given.

As a source of internal revenue the patent medicine business has been quite lucrative to the government. The tax is four cents on every dollar's worth. In England it is far greater, and it was to escape this tax that Holloway opened an office in New York in 1859 for the manufacture of his pills and ointment. At that time there was no internal revenue tax exacted on American patent medicines. The civil war broke out shortly after Holloway became established, and he then had the melancholy satisfaction of literally jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, for now he had two taxes to pay instead of one. He closed his American house some years ago. The governments of all countries have done their utmost to keep down the sale of proprietary articles, but not successfully. The import duty has been fixed at a large figure, but the sales have in nowise decreased.

One great nuisance in connection with this trade is the unholy crusade the advertiser makes on the natural scenery of the country. No spot is too sacred for the patent medicine advertiser. The "green-robed senators" poor Keats sang of, tell us in mournful numbers that Briggs' Liniment is a cure for pains in the back, while majestic pines sing in the breeze the tidings that Kilnap's Draught is a sure producer of sleep. Fences, rocks, barns, gates, everything on which words can be painted or scratched, and in any way intelligibly seen by the passers by, have some ill-sounding legend, as unhandsome as it is sadly out of place. This is really a crime, this desecration of the beautiful in nature, and is positively not a good way of advertising. It disgusts the better class of the population and should be abolished.

There is considerable amusement in reading over the advertisements of the quacks. Every trick is resorted to to catch the eye

of the reader. Lines are run in in the local department of the papers, and frequently inserted in just the places you don't expect to see them. The reader finds himself commencing a paragraph about some terrible railway accident, only to learn at the conclusion that it is a patent nostrum advertisement ingeniously worded.

DREAMS OF LAUGHING EYES AND GOLDEN HAIR.

I.

A STATELY castle in my dreams I planned,
Which, in a night, reality became :
The clouds were fretted by its turrets grand—
Its flashing windows put the sun to shame :
Its walls I hung with pictures quaint and rare—
Its floors with carpets from the East I laid—
Here, curious books to quell the plaint of care,
And mail-clad statues peering from the shade :
There, fauns surrounded, a cool fountain played,
That lulled the senses with the sounds it made.
And thou wert queen of all the wide domain—
Thou of the laughing eyes and golden hair ;
And Death was dead, and dead the goblin, Pain—
Life, Love and Joy, thy faithful vassals were.

II.

Again I dreamed. The night was starless, cold—
Through devious ways with cautious feet I stept—
I breathed the odor of some charnel old,
The rain fell down—I thought the heavens wept !
But on, and on in weariness I crept ;
My hair grew gray with anguish, and how bled
My heart within thy grip, oh fiend, Despair !
For to a tomb by Fate my feet were led,
And on its brazen door thy name I read—
Thou of the laughing eyes and golden hair !
Oh God ! That I had died, my darling, in thy stead !
For I am weary and of little worth :
Then, sweetest pillow for this aching head
Had been thy bosom, oh my Mother Earth !

III.

I dream no more of castle or of tomb,
And thou art sad no longer, billowy Sea!
Upon the hills the May flowers bud and bloom,
And birds make vocal every hedge and tree.
And I rejoice with Nature. Unto me
The throbbing pulse of youth doth Spring restore:
It is enough, oh heart of mine, to be,
And feel as I had thought to feel, no more.
The sunshine falls where shadows lately fell,—
I hear the merry music of thy voice—
And oft, and oft I whisper, It is well,
And in the fullness of my heart rejoice,
That thou my pilgrimage should'st longer share,
Thou of the laughing eyes and golden hair.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

THE WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. ZSCHOKKE.

(Continued.)

ONE who has not slept for forty hours finds every bed soft. In my weariness I soon fell asleep. But I had hardly closed my eyes, when the creaking of the summer-house door awakened me. I sprang up; I saw a man enter, and thought it was a thief. But imagine my astonishment,—it was friend red-coat!

“Where do you come from?” said I.

“From Prague. In half an hour I must set out again. I was determined to keep my word, and to see you and your Fanny as I passed through. I heard from your servant, that you had gone on before, and I expected to find all awake at your house. You do not mean to pass the night here in the cold damp air, and get sick?”

I went out into the garden with him, and quaked in every limb. In my secret heart indeed I laughed at this superstitious fear and yet I could not rid myself of it. Such is human nature. The hard features of my Prague friend appeared by the pale

moonlight even more terrible, and his eyes glittered even more brightly.

"You have really frightened me like a ghost," said I; "I tremble all over. How came you to seek me in my summer-house? You seem to know every thing."

He smiled maliciously, and said; "Don't you now know me, and what I want with you?"

"I don't know you now any better than I did at Prague. But just for the joke, I will tell you how you appeared to me,—you will not take it amiss—I thought that if you were not a wizard, you must be Satan himself."

He grinned again, and replied; "What if I were Satan, would you make a bargain with me?"

"You will have to offer me much before I should give my hand upon it. For truly, Mr. Satan—permit me to call you so just in joke—my happiness is complete."

"Oho! I shall offer you nothing, give you nothing. That was the custom in old times, when people believed in the devil, and so were on their guard against him; then, one had to bribe them. But now-a-days, when no one believes in the devil, and every thing is carried on by reason, the children of men are as cheap as dirt."

"I hope it is otherwise with me, although I do not believe in Beelzebub. A drachm of reason is worth more to me than a bushel of faith in the devil."

"Just so?—Your proud security, ye mortals—permit me to speak in the character you have assigned me—your proud security supplies me with more recruits than a legion of recruiting officers in Satan's uniform. Since you have begun to consider eternity as a problem, and hell as an Eastern fable; since honesty and stupidity have come to be considered as virtues of equal value; since licentiousness is held to be an amiable weakness, selfishness magnanimity, public spirit a folly, and mere trickery prudence, you give the devil no trouble to catch you. You come to me of your own accord. You have reason upon your lips, and the might of a hundred passions in your hearts. The best among you, corrupted creatures, is he who has the least opportunity to sin."

"This is talking like the devil indeed," cried I.

"Certainly!" cried the red gentleman, and grinned. "But I speak the truth, because you people do not any longer believe it."

So long as truth was yet sacred among men, Satan must needs be the father of lies. But now the case is reversed. We poor devils are always the antipodes of mankind."

"Then in the present case at least, you are not my opponent; for I think just as you did, my philosophical Mr. Devil."

"Good, then you belong to me already. Let a man give me hold of a single hair, and I will have his whole head; and—but it's cool here—my carriage is, I guess, all ready; I must start. So good-bye."

He went. I accompanied him back to the post-house, where indeed his carriage stood waiting.

"I thought you would come in and drink a parting glass of punch with me, which I ordered before I went after you."

I accepted the invitation. The warm room was very agreeable.

THE TEMPTATION.

The punch was standing on the table when we entered. A stranger was walking, moody and tired, up and down the room. He was a tall, meagre, elderly man. Baggage was lying around on the chairs. I noticed a lady's shawl, and bonnet, and gloves.

As we were drinking together, the stranger said to a servant who brought in some baggage, "Tell my lady, when she comes, that I have gone to bed. We must start early."

I determined not to return to the cool summer-house, but ordered a bed for the night. The stranger retired. The red gentleman and I chatted together, and drank the punch-bowl empty. The brandy warmed and exhilarated me. The Red-coat hastened to his carriage, and as I helped him in, he said, "We shall see each other again." With this the carriage rolled away.

When I went back into the room, there was a lady there, taking away the bonnet and shawl. As she turned towards me, I lost all self-possession. It was Julia! my first love, upon an excursion to Italy, as I afterwards learned. She was no less startled than I.

"For Heaven's sake, Robert, is it your spirit?"

"Julia!" stammered I, and all the rapture of first love awoke in me at this unexpected meeting.

I turned respectfully towards her. Her eyes were full of tears. I drew her to my heart.

"This is not my room," said she, drawing the shawl around her. "Come, Robert, we have much to say to each other."

She went; I followed her to her room. "Here we can talk freely," said she, and we sat down upon the sofa. How we talked! Once more I lived again in all the fever-tumult of an old love, which I had supposed was long ago extinguished. Julia, unhappy in her marriage, treated me with all her former tenderness. She was more beautiful, more blooming than ever. She found me handsomer, too, as she was pleased to say.

There was a magic, which I cannot describe, in Julia's words, and in her whole manner. All the past rose vividly before me. Our first acquaintance, at her sister's wedding-ball; the emotions which filled us then; our meeting again in the garden of the ducal castle; then the excursion upon the water with our parents; then—but enough.

Suddenly the door opened. The tall, lank man entered, with the question; "Who is this with you, Julia?"

We sprang up terrified. The count stood for a moment speechless, and pale as a corpse. Then, with three steps he strode towards Julia, wound her long chestnut locks around his hand, hurled her, shrieking, to the floor, and dragged her about, exclaiming, "Faithless woman! False wretch!"

I rushed to her aid. He pushed me away with such force, that I tumbled back upon the floor. As I rose to my feet again, he let go the unhappy Julia, and cried out to me: "You'll throttle!" In my desperation, I caught up a knife from the table, and threatened to plunge it into him, if he did not keep still. But the frantic man threw himself upon me, and seized me by the throat. I lost breath, and brandished the knife in all directions. I thrust it repeatedly at him. Suddenly, the unhappy man fell. The knife was in his heart.

Julia lay sobbing on the floor beside her murdered husband. I stood there like a statue. "Oh!" thought I, "were it only a dream, and I lay waking on the sofa in my summer-house! A curse upon the Red-coat! A curse upon the pocket-book!—Oh my poor children! O my dear, unfortunate, innocent Fanny!—upon the very threshold of my domestic paradise here, am I hurled back into a hell, such as I never dreamed of!—I am a murderer!"

The noise in the room had awakened the people in the house. I heard them stirring and calling. Nothing was left to me but flight, to escape discovery. I seized the candle to light myself out of the house.

CONSUMMATION OF HORROR.

As I rushed down the steps, I resolved to hasten to my house, awaken my wife and children, press them once more to my heart, and then, like a second Cain, wander forth in the world a fugitive from justice. But on the stairs I saw that my clothes were sprinkled with blood. I trembled at the thought of being seen.

The street-door was locked. As I turned to escape through the yard, I heard people crying and calling after me from above. I ran across the yard to the barn; I knew that thence I could get out into the gardens and fields outside the town. But my pursuers were close behind me. I had scarcely reached the barn when some one seized me by the coat. With fearful desperation I tore myself away, and hurled the burning candle in a large haystack near by. It suddenly caught fire; so I hoped to save myself. I succeeded. They let me go, their attention being diverted by the fire; I escaped into the open country.

I rushed blindly forward over hedges and hillocks. The idea of seeing my Fanny, and Augustus, and Leopold, was no more to be thought of. The instinct of self-preservation took precedence of every thing else. When I thought of my return home yesterday, and of my expectations of the coming morning, I could not believe what had happened. But my bloody and clotted clothes, and the cool morning air, which chilled me through, convinced me only too truly of the reality. I ran almost breathless until I could run no longer. Had I had any weapon of death about me, or had a stream been near, I should have ceased to live.

Dripping with sweat, and utterly exhausted, with trembling knees, I continued my flight at a slower pace. I was obliged at times to stop, to recover myself. Several times I was on the point of fainting quite away.

Thus I succeeded in reaching the next village. While I stood hesitating whether to go round it or go boldly through it,—for it was bright moonlight, and the sun had not yet risen—the village bells began to ring, and soon I heard bells from more distant quarters. There was a general alarm.

Every stroke harrowed me. I looked round. O Heaven, behind me appeared a dark-red glow, a huge pillar of flame licked the very clouds! The whole town was on fire. I—I was the incendiary!—O my Fanny, O my children, what a horrible awakening has your father prepared for you!

Then it seemed to me as if I were lifted up by the hair, and my feet were light as feathers. I ran, leaping furiously, round the village, to a pine wood. The flames of my home shone like the day, and the moaning alarm-bells rang with heart-rending tones through my distracted soul.

As soon as I had reached the depth of the wood, and had got so far in, that I could no longer see the light of the conflagration, which had hitherto caused my shadow to dance before me like a ghost, I could go no farther. I threw myself on the earth, and cried like a child. I beat my head against the ground, and tore up the grass and roots in my frenzy. I would gladly have died, but knew not how.

A faithless husband, a murderer, and incendiary, all in one short hour! O, the Red-coat was right; there are none innocent among us, except those who lack opportunity to sin. Offer the devil a hair; he has your whole head. What accursed fate led Satan to me in the summer-house. Had I not taken his punch, I should have seen Julia without forgetting Fanny; I should not have murdered the count; I should not have lain here in utter despair, a horror to myself, and cursed of mankind.

In the meantime, the alarm-bells boomed most fearfully, and frightened me to my feet again. I rejoiced that it was not yet day. I could still hope to get a good start without being known. But I sank down again, weeping, when I recollected that it was the first of May, my Fanny's birth-day. How had we always kept the blessed day in the circle of our friends! And to-day! what a day! what a night!—Then it suddenly occurred to me: it is *WALPURGIS-NIGHT*!—Strange! the old superstition had ever made this night the night of horror, in which bad spirits keep festival, and the Evil One assembles his witches on the top of the *Black Mountain*. I could almost have believed in the truth of the gilly fable. The horrible Red-coat now occurred to me more vividly than ever, with his strange speeches. Now—why should I deny it?—now would I have given my soul, were he really the personage whom he had pretended in jest to be, that he might save me, take from me all memory of the past, and give me my wife and children, in some corner of the earth, where we might spend our days undiscovered.

But the alarm-bells sounded still louder. I discerned the gray of the morning. I sprang from the ground, and continued my flight through the bushes, and came upon the highway.

CAIN.

Here I took breath. All that had happened was so horrible, so sudden,—I could not believe it. I looked around me;—the reflection of the conflagration glowed through the pine-trees. I felt that my clothes and my fingers were all wet with the blood of the count.

“This will betray me to the first that meets me!” thought I, and I tore off my spotted clothes, and hid them in the thick bushes, and washed my hands in the dew on the grass. Thus half-clad, I ran out on the highway.

“What am I now?” said I to myself: “Whoever sees me, will pursue me. Only crazy people, or murderers, run through the woods half-naked; or, I must pretend that I have been robbed. Could I only meet a peasant whom I could overpower, he should furnish me with clothes, so I might disguise myself for a while. I might hide myself in the woods by day, and continue my flight by night. But where get food? where money?” And now I recollected that I had left my pocket-book in my coat, which I had thrown away, and so deprived myself of all my cash.

I stood for a moment undetermined. I thought of turning back to seek my pocket-book. But—the blood of the count! I could not have looked upon that again, had a million of dollars been to be got by it.—And to go back, to have continually before my eyes the light of the conflagration flickering through the pine trees no, the flames of an open hell rather! So I wandered on.

I heard the rattling of a vehicle—perhaps a fire-engine and peasants running to give their aid. Instantly I threw myself into the bushes, whence I could look out. I trembled like an aspen leaf. A handsome open travelling carriage, drawn by two horses, and loaded with baggage, approached. A man sat in it driving. He stopped just before me, got out, and went back a little way to pick up something he had dropped.

“It would help me mightily to get off,” thought I, “were I only in that carriage! my legs are giving out; they will drag me no farther. Clothes, money, swift flight, all now within reach. Heaven certainly means to favour me. I’ll take the hint. I’ll jump in!”

No sooner thought than done. Not a moment was to be lost in consideration. Every man is his own nearest neighbour, and

saves himself first, when he can. Despair and necessity have no law. A leap, and I was out of the bushes into the road, from the road into the carriage; I seized the reins, and turned the horses round, away from my burning home. The man sprang at the horses, and just as I let them feel the whip, he tried to seize them by the bit. He stood right before them. I plied the whip more vigorously.—It was now or never with me. The horses reared and sprung forwards. The owner fell, and lay under the horses' feet. I drove over him. He cried for help. His voice pierced me to the very soul. It was a well-known voice—a beloved voice. I could not believe my ears. I stopped, and leaned out of the carriage to look at the unfortunate man.—I saw him!—But—I shudder to relate it—I saw my brother, who must unexpectedly have finished his business at Prague, or, for some other reason, was on his way home.

I sat there as if struck by lightning, disabled, paralyzed. My poor brother lay moaning under the wheel. Such a thing I had never dreamed of. I dragged myself slowly from the carriage. I sank down beside him. The heavy wheel had gone over his breast. With a low, tremulous voice, I called him by name. He heard me no more; he recognised me no more. It was all over with him. I was the accursed one, who had robbed him of a life as dear to me as my own. Horrible! two murders in the same night! both indeed involuntary—both committed in despair. But they were still committed, and the consequences of the first crime, which I might have avoided.

My eyes were wet, but not with tears of grief over the beloved dead, but tears of frantic rage against my fate, against Heaven. Never in my life had I stained myself with an atrocious crime. I had been alive to all that was beautiful, good, great and true. I had had no sweeter joy than to make others happy. And now, a cursed thoughtlessness—a single unhappy moment of self-forgetfulness—and then this guilty play of accident, or necessity, had made me the most miserable wretch under heaven. O, let no one boast of his virtue, his strength, or his circumspection!—It needs only a minute for a man to thrust aside a little his firmest principles—only a minute, and the pure angel is capable of the greatest crimes. Well for him is it, if fate, more favourable to him than to me, throws no brother in his way, to be run over like mine!

But let the moral go. For him who has not found it out of himself, there is no moral. I will hasten to the end of my unhappy story, than which no poet ever invented any thing more horrible.

REMORSE.

I kissed the pale brow of my brother. I heard voices in the wood. Terrified, I sprang up. Should I let myself be caught over the body of this beloved one, whom I had first intended to rob, and then murdered? Before I could think, I was again in the thickest of the bushes, leaving the corpse, together with the horses and carriage, to their fate. The all-powerful instinct of self-preservation was alone awake in me; every other feeling was dead. In my distraction I rushed through brake and brier; where the bushes were the thickest, and the underwood the most entangled, thither I rushed. "Whoever finds thee," cried I to myself, "will kill thee, thou Cain! thou fratricide!"

Exhausted, I sank down upon a rock in the depth of the wood. The sun had risen without my having noticed it. A new life breathed through all nature. The awful Walpurgis-night lay behind me with my crimes; but its offspring danced like devils in my path. I saw my weeping Fanny, with her orphaned children—I saw the disconsolate family of my unfortunate brother—I saw the scaffold, the last procession, the place of execution.

Life became an intolerable burden to me. "O, that I had let myself be throttled by the count," thought I to myself, "for I deserved it. I was then false to my Fanny and to the vows which I had a thousand times sworn to her.—Or had I only turned about, when the town was burning behind me, I might have kissed wife and children once more, and then flung myself into the flames. I might then have been spared the murder of my brother."

I trembled at life because I trembled at new crimes, which seemed to await me at every step. So much was I shaken by what had occurred, that I felt that to the sinner every breath he draws may bring a sin. I thought of suicide—but for that I wanted means. So I determined to give myself up to justice, and confess all my guilt. Thus I hoped—although indeed under the bitterest circumstances, once more to press to my heart my Fanny, my Leopold, my Augustus, to implore their forgiveness, and then depart into eternity accompanied by their tears. I might yet

make many domestic arrangements, and give my Fanny hints and counsels concerning various things.

These thoughts gave me some satisfaction. I became more quiet. I had given up life, and now the furies of conscience ceased to rage within me since they had obtained what they wished.

I got up, and proceeded I knew not whither. In my distraction and anguish I had forgotten the country through which I had passed. The woods lay thick and dark around me. I longed for the light of the conflagration, which should guide me to my judges. But it was no matter: every step, every road, would lead me to them at last.

After having walked for some time I got out of the forest. I came upon a wild road, and struck instantly into it, caring not whither it might lead.

THE TEMPTER.

I soon heard the neighing of horses before me. I was startled; the love of life awoke in me anew. I thought of fleeing back into the wood. I had been very wicked; I was a criminal of the worst kind—but I might hope still to be happy, could I save myself this time. For I never was a complete villain, although the most thoughtless. So thought I to myself, forgetting all my resolutions, and already in imagination in a remote solitude, where, under a strange name, unknown to the world, I could live with my wife and children. Occupied with these thoughts, I had still gone forward. As the road opened, I saw right before me horses standing, a carriage upset with a broken wheel, and to my horror, or to my delight, standing near—the well-known Red-coat.

When he saw me, he grinned after his usual fashion: "Welcome here!" said he. "Did I not tell you that we should find each other again?—I have been waiting all night; my coachman has gone back to the town for help, and has not returned."

"His help is wanted more there than here," said I; "the whole town is on fire."

"I thought so," returned he, "for I saw the light in the sky. But what do you want in the wood? What are you seeking here? Why are you not helping to extinguish the fire?"

"I have quite other fires to extinguish," said I.

"I thought so; didn't I tell you so?"

"O save me! I have become a wretched criminal, a faithless

husband, a murderer, an incendiary, a highway robber, and a fratricide, all since the moment you left me; all within three hours. And yet I swear to you, I am not a wicked man."

The Red-coat stamped on the ground with his club-foot as I said this, apparently in high displeasure. But his features remained hard and stern. He made me no answer. I then related to him the unprecedented history of the night. He kept quiet.

"Do you not now know who I am, and what I want of you?"

"My soul! my soul!" shrieked I; "for now indeed I begin to believe that you are the person whom in jest I took you to be in Prague."

"And that person was—"

"Satan."

"Then fall down and worship me!" bellowed he, in a horrible voice.

I fell upon my knees before him like a crazy man, raised my clasped hands, and cried: "Save me!—Save my wife and my children from destruction! They are innocent. Carry us to some desert, where we may have bread and water, and a cave to live in. We shall be as happy there as in a paradise. But blot this Walpurgis-night from my memory, or else paradise itself would be a hell. If you cannot do that, it were better for me to atone for my crimes on the scaffold." As I said this he raised his club-foot, and pushed me contemptuously with it, so that I fell backwards to the earth. I sprang up. I was about to repeat my entreaties, but he interrupted me: "There commend me," said he, "to your pious, tender-hearted man! Look at the proud mortal in the majesty of his reason! look at the philosopher, who denies the devil, and brings eternity itself into learned doubt! he crowns his crimes with the worship of Satan."

"Now I know thee, Satan," cried I raving; "I see now, that not a touch of the sympathy which dwells in the human heart, has a place in your iron breast. I want no sympathy from thee. Thou feelest nothing but malicious scorn. I would have purchased thy favour, purchased it with my soul. But my soul will do better. It will find the way to repentance and mercy. It will escape you yet, and when you fancy yourself most sure of it."

Scowling grimly, he replied: "No, sir, I am not the devil, as you suppose. I am a man like you. You have been a criminal; now you are a madman. But he who has once broken with his

better faith, is soon done with reason too. I despise you. Truly, I would not help you if I could. I do not want your soul. It is all ripe for hell, and Satan need not offer a brass farthing for it."

HOPE.

For a few moments I stood before him doubtful and embarrassed. Shame and rage, remorse and a readiness for any crime that could save me, for the moment struggled within me. I cannot describe what I felt; for the history of that single moment would grow into a volume under my pen, and yet I could not do it justice.

"If you are not he for whom I take you," said I at last, "I cannot help wishing you were he. Save me, or I am lost. Save me, for you alone are to blame for my horrible fate."

"That's the way with man," said he, grinning; "he always makes himself out perfectly innocent, even when stained with a brother's blood."

"Yes; you, sir, were the first cause of all my terrible sufferings. Why did you come in the night to my summer-house, where I was sleeping harmless and quiet, awaiting the break of day? Had you not awakened me, all this never would have happened."

"But did I awake you to conjugal infidelity and to arson? That's just the way with man. When he has assassinated some thousands, he would lay all the blame on the miner, who has dug the steel out of the earth. Your breath, sir, is the cause of your crimes, because if you could not breathe, you never would have committed them, but without breath you could have had no life."

"But why did you play the part of the devil with me in the garden, and say so significantly, that whoever lets the devil have hold of a hair—it will be the string by which he will get his whole head."

"True that! Did I tell you a lie? Who can testify more fearfully to that truth than yourself? Have I asked a hair of you? or did you offer it to me?—But, sir, when you saw Julia, your first love, you ought to have remembered Fanny. You trusted too much to your virtue, or rather you did not think of virtue at all. Religion and virtue would have told you, flee home to the summer-house. Sir, the instant temptation appears, man must take care how he permits himself in the slightest thought that favours sin; for the first little thought of evil, which one allows himself to entertain, is the aforesaid hair in the claw of the devil."

"Right, oh, right! but could I have foreseen that?"

"To be sure you could."

"It was impossible. Think only of the horrible coincidence of circumstances?"

"Of that, as a possibility, you ought to have thought. Could you not have thought of the count, when you held his wife in your arms? of the conflagration, when you threw the candle into the hay? of fratricide, when you drove the horses over the body of their owner?—for whether he or another, every man is your brother."

"Too true! But drive me not to greater despair. You must, at least, grant that the first fault might have happened without all the other horrors, if there had not been the most terrible combination of circumstances."

"You are mistaken! What was there so terrible in the count's coming to his wife? What was there so very terrible in there being hay in the barn, as in all other barns? What so strange in your brother's happening to pass that way? No, sir; what you call a horrible coincidence, might have been for you, had you kept in the right path, most happy. The world is good; it is the mind that turns it into a hell. It is man that first makes the dagger and the poison, which else would have been the peaceful ploughshare or the healing medicine. Do not pretend to vindicate yourself."

Here I could not help crying out in utter despair, when I saw the full extent of my enormities: "O," cried I, "up to this night I have been innocent; a good father, a faithful husband, without reproach—now I am without rest, without honour, without consolation!"

"No, sir; there, too, I must contradict you. You have not become what you are in one night, but you became it long ago. One cannot change from an angel to a devil in an hour, unless he possesses already every disposition to become a devil. Opportunity only is wanting for the inner man to become the outer. You only needed to see Julia alone. The fire sleeps in the steel and flint, although we see it not.—strike them together and the sparks fly. The spark falls into a powder-cask near by, and half a city, with all its prosperity, is thrown into the sky. Commend me to your pious people who attend the poor sinner to the gallows!—that many more do not hang there, is merely the favour of fortune."

"That's a comfort. So, then, if you speak the truth, the world is no better than I or you as to that matter?"

"No, sir. There, once more, you are mistaken. I grant you half the world, not the whole. I do yet believe in virtue and principle, although you have never really believed in them with all your supposed exaltation of mind. But half the world, yes! and especially in our days, when the ruling spirit is love of ease, selfishness, and cowardly hypocrisy. That is your spirit, too. And that is the reason why you stand here now as a criminal."

"You may be right; but I am no better nor worse than any other man in these times."

"What you are, that the world appears to you to be. We never see the outward in ourselves, but ourselves in the outward. All out of us is only a looking-glass."

"For God's sake, sir!" cried I, beside myself, "save me, for time flies. If I have been bad, I can become better."

"Certainly. Need brings strength."

"Save me, and my wife and children! I can be better; I will be better, for I now see with horror of what crimes I was capable; crimes, which I never could have believed that I could commit."

"It may be. But you are a weakling. Weakness is the foster-nurse of all wickedness. I will save you, if you can save yourself. Do you know me now, and what I want of you?"

"You are an angel! my guardian spirit."

"I did not then appear to you in vain in the summer-house, before the perpetration of all these enormities. But courage! Whoever has faith and spirit for the divine, retains every thing."

To be continued.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the Barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin,—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes,—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was pass'd away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine. THACKERAY.

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH.

THE "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avator and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of

his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress and termination of the disease, were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress or egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was towards the close of the fifth or six month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different, as might have been expected from the duke's love of the *bizarre*. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass, whose colour varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly

blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange—the fifth with white—the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But in this chamber only the colour of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood colour. Now, in no one of the seven apartments, was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro, or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite, there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire, that projected its rays through the tinted glass, and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the fire-light that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes, was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered, that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also that there stood against the western wall, a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute-hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical; but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to harken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own

nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes, (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies,) there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the duke were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colours and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fête*; and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm—much of what has been since seen in “Hernani.” There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There were much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the *bizarre*, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these—the dreams—writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven, there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away; and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-coloured panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery

appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gaieties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things, as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus, too, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumour of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms, such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger, neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revellers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—

and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its rôle, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who, at the moment, was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and, while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centres of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted

his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect, and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave ceremonies and corpse-like mask which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

E. A. POE.

AFTER YEARS OF WAITING.

“I SHALL see you to-night, Mrs. Kathlane!”

“At the Grangers! Yes I shall be there. I hope it won’t be a crush.”

“Why? I rather like a crush.”

“Oh. A crush makes me feel vicious.”

Rupert Thornbury smiled as he looked down at the speaker. Something had evidently put her out. “Are you often viciously disposed, Mrs. Kathlane? It is news to me.”

“I wish you would not call me that, Rupert. Mrs. Kathlane! You do it on purpose, and I don’t like it.”

The last words were spoken like a petulant child; and there was a cloud on the face which looked up for a moment from the soft vividly colored wools which the white and slender fingers were knitting into some incomprehensible “fancy-work.” A very beautiful face it was, and a very beautiful woman was little Mrs. Kathlane; and no one in the wide world was more thoroughly convinced of that fact than Rupert Thornbury.

She was slight and small in figure—girlish looking still, despite her four and twenty years. No other woman would have dared,

with her complexion, to wear the colours which she did, often in defiance of, ordinary rules. She wore, this morning, a deep, royal purple dress, with purple bands in her dark hair, and looked, as no other woman could have looked—charming. Her hair drooped over her forehead in lustrous waves, and was marvellous in its perfect form and brilliant colouring; and her great dark eyes, with their long lashes, were enough of themselves to turn an ordinary man's head.

"I don't like it," she said again, glancing at her companion, who was abstractedly tangling the bright wools, apparently lost in thought, "and I shall be seriously angry with you if you persist in being so formal. For it is formal, after you have known me since I was a little child, to speak as though we were strangers."

"I'll not call you so again, Millicent. Only——" Mr. Thornbury paused.

"Only what?" returned the imperious little lady, giving him another searching glance.

"Things have changed a great deal since you were a child, Millicent. You are a woman now, wealthy, courted, flattered; and I—but it is no good talking of these things. I must be going. Will you promise me the first waltz to-night?"

"Certainly. I hope you appreciate my kindness. I waltz very rarely, you know."

"I do appreciate it: and now I must go down to that 'stupid old office,' as you call it, and make up for lost time. Good-morning, Millicent—don't forget your promise," and then he was gone. Gone, and unconscious, as he walked swiftly down the street, that when she turned back to her work, a soft sigh fluttered from her beautiful lips, and a shadow clouded her face.

He had known her, as she said, since she was a little child; and he, a strong, rude lad, had loved the flower-faced little Millicent dearly; and when, at the age of eighteen, he had been sent away from his home to qualify himself to play a part in the work of life, it was with a secret determination to return after years had passed, and claim her. Although she was a child not a dozen years old, she had taken the warmest place in his warm heart for her own.

Years passed by, and Rupert Thornbury worked hard and well, but the fortune he so ardently wished for never came. He was an honourable man; and crushing his own heart back, he took his father's burdens on his strong, young shoulders, and bore them

bravely. Only once he faltered, and that was when, after scarcely six years had passed since he first went out into the world, news came to him that Millicent, his "little Milly," was married. It was her father's wish, the gossips said. Mr. Kathlane, the suitor, was immensely wealthy, and having been fascinated by Millicent's beauty, her parents had used all their influence with her; and the end was, she married. Millicent, now Mrs. Kathlane, went away to her husband's home; and Rupert Thornbury wearily went on with his dull, distasteful labour, with not even the old boyish dream to lighten his task.

Six years more passed slowly by, making many changes in the affairs of both. Mr. Kathlane died suddenly after two or three years of married life, and Millicent went abroad with some friends.

She had been back nearly a year now, and had settled down to a town life. During this period the old childish friendship for Rupert Thornbury had been warmly renewed; and Rupert had discovered that, charming as she was in her childhood and girlhood, now that she was a woman she was infinitely more so.

During this year, life had grown a great deal brighter to Mr. Thornbury; he was prospering, slowly and steadily, and had gained many friends. Anxious mammas looked upon him with favour, and many bright eyes gave him bewitching glances; hitherto in vain. His whole heart—and he knew it—was still with Millicent Kathlane: but her marriage had raised her, both as to wealth and position, so far above himself, that he did not, except at some fond, delusive moment, dare to aspire to her. He was only a city man, plodding on in his close-city office with his three or four clerks under him.

"How beautiful she is!" he thought, as he walked away from the house. "Just the same little Milly at heart, too, as in the dear old days. And her glances—oh, if I might dare to believe in them!—seem as true to me as they were then. But what would the world say?"

That night saw him at Mrs. Granger's: a fashionable woman with some fashionable daughters, one of whom, Cornelia, had made a dead set at Mr. Thornbury. He stood in the lighted rooms, watching eagerly for Millicent: but it was not until very late that she arrived. As she came down the long rooms—moving as easily and gracefully as though she had been, from earliest childhood, accustomed to reign in society—a murmur of admiration followed her.

She was dressed in a trailing robe of pale, silvery blue, with an over-dress of soft, white lace; her beautiful neck and arms were bare, save for their ornaments of fretted gold; her face was untouched by paint or powder, and her vivid colouring made her beauty seem almost unearthly as compared with some of the inane faces around her. Her black hair, elaborately dressed, was fastened here and there with drooping sprays of scarlet flowers, and at her bosom, looping her over-dress, and in her jewelled *bouquetiere*, the scarlet buds glowed and burned.

"Is she not lovely?" That was a question which every one felt could be answered but in the affirmative. And many an envious heart was hidden under the smiling faces which greeted her.

"There is Mrs. Kathlane, Mr. Thornbury," said Cornelia Granger, a tall, pale, ill-natured girl, to whom Rupert had been saying civil nothings for the last few minutes, and who was furiously jealous of Mrs. Kathlane in her heart of hearts. "You gentlemen are wild about her, I believe. Red and blue—what excruciating taste! I wonder her maid does not teach her better."

"Every one has not your critical eyes, Miss Granger, said Rupert, laughing. "I thought her dress charming."

"Of course." Miss Cornelia was not an amiable girl, as we have said, and at that moment her temper was pinching her rather sourly. "Perhaps you make one of those who are wild over her, Mr. Thornbury?"

"It would be of no use to me, I expect, if I were," replied Rupert, in his candour.

"Well, I suppose not—as she is so soon to be married again."

"Married again!" he uttered.

"So report runs," said Miss Granger, toying with her fan.

"To whom? I had not heard of it."

"To Mr. Worthington: a cousin of her late husband, you know."

"I know him," cried Rupert, feeling he knew not how. "Dick Worthington's not worthy of *her*. It would be desecration."

"She may not think so. It is said there was a great deal of intimacy before Mr. Kathlane died. She married him simply for his money—that's well known—and the handsome cousin used to be a frequent visitor. There was a deal of gossip about it at the time, and—but there's Dick Worthington now. Look how her colour rises when she speaks to him."

"Are you quite certain your information is correct, Miss Granger?"

The pale eyes glanced at him again, and then looked away.

"About the engagement? Quite sure, Mr. Thornbury. At least, the world is sure of it. I am neither more nor less wise than it."

Mr. Thornbury did not change colour at the news, or seem, in reality, to feel much surprise; he stood laughing and chatting with the young lady for a few minutes on different subjects, and then, excusing himself, sauntered across the room to where Mrs. Kathlane sat, surrounded by an admiring group, of whom Richard Worthington was one.

"It is my waltz," said Mr. Thornbury, as she looked up, and greeted him with one of her brightest smiles. "Or are you too tired?"

"Tired?" She laughed a little silvery laugh as she rose. "I am never tired of dancing. Richard, I will leave my flowers and fan with you as a hostage."

It was nothing, this leaving with him her fan and flowers—it was like a thousand other little coquettish ways which she had—but Rupert thinking—oh! so bitterly—of what had just been told him, fancied that he saw something deeper than her usual light coquetry in the glance she gave the handsome young fellow, and groaned in spirit. It seemed a full confirmation of what he had heard.

"One, two, three. One, two, three. You are shockingly out of step, Rupert!" said she, after the first turn. "What is the matter? You look as stern as if you had seen a ghost."

"I have," he said, almost grimly—"the ghost of a dead hope;" and she, half-frightened at his tone, looked up at him questioningly. But in another moment he smiled back at her, and she was reassured.

"Don't talk nonsense, Rupert. There! you are dancing beautifully now. What were you and that odious Cornelia Granger talking about so long?"

"Odious do you call her?"

"Well, I do, Rupert. I think her so; she has not a spark of good feeling in her. Don't you go and tell, now."

"Do you think she is truthful, Millicent?"

"No, I don't. Take care!"

They whirled lightly through the dance, Rupert almost startling Millicent by his unwonted gaiety, laughing and chatting like any

one but his grave self; and she, the colour deepening in her cheeks, the light in her eyes growing momentarily brighter, looked like a veritable "dance-sprite," so airily did she float through the rooms.

"How beautifully they waltz!" Even Cornelia Granger involuntarily spoke in admiration, and a slender youth near her gave it as his opinion that "Thistledown couldn't be lighter than Mrs. Kathlane in a waltz."

"Are you tired?" said Rupert, looking down at the beautiful face; and Millicent, for answer, said she could keep on forever. And so they danced on and on, until Rupert saw the bright colour fading away, and the sensitive mouth beginning to droop a little at the corners.

"You *are* tired," he said, and then, before she could answer, he whirled her through the low, open window into the cool, fresh air on the balcony.

"Thanks," she said. "I believe I was a little faint. Will you get my cloak?" And then, until her cloak came, she sat quiet, like a tired child, with her head resting wearily on the railing.

"The next dance but one is Richard's," she said, as he wrapped the soft, white cloak around her tenderly. "I must not slight him. But we will stay out here until then, unless you wish to go back—in which case I will not keep you with me."

"I shall not dance again to-night," he answered, "unless it is with you."

"I am engaged for every one of them, I am afraid. I could have been engaged three or four times over," she added, laughing. "I am sorry, Rupert, but—"

"No matter," he interrupted her, almost rudely. "I must get used to it, I suppose." He was standing before her, looking down at her, and she, in her pretty, imperious way, laid her hand on his arm.

"You are cross to-night," she said. "Sit here beside me, and tell me what it is that troubles you."

He hesitated a moment; and then, with a reckless determination to disclose everything, and afterwards leave her for ever, he told her the story of his long love for her. Told her in a fierce, hard way, which almost frightened her, and yet made her reverence and admire him more, perhaps, than she had done before.

"I have loved you, Millicent. I love you now, more than you can imagine, and I have not told you because—because you are so far removed from me in every way. I feared you would think me mercenary. I feared—Oh, Millicent! Heaven only knows how I have loved you; how I have longed to tell you, and yet I have not had the courage. Now it is too late, either for harm or good. I shall pray for your happiness always with the man whom you have chosen."

"What do you mean, Rupert?"

The profound wonder in her voice made him hesitate. "I have heard of your engagement to Mr. Worthington."

"Who has told you *that*?" she asked. But in the same moment Richard Worthington stepped through the low window, and came toward them.

"I have been searching for you everywhere," he said laughing in his boyish, good-natured way. "It's my dance, most respected cousin Millicent." And she was forced to go without another word to the man beside her.

"Have you and Mr. Thornbury been quarrelling?" said Richard; who, to do him justice, was entirely innocent of any thought of Mrs. Kathlane, or of anybody else, as a wife. "He looked black as a thunder-cloud, and you are pale."

"I was a little faint after the waltz," she answered. "Don't tease me Dick;" and so Richard desisted from his inquiries.

Meanwhile Rupert Thornbury, left alone with only his own thoughts for company, sat as utterly and entirely wretched as a man can feel but once in his lifetime. Inside the rooms the music kept untiringly on; the gay dancers floated past the windows; every face was bright with smiles. Outside here, in the darkness, a man sat alone, struggling bravely to lift his cross and bear it uncomplainingly.

How long he sat there he knew not, but at last he roused himself, and rose to his feet. "I must go back," he said. "Cornelia Granger will have a delicate bit of gossip if she sees me here."

So he went in and showed himself, and said a few words to Miss Granger, and strolled about he knew not whither, talking to one, talking to another; and presently found himself up stairs near the library.

The library door was ajar, and as he entered, a little figure all in silvery blue and soft white lace, with scarlet buds glowing and

burning here and there, turned and advanced a step toward him. There were tears in the great black eyes, and the red lips were trembling like a grieved child's.

"Was it untrue, Millicent?"

"Every word of it. Dick, indeed! Oh, Rupert!"

He clasped her hands almost rudely.

"You are not engaged?"

Only a look answered him. He caught her to him, pouring forth all the sweet love-vows that he had sensitively refrained from before: and Millicent whispered that she never should be engaged, unless it was to him.

A pity but Miss Cornelia Granger had chanced to look into the library.

After waiting so many years!—*The Argosy.*

THE MAIDEN QUEEN.

IT was under Elizabeth that Whitehall shone out in all its romantic splendour. It was no longer the splendour of Wolsey alone, nor of Henry alone, or with a great name by his side now and then; but of a Queen, surrounded and worshipped through a long reign by a galaxy of the brightest minds and most chivalrous persons ever assembled in English history.

Here she comes, turning round the corner from the Strand, under a canopy of state, leaving the noisier, huzzaing multitude behind the barriers that mark the precincts of the palace, and bending her eyes hither and thither, in acknowledgment of the kneeling obeisances of the courtiers. Beside her are Cecil and Knolles, and Northampton, and Bacon's father; or, later in life, Leicester, and Burleigh, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Greville, and Sir Francis Drake (and Spenser is looking on); or, later still, Essex, and Raleigh, and Bacon himself, and Southampton, Shakspeare's friend, with Shakspeare among the spectators. We shall see her by and by, at that period, as brought to life to us in the description of Heutzner the traveller. At present (as we have her at this moment in our eye) she is younger, of a large and tall, but well-made figure, with fine eyes, and finer hands, which she is fond of displaying. We are too apt to think of Elizabeth as thin

and elderly, and patched up ; but for a good period of her life she was plump and personable, warranting the history of the robust romps of the Lord Admiral, Seymour ; and till her latter days (and even then, as far as her powers went), we are always to fancy her at once spirited and stately of carriage, impulsive (except on occasions of ordinary ceremony), and ready to manifest her emotions in look and voice, whether as woman or Queen ; in a word, a sort of Henry the Eighth corrected by a female nature and a better understanding—or perhaps an Anne Bullen, enlarged, and made less feminine, by the father's grossness. The Protestants have represented her as too staid, and the Catholics as too violent and sensual. According to the latter, Whitehall was a mere sink of iniquity. It was not likely to be so, for many reasons ; but neither, on the other hand, do we take it to have been anything like the pattern of self-denial which some fond writers have supposed. Where there is power, and leisure, and luxury, though of the most legitimate kind, and refinement, though of the most intellectual, self-denial on the side of enjoyment is not apt to be the reigning philosophy ; nor would it reasonably be looked for in any court, at all living in wealth and splendour.

Imagine the sensations of Elizabeth, when she first set down in the palace at Whitehall, after escaping the perils of imputed illegitimacy, of confinement for party's sake and for religion's, and all the other terrors of her father's reign and of Mary's, danger of death itself not excepted. She was a young Queen of twenty-five years of age, healthy, sprightly, good-looking, with plenty of will, power, and imagination ; and the gallantest spirits of the age were at her feet. How pitiable, and how respectable, become almost all sovereigns, when we consider them as human beings put in possession of almost superhuman power ; and when we reflect in general how they have been brought up, and what a provocative to abuse at all events becomes the possession of a throne ! We in general spoil them first ;—we always tempt them to take every advantage, by worshipping them as if they were different creatures from ourselves ;—and then we are astonished that they should take us at our word. How much better would it be to be astonished at the likeness they retain to us, even in the kindlier part of our weaknesses.

By a very natural process, considering the great and chivalrous men of that day, Elizabeth became at once one of the greatest of

Queens and one of the most flattered and vain of women. Nor were the courtiers so entirely insincere as they are supposed to have been, when they worshipped her as they did, and gave her credit for all the beauty and virtue under heaven. On the contrary, the power to benefit them went hand-in-hand with their self-love to give them a sincere though extravagant notion of their mistress; and the romantic turn of the age and its literature, its exploits, its poetry, all conspired to warm and sanction the enthusiasm on both sides, and to blind the admiration to those little outward defects, and inward defects too, which love at all periods is famous for overlooking—nay, for converting into noble grounds of denial, and of subjection to a sentiment. Thus Elizabeth's hook nose, her red hair, nay, her very age and crookedness at last, did not stand in the way of raptures at her "beauty" and "divine perfections," any more than a flaw in the casket that held a jewel. The spirit of love and beauty was there; the appreciation of the soul of both; the glory of exciting, and of giving, the glorification;—and all the rest was a trifle, an accident, a mortal show of things, which no gentleman and lady can help. The Queen might even swear a good round oath or so occasionally; and what did it signify? It was a pleasant ebullition of the authority which is above taxation; the Queen swore, and not the woman; or if the woman did, it was only an excess of feeling proper to balance the account, and to bring her royalty down to a level with good hearty human nature.

It has been said, that as Elizabeth advanced in life, the courtiers dropped the mention of her beauty; but this is a mistake. They were more sparing in the mention of it, but when they spoke they were conscious that the matter was not to be minced. When her Majesty was in her sixty-second year, the famous Earl of Essex gave her an entertainment, in the course of which she was complimented on her "*beauty*" and *dazzling outside*, in speeches written for the occasion by Lord, then "Mr. Francis, Bacon." Sir John Davies, another lawyer, who was not born till she was near forty, and could not have written his acrostical "Hymns" upon her till she was elderly, celebrates her as awakening "thoughts of young love," and being "beauty's rose indeed;" and it is well known that she was at a reverend time of life when Sir Walter Raleigh wrote upon her like a despairing lover, calling her "Venus" and "Diana," and saying he could not exist out of her presence.

LEIGH HUNT.

FLORENCE LEE.

Oh! the winter-winds are sighing
 Over mount and valley low,
 As the Old Year lies a-dying
 On his pallid bed of snow;
 And I hear the distant ringing
 Of St. Catherine's convent-bell,
 And the nuns as they go singing,
 Chanting slowly, "All is well!"
 "All is well!" I mutter mildly;
 "All is well!" but not to me;
 For I loved thee, Oh! too wildly,
 Earth-lost angel, Florence Lee!

Such a night of last December,
 On the last day of the year,
 Sat we then beside the embers,
 Whispering to each other cheer.
 As we welcomed the new-comer,
 Little thought we of the dearth
 Which the bright, long-looked-for summer
 Made around the homestead hearth;
 Little thought we that the roses
 Thou wouldst never live to see;
 For the cold earth now reposes
 On thy breast, dear Florence Lee!

Through the long, long summer-hours
 Angel-hands upon thy grave
 Planted fair and beauteous flowers,
 For the soft south wind to wave:
 Where the dew-drops of the even
 Sparkled in the morning sun,
 As the stars in yonder heaven
 When the gaudy day is done:
 But the winds of autumn sadly
 Wailed along the sunny lea,
 Scattering all the leaflets madly
 O'er thy tomb, fair Florence Lee!

Oh! the winter-winds are sighing
 Over mount and valley low,
 As the Old Year lies a-dying
 On his pallid bed of snow:
 And I hear the distant ringing
 Of Saint Catherine's convent-bell,
 And the nuns as they go singing,
 Chanting slowly, "All is well!"
 "All is well!" I mutter mildly;
 "All is well!" but not to me;
 For I loved thee, oh! too wildly,
 Love-lost angel, Florence Lee!

THE LILY'S QUEST.

AN APOLOGUE.

TWO lovers, once upon a time, had planned a little summer-house, in the form of an antique temple, which it was their purpose to consecrate to all manner of refined and innocent enjoyments. There they would hold pleasant intercourse with one another, and the circle of their familiar friends; there they would give festivals of delicious fruit; there they would hear lightsome music, intermingled with the strains of pathos which make joy more sweet; there they would read poetry and fiction, and permit their own minds to flit away in day dreams and romance; there, in short—for why should we shape out the vague sunshine of their hopes?—there all pure delights were to cluster like roses among the pillars of the edifice, and blossom ever new and spontaneously. So, one breezy and cloudless afternoon, Adam Forrester and Lilius Fay set out upon a ramble over the wide estate which they were to possess together, seeking a proper site for their Temple of Happiness. They were themselves a fair and happy spectacle, fit priest and priestess for such a shrine; although, making poetry of the pretty name of Lilius, Adam Forrester was wont to call her LILY, because her form was as fragile and her cheek almost as pale.

As they passed, hand in hand, down the avenue of drooping elms, that led from the portal of Lilius Fay's paternal mansion.

they seemed to glance like winged creatures through the strips of sunshine, and to scatter brightness where the deep shadows fell. But, setting forth at the same time with this youthful pair, there was a dismal figure, wrapt in a black velvet cloak that might have been made of a coffin-pall, and with a sombre hat, such as mourners wear, drooping its broad brim over his heavy brows. Glancing behind them, the lovers well knew who it was that followed, but wished from their hearts that he had been elsewhere, as being a companion so strangely unsuited to their joyous errand. It was a near relative of Lilius Fay, an old man by the name of Walter Gascoigne, who had long laboured under the burthen of a melancholy spirit, which was sometimes maddened into absolute insanity, and always had a tinge of it. What a contrast between the young pilgrims of bliss, and their unbidden associate! They looked as if moulded of Heaven's sunshine, and he of earth's gloomiest shade; they flitted along like Hope and Joy, roaming hand in hand through life; while his darksome figure stalked behind, a type of all the woful influences which life could fling upon them. But the three had not gone far, when they reached a spot that pleased the gentle Lily, and she paused.

"What sweeter place shall we find than this?" said she. "Why should we seek further for the site of our Temple?"

It was indeed a delightful spot of earth, though undistinguished by any very prominent beauties, being merely a nook in the shelter of a hill, with the prospect of a distant lake in one direction, and of a church spire in another. There were vistas and pathways, leading onward and onward into the green woodlands, and vanishing away in the glimmering shade. The Temple, if erected here, would look towards the west: so that the lovers could shape all sorts of magnificent dreams out of the purple, violet, and gold of the sunset sky; and few of their anticipated pleasures were dearer than this sport of fantasy.

"Yes," said Adam Forrester, "we might seek all day, and find no lovelier spot. We will build our Temple here."

But their sad old companion, who had taken his stand on the very site which they proposed to cover with a marble floor, shook his head and frowned; and the young man and the Lily deemed it almost enough to blight the spot, and desecrate it for their airy Temple, that his dismal figure had thrown its shadow there. He pointed to some scattered stones, the remnants of a former

structure, and flowers such as young girls delight to nurse in their gardens, but which had now relapsed into the wild simplicity of nature.

"Not here!" cried old Walter Gascoigne. "Here, long ago, other mortals built their Temple of Happiness. Seek another site for yours!"

"What!" exclaimed Lilius Fay. "Have any ever planned such a Temple, save ourselves?"

"Poor child!" said her gloomy kinsman. "In one shape or other, every mortal has dreamed your dream."

Then he told the lovers, how—not, indeed, an antique Temple—but a dwelling had once stood there, and that a dark-clad guest had dwelt among its inmates, sitting for ever at the fireside, and poisoning all their household mirth. Under this type, Adam Forrester and Lilius saw that the old man spake of Sorrow. He told of nothing that might not be recorded in the history of almost every household; and yet his hearers felt as if no sunshine ought to fall upon a spot, where human grief had left so deep a stain; or, at least, that no joyous Temple should be built there.

"This is very sad," said the Lily, sighing.

"Well, there are lovelier spots than this," said Adam Forrester, soothingly—"spots which sorrow has not blighted."

So they hastened away, and the melancholy Gascoigne followed them, looking as if he had gathered up all the gloom of the deserted spot, and was bearing it as a burthen of inestimable treasure. But still they rambled on, and soon found themselves in a rocky dell, through the midst of which ran a streamlet, with ripple, and foam, and a continual voice of inarticulate joy. It was a wild retreat, walled on either side with gray precipices, which would have frowned somewhat too sternly, had not a profusion of green shrubbery rooted itself into their crevices, and wreathed gladsome foliage around their solemn brows. But the chief joy of the dell was in the little stream, which seemed like the presence of a blissful child, with nothing earthly to do, save to babble merrily and disport itself, and make every living soul its playfellow, and throw the sunny gleams of its spirit upon all.

"Here, here is the spot!" cried the two lovers with one voice, as they reached a level space on the brink of a small cascade. "This glen was made on purpose for our Temple!"

"And the glad song of the brook will be always in our ears," said Lilius Fay.

"And its long melody shall sing the bliss of our lifetime," said Adam Forrester.

"Ye must build no Temple here!" murmured their dismal companion.

And there again was the old lunatic, standing just on the spot where they meant to rear their lightsome dome, and looking like the embodied symbol of some great woe, that, in forgotten days, had happened there. And, alas! there had been woe, nor that alone. A young man, more than a hundred years before, had lured hither a girl that loved him, and on this spot had murdered her, and washed his bloody hands in the stream which sang so merrily. And ever since, the victim's death shrieks were often heard to echo between the cliffs.

"And see!" cried old Gascoigne, "is the stream yet pure from the stain of the murderer's hands?"

"Methinks it has a tinge of blood," faintly answered the Lily; and being as slight as the gossamer, she trembled and clung to her lover's arm, whispering, "let us flee from this dreadful vale!"

"Come, then," said Adam Forrester, as cheerily as he could; "we shall soon find a happier spot."

They set forth again, young Pilgrims on that quest which millions—which every child of Earth—has tried in turn. And were the Lily and her lover to be more fortunate than all those millions? For a long time, it seemed not so. The dismal shape of the old lunatic still glided behind them; and for every spot that looked lovely in their eyes, he had some legend of human wrong or suffering, so miserably sad, that his auditors could never afterwards connect the idea of joy with the place where it had happened. Here, a heart-broken woman, kneeling to her child, had been spurned from his feet; here, a desolate old creature had prayed to the evil one, and had received a fiendish malignity of soul, in answer to her prayer; here, a new-born infant, sweet blossom of life, had been found dead, with the impress of its mother's fingers round its throat; and here, under a shattered oak, two lovers had been stricken by lightning, and fell blackened corpses in each other's arms. The dreary Gascoigne had a gift to know whatever evil and lamentable thing had stained the bosom of mother Earth; and when his funereal voice had told the tale, it appeared like a prophecy of future woe, as well as a tradition of the past. And now, by their sad demeanor, you would have fancied that the

pilgrim lovers were seeking, not a temple of earthly joy, but a tomb for themselves and their posterity."

"Where in this world," exclaimed Adam Forrester, despondingly, "shall we build our Temple of Happiness?"

"Where in this world, indeed!" repeated Lilius Fay; and being faint and weary, the more so by the heaviness of her heart, the Lily drooped her head and sat down on the summit of a knoll, repeating, "Where in this world shall we build our Temple?"

"Ah! have you already asked yourselves that question?" said their companion, his shaded features growing even gloomier with the smile that dwelt on them; "yet there is a place, even in this world, where ye may build it."

While the old man spoke, Adam Forrester and Lilius had carelessly thrown their eyes around, and perceived that the spot where they had chanced to pause, possessed a quiet charm, which was well enough adapted to their present mood of mind. It was a small rise of ground, with a certain regularity of shape, that had perhaps been bestowed by art; and a group of trees, which almost surrounded it, threw their pensive shadows across and far beyond, although some softened glory of the sunshine found its way there. The ancestral mansion, wherein the lovers would dwell together, appeared on one side, and the ivied church, where they were to worship, on another. Happening to cast their eyes on the ground, they smiled, yet with a sense of wonder, to see that a pale lily was growing at their feet.

"We will build our Temple here," said they, simultaneously, and with an indescribable conviction, that they had at last found the very spot.

Yet, while they uttered this exclamation, the young man and the Lily turned an apprehensive glance at their dreary associate, deeming it hardly possible that some tale of earthly affliction should not make those precincts loathsome, as in every former case. The old man stood just behind them, so as to form the chief figure in the group, with his sable cloak muffling the lower part of his visage, and his sombre hat overshadowing his brows. But he gave no word of dissent from their purpose; and an inscrutable smile was accepted by the lovers as a token that here had been no foot-print of guilt or sorrow, to desecrate the site of their Temple of Happiness.

In a little time longer, while summer was still in its prime, the

fairly structure of the Temple arose on the summit of the knoll, amid the solemn shadows of the trees, yet often gladdened with bright sunshine. It was built of white marble, with slender and graceful pillars, supporting a vaulted dome; and beneath the centre of this dome, upon a pedestal, was a slab of dark-veined marble, on which books and music might be strewn. But there was a fantasy among the people of the neighbourhood, that the edifice was planned after an ancient mausoleum, and was intended for a tomb, and that the central slab of dark-veined marble was to be inscribed with the names of buried ones. They doubted, too, whether the form of Lilius Fay could appertain to a creature of this earth, being so very delicate, and growing every day more fragile, so that she looked as if the summer breeze should snatch her up, and waft her heavenward. But still she watched the daily growth of the Temple; and so did old Walter Gascoigne, who now made that spot his continual haunt, leaning whole hours together on his staff, and giving as deep attention to the work as though it had been indeed a tomb. In due time it was finished, and a day appointed for a simple rite of dedication.

On the preceding evening, after Adam Forrester had taken leave of his mistress, he looked back towards the portal of her dwelling, and felt a strange thrill of fear; for he imagined that, as the setting sunbeams faded from her figure, she was exhaling away, and that something of her ethereal substance was withdrawn, with each lessening gleam of light. With his farewell glance, a shadow had fallen over the portal, and Lilius was invisible. His foreboding spirit deemed it an omen at the time; and so it proved; for the sweet earthly form, by which the Lily had been manifested to the world, was found lifeless, the next morning in the Temple, with her head resting on her arms, which were folded upon the slab of dark-veined marble. The chill winds of the earth had long since breathed a blight into this beautiful flower, so that a loving hand had now transplanted it, to blossom brightly in the garden of Paradise.

But alas, for the Temple of Happiness! In his unutterable grief, Adam Forrester had no purpose more at heart than to convert this Temple of many delightful hopes into a tomb, and bury his dead mistress there. And lo! a wonder! Digging a grave beneath the Temple's marble floor, the sexton found no virgin earth, such as was meet to receive the maiden's dust, but an ancient

sepulchre, in which were treasured up the bones of generations that had died long ago. Among those forgotten ancestors was the Lily to be laid. And when the funeral procession brought Lilius thither in her coffin, they beheld old Walter Gascoigne standing beneath the dome of the Temple, with his cloak of pall, and face of darkest gloom; and wherever that figure might take its stand, the spot would seem a sepulchre. He watched the mourners as they lowered the coffin down.

"And so," said he to Adam Forrester, with the strange smile in which his insanity was wont to gleam forth, "you have found no better foundation for your happiness than on a grave!"

But as the Shadow of Affliction spoke, a vision of Hope and Joy had its birth in Adam's mind, even from the old man's taunting words; for then he knew what was betokened by the parable in which the Lily and himself had acted; and the mystery of Life and Death was opened to him.

"Joy! joy!" he cried, throwing his arms towards Heaven, "on a grave be the site of our Temple; and now our happiness is for Eternity!"

With those words, a ray of sunshine broke through the dismal sky, and glimmered down into the sepulchre; while, at the same moment, the shape of old Walter Gascoigne stalked drearily away, because his gloom, symbolic of all earthly sorrow, might no longer abide there, now that the darkest riddle of humanity was read.

Scrapiana.

OUR contributor, Mr. John Cameron, has recently published in a handsome volume, entitled "Sights and Sensations in Europe," the impressions made on his mind by a summer tour through the Old World.

MR. WILSON (Travels and Adventures in the South), in the present number of the MARITIME MONTHLY, speaks of a sale of salt at Little River Inlet, at \$2.00 a bag—he should have said \$200 a bag.

TIDINGS of the death of Dr. David Livingstone are generally credited. It is said he died between Ujiji and Unyanyembe, where he was met by Lieut. Cameron's expedition. He was born in 1817, of Scottish parents, and admitted to the practice of medicine in 1838: he was ordained to preach, and left for Natal as a missionary in 1839. He explored the Kalahari Desert in 1849; afterwards the Zambezi River, the chief stream of Southern Africa. In 1856 he returned to Europe, and in 1857 his travels were published. In 1858 he returned to Africa, discovered the Lakes Nyassa and Shirvan, and returned to England in 1864. In 1865 he left England for the last time, since which but little is known of his travels, explorations, sufferings and adventures.

THE coal supply of the world is estimated at 152,520 square miles, of which 18,000 are in British North America and 113,000 in the United States.

MR. HARVEY's article in this issue of the MARITIME MONTHLY, may lead to the solution of some of the mysteries by which the great deep is surrounded. It cannot fail to be read with intense interest.

WASHINGTON IRVING's literary career was singularly successful, brilliant and happy. At his death in 1863, his English and American publishers had paid him upwards of \$200,000. He shunned politics, was never tortured by the critics, and never married. Few American writers are so generally read and admired—none are surrounded with such an atmosphere of love and reverence.

DR. HEIDEGGER's Experiment, republished in our February number, was written by Nathaniel Hawthorne, who died in 1864. Mr. Hawthorne's style was quaint and fanciful—his thoughts were of an antique and melancholy cast. He peopled the world with the ghosts of buried generations, and walked through life with eyes closed to surrounding realities. Leigh Hunt says, "His countenance was one of the most speaking I ever met with."

DEATH, which is no respecter of persons and spares no rank and no condition, has, during the past year, mowed down not a few who held eminent positions in the ranks of the press. Charles

Knight, Thos. Letts, William Dalziel, James Hannay, William Skeene, Sheridan Le Faun, John Blackie, junior, Dr. Guthrie, T. G. Lomax, Dr. John Murray, John Camden Hotten, Charles Longman, and Lewis Gaylord Clark, are names, in the mouths of Press-men "familiar as household words," which have been erased from the muster-roll of the Fourth Estate. Lewis Gaylord Clark, for nearly thirty years editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*! What tender recollections are awakened as we turn the yellow leaves of the *Knickerbocker*, whose quaint covers furnish a sort of index to the quaint and versatile genius that presided in its editorial chair! The *Knickerbocker Magazine* was the pioneer of American Magazine literature, and of the myriad periodicals that have succeeded it, not one can boast of such brilliant editorial management or of such talented contributors.

Wm. H. Seward, Washington Irving, J. K. Paulding, W. C. Bryant, Charles Dickens, Letitia E. Landon, Fanny Kemble, Fitz Greene Halleck, Joseph Rodman Drake (of whom Halleck wrote the beautiful and familiar lines, beginning with—

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.)

Fred. S. Cozzens (author of the Sparrowgrass Papers), E. W. B. Canning, Alfred B. Street, H. T. Tuckerman, Chas. G. Leland (Hans Breitmann), Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), Charles Astor Bristed, and many others whose names are familiar, including a regular contributor to the MARITIME MONTHLY, enriched its pages from year to year with the productions of their pens.

But the business management of the *Knickerbocker* was foggyish, and shortly after the Harpers put their magazine in the field with a mint of money at their backs, to make it a success, it gave up the ghost, and Lewis Gaylord Clark sank out of the sight and memory of all except those who had known and loved him personally, or as the editor of the magazine.

It was at the Editor's Table that Clark shone most conspicuously—there he was a prince—and his table talk of thirty years ago is to-day as fresh and fragrant as the flowers of May. Col. Thorpe, in a late number of *Harper*, says: "Had Lewis Gaylord Clark fallen prematurely, and twenty-four years ago been suddenly missed

from the busy, active walks of life, his loss would have been lamented as that of a great celebrity. Possessed of a childlike simplicity, and confidence in his fellow-men, that well nigh disqualified him from fighting successfully the stern battles of life, when once the demand for his peculiar labour ceased, his occupation was gone—the times had changed, but he could not change.”

THE corner of Fulton and Nassau-streets, now “*The Sun*” Office corner, was once the celebrated “SHAKSPEARE Tavern,” kept by Hodgkinson a retired actor, a gentleman and a wit. Here congregated all the eccentrics of the time, and among them many whose equals at this day would scarcely be found visiting a tavern. But not so *then*. George Frederick Cooke, J. W. Jarvis, Micah Hawkins, and a host of others, equally well known, were the nightly inmates of this omnium of eccentrics. Indeed, “Hodgkinson’s” was the “*Exchange*” for fun and humor. Old-style New-Yorkers were moderate in their libations; but still, the single pot of ale, or its equivalent, was the necessary accompaniment of an evening’s gossip.

One little table, in a sly corner, seemed by common consent to be sacred for a special use every evening from eight to nine o’clock: and if a stranger should by accident seat himself alongside this table, some of the guests would inform him that he had better take another seat, and leave those for “*The Bird-Fanciers*,” or he might “spoil the quarrel.” Many a night have I gone to this room at a few minutes before eight o’clock, to *see* “the quarrel” aforesaid.

Just as the clock struck eight, in would come Jemmy Bessonnet, at the Fulton-street door, and at about the same time John Lentner would enter by the Nassau-street door. If either should arrive one minute before the other, he would look vacantly around the room until his companion arrived. This had occurred every night for twenty years. Jemmy Bessonnet was a dealer in birds, bird-cages and wooden ware, in Nassau-street, three doors above Maiden-lane, and was celebrated for his Mino, a talking-bird of superior quality. John Lentner manufactured fishing-tackle and sold birds in Fair, now Fulton-street, near “Golden Hill,” and was celebrated for his untiring friendship for Jemmy Bessonnet, and for an excess of patience, which constituted him a good fisherman.

"How d'ye do, Johnny?"

"How d'ye do, Jemmy?"

"What are you going to try a little of?"

"Well, I don't know; what are *you* going to try a little of?"

And to the unpractised eye they really seemed in doubt; but in fact, neither of them had ever drank any thing but a single mug of ale in an evening in all his life.

"Well," says Johnny, "I guess I'll try a mug of beer: Abram, bring me a mug of beer."

"Bring *me* a mug of beer, too, Abram," echoes Jemmy, to the old mulatto bar-keeper. Down went the two mugs on the table, dripping with both froth and coldness, for Abram always gave full measure. I name this as a peculiarity of the olden time.

Johnny and Jemmy now seized the handles of their separate mugs; and while their faces looked like a conglomerate of palates, with mouths peculiarly shaped to receive the potent liquor, a slight nod, but full of complimentary "good health," announced that a portion from each mug was about to be swallowed: then their visages relaxed, and the usual conversation commenced:

"Well, Jemmy, how is your Mino?"

"Oh, beautiful: he is a great bird, that Mino. If any body comes in, he calls out, 'Jemmy! shop! coming!' You see I used to say, 'Coming,' and now Mino says it too. Alderman Bracket said t' other day that they was a-goin' to indict my bird for raisin' an alarm of fire; that Tommy Franklin, the Chief Engineer, heard him do it. He calls out when the ingines are comin', 'Hurrah, Nine! hurrah, Three!' he knows them all apart. The only thing that bothers me with that bird, is his always saying, when any body asks the price of any thing, 'Two-and-six:' You know, Johnny, I used to sell them wooden bowls at two-and-six, but now I ask three shillin's; but Mino sticks to the old price."

"Well, Jemmy, that *is* a great bird: I always said it, and always will. I wish your English mocking-bird was as good as your Mino."

"Why? What 's the matter with my English mocking-bird? Did you ever see a better bird?—did you ever see a better-throated bird: I call him a *perfect* bird."

"*Do* you, though? Well now, Jemmy, I don't want to hurt your feelings; but that bird has got a good many faults, and he can't help it; the stuff ain't in him. I look at him clus: he has

three faulty feathers on the left side of his neck, and the fourth tail-feather has a bad quill; it's chalky; it hasn't oil enough in it to keep it supple; just you look at his tail of a cold, damp day: he folds in every feather but that: he can't do nothin' with it."

"Now, look o' here, Johnny, you're always abusing that bird. I say he's as good a throated bird as you ever saw. Did you ever hear him mew like a cat? Can a bad-throated bird do *that*? Did you ever see him coming down on the lower perch? *That's* the time to see if his tail-feathers are perfect. Why, he '*fans*' beautiful. Now here, Johnny, don't let us quarrel about that bird; your mind is set about that bird, and there is no use tryin' to get you right. How is your new canary?"

"Well, he's first-rate, all except one note. You know the note that comes out of that bird-organ of mine when the handle gets just up by the hinge? Well, that note bothers him a little, but I think he'll get it after a while. He's the best-coloured bird I ever knew; and every other way he's good, except that hinge-note."

Here the mugs would be lifted, Johnny's in compliment to himself for his eulogy on his canary, and Jemmy's to wash his throat, to facilitate his anticipated attack on Johnny's bird.

"Look here, Johnny, I used to think that you knew something about birds, but when I hear you talk about that lame canary of yours, it makes me sick. You don't seem to know what ails that bird; you don't know why he can't sing that note. Now, I'll tell you: you see you always use your cuttle-fish bone too sharp; and one side of your bird's bill is so worn off, that he can't clean his seed; and when he sings, the wind slips out that side of his bill, and he can't make a good note. When a bird can't clean his seed, you see he always gets stuffed full of these indigestible shells, and can't get on: besides, his small spur on the left foot ain't good. He has to stand on the big perch; he can't hold on to the small perch; he is too weak in the left foot for that; it won't contract enough to grip it."

"Look here, Jemmy Bessonet!" (and here Johnny would lift his mug and empty it, Jemmy following suit,) "look here, Jemmy, you and I have been here every night for twenty years, and ever since I had that canary you've had a spite ag'in' him, just as you had ag'in' that Java sparrow three years ago; and as soon as we get a-talking, you always begin a-talking ag'in' that bird. He's a

confounded sight better bird than *you* ever owned, or ever will own. That Mino's the only decent bird that ever could live in your shop, with the dirty seed you feed your birds. Now, I never want to talk with you about birds ag'in, for it's all stuff. You don't know nothing about birds: and then you get so spitefully mad about nothing: there's no use talking with you!"

"Well, I don't care for *you*, nor *your* birds," says Jemmy, "and I think we better just stop meetin' here, for you always quarrel about that lame canary o' yours."

"Well, this is the *last* time we'll quarrel, any how."

At this point, each would wheel off for his separate door, and as the doors swung to, the clock invariably struck nine. Then all the inmates of the room would laugh, and the oldest-comers enjoyed "the quarrel" the most.

The next night, as the clock struck eight, in would come the two bird-fanciers again, and again it was:

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" "How d'ye do, Jemmy?" "What are you going to try a little of?" And before they had seemed to decide, Abram, as usual, was drawing the beer."

A CURIOSITY in short-hand writing was shewn at the Vienna Exhibition—namely, the whole of the *Illiad* of Homer, enclosed in a walnut-shell.

It is said that nearly 900,000,000 of letters, 80,000,000 of post-cards, 100,000,000 of newspaper, and 100,000,000 of book-packets pass through the London Post-office annually.

THE executors of the late Charles Dickens, with the sanction of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester, have just erected to his memory in Rochester Cathedral a handsome brass tablet. The tablet records the date of the birth and death of the deceased, that he is buried in Westminster Abbey, and that the tablet is erected "to connect his memory with the scenes in which his earliest and his latest years were passed, and with the associations of Rochester Cathedral and its neighbourhood, which extended over all his life."

THE OLD PRINTING PRESS.

A song to the Press, the Printing Press!
 Of the good old-fashioned kind
 Ere the giant machine, with its pulse of steam,
 Elbows it out of mind.
 In the days of yore
 Our fathers hoar
 By his sturdy limbs have wrought:
 Of iron or oak,
 His teachings spoke
 The language of burning thought.

A song to the Press, the Printing Press!
 As the carriage rolls merrily along
 His stout sides groan, as the bar pulls home,
 Keeping time to the pressman's song:
 And the crisp, wet sheet
 On its errand fleet
 By anxious hands is sped.
 Though oft elsewhere
 It may sorrow bear,
 To the printer's home brings bread!

Then here's to the Press—the old Printing Press!
 Though his days be numbered now,
 A fond heart weaves of the laurel leaves
 A garland to deck his brow.
 Though the giant machine
 With its pulse of steam
 Has doomed his form to decay,
 His stout old frame
 From our hearts shall claim
 Remembrance for many a day. *The Printer.*

THREE ladies meeting, one said, "I love my love with a G., for he is a Gustice; another, "I love my love with an F., for he is a Fysician; and the third, "I love my love with a K., because he is a Kemist." This reminds us of the "Educationalist" who lectured on "The three great R's"—Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic.

A MEETING has been held in Boston to take into consideration a memorial to the late Prof. Agassiz. Addresses were made by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Robert C. Winthrop, Geo. B. Loring, O. W. Holmes, and others. It was proposed to make the Zoological Museum at Cambridge a memorial monument. A committee was appointed to receive subscriptions, and before the close of the meeting \$65,000 had been subscribed.

THE loss by abrasion of gold coin received at the mint in Philadelphia since January 1, 1874 is \$11,981.

THE following amusing blunder appeared recently in a London Correspondent's letter:—"Sir George Rose, whose death is announced to-day, is one of the oldest of *living* barristers, and one of the few now *living* who have been 'King's Counsel.'" This bull was published in an English paper, and of course called forth one or two sarcastic comments.

PHOTOGRAPHY has been applied to a novel purpose in connection with journalism in Paris. With each number of a newspaper entitled *Paris Theatre* is issued a first-class photograph, the portrait being usually that of an actor or actress. The ordinary price of a similar photograph, which is of excellent quality and printed by the Woodbury process, would be about two shillings; while the price of the newspaper and portrait together is only twenty centimes—two-pence.



THE
MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1874.

NO. 4.

CANADA FIRST.

THIS "Canada of ours" has just passed through one of her greatest political conflicts. The days of Lord Elgin, when putrid eggs flew thick and fast around his noble person, as he passed along the streets of a Canadian city, were tame in comparison. Last session the Parliament of Canada fought its greatest battle, and the people of the Dominion, through the medium of the electoral franchise, have triumphantly endorsed the verdict of the Parliament. In undertaking to record a calm and impartial opinion upon the Pacific scandal so called, and the vital Constitutional questions springing therefrom, after the smoke and heat of the battle have somewhat subsided, we are fully aware that we entertain party views, and are possibly tinged with party bias. We know the public mind is thoroughly *saturated* with the subject, and the public patience well nigh exhausted: But we enter upon the discussion of the questions involved, hoping to adjust our political lenses so as to suit the vision of every loyal-hearted Canadian—not to exult over a party triumph, nor to wail over a party defeat. Other more important and enduring considerations intrude upon the thoughtful mind, and to these we desire mainly to direct attention. Canadian institutions are representative, essentially dependent upon the popular will. Our political system—among the best in the world—begets party Government, throwing alternately the patronage of Government and the emoluments of office into the hands of the winning party. This system, honestly carried out, prevents, for any length of time, the administration of affairs becoming corrupt. It is alike an

incentive to Government and Opposition—the former to preserve at least the semblance of purity, the latter to detect any ministerial delinquency. Political Coalitions, therefore, except for temporary and extraordinary purposes, in the very nature of things, always prove disastrous to the public welfare and demoralizing to public men. They are as deadly to political purity and public morality as the blighting simoom or destroying plague to vegetable or animal life. We hate the very name of monopoly. And what, we ask, is a political coalition but a political monopoly, which means that all interests—political, commercial, social and private—must succumb to those of the monopolizers? Lord Chancellor Eldon, when asked to coalesce with Lords Grey and Granville during the Regency, refused on the ground, among other things, “that all attempts at making strong administrations upon broad bottoms, must be known to those who are practised politicians *to be frauds upon the country.*” “The great mass of the people,” he says, “hold the thing, and the men engaged in it, in utter detestation, producing absolute weakness in Government, and of course deeply affecting the interests of the Crown.”

The two great political parties of British America were sundered when the question of Confederation came before the people; and very properly so. It was a proposed change, involving new political associations of a radical nature, and divided public men, who had previously worked together, upon the general politics of the country. We are, however, strongly of the opinion, that the coalition formed to carry Confederation should have come to an end upon the consummation of that object, for the purpose which called it into life and sustained its existence had been attained. It may be replied, that the Coalition had not accomplished its object, until the whole of British North America had been brought within the pale of the British North America Act, 1867. The practical result of such a shallow argument might have imposed upon Canada a Coalition Government for the next quarter of a century. It was used before P. E. Island had entered the Dominion. Newfoundland is still shy; and to overtures of union says “no,” after the manner of a modest maiden possibly, who says “no,” when she means “yes.” New Provinces have yet to be carved out of the fertile prairies of the Great North-west; and tens of thousands of honest, industrious settlers have yet to people and cultivate these lands. But not one

of these wonderful changes and improvements requires a coalition of political parties for its accomplishment. The manner of admission or organization—a question of general politics—would be the only point at issue, as the desirability of a united British America has been affirmed by the Union Act. A different policy seemed preferable to some of our Liberal chiefs, who continued to adhere to a Conservative Government, led by that astute and wily politician, Sir John A. Macdonald. This, it seems to us, was a grave mistake—one highly injurious to the interests of the country, and lowering to the tone of Dominion politics. The general elections of 1872 gave the Government a good working majority, and the country had apparently sanctioned the coalition. In reality, the reverse was the case, for later developments brought to light such a mass of damaging facts against the Government, or at least against its leading members, all pointing to corrupt practices, that Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues were driven from office. The practical value of political coalitions, and their patriotic regard for the public welfare, were consistently displayed by the conduct of the Canadian Coalition when a hostile House of Commons compelled them to relinquish the seals of office. Two of their number betook themselves to the ease and dignity of Provincial Governorships; one has settled himself on the seat of justice, beneath the Judge's ermine; two have dropped into private life, one through judicious choice, the other through defeat; while others have succeeded again in obtaining Seats in Parliament, mournfully to reflect upon "what might have been."

The famous resolutions of the Hon. Mr. Huntington, moved in the House of Commons on the 2nd day of April 1873, are lengthy, and have long been before the public, so that it is not necessary to reproduce them in this article. They boldly charged Ministers with corrupt practices—of selling to Sir Hugh Allan undue concessions in the Pacific Railway, for which Sir Hugh agreed to, and did in fact, advance large sums of money to aid Ministers and their friends in the General Elections of 1872. Mr. Huntington's resolutions were defeated by thirty-five of a majority, only to be followed, on the eighth of the same month, by a resolution of Sir John A. Macdonald, for the appointment of a committee of five to investigate and report upon the charges. The Hon. Messrs. John Hilyard Cameron, Dorion, Blake, James McDonald and Blanchet, were appointed such committee. A Bill enabling the

committee to examine witnesses under oath was introduced, passed, and forwarded for the sanction of Her Gracious Majesty. On the 25th of May the House adjourned to meet again on the 13th of August to receive the report of the committee. An *extra* of the *Canada Gazette*, issued on the 1st of July, announced the disallowance of the Oath's Bill by Her Majesty. The Committee of Enquiry met at Montreal on the 2nd day of July to investigate the charges, but the disallowance of the Oath's Bill prevented it from examining witnesses under oath, as ordered by the House of Commons, and its object, for the time being, was defeated. Public feeling ran high, and the apparent failure of investigation, through the disallowance of a Canadian Act of Parliament, in no way affecting Imperial interests, upon a technical objection, fanned the flame of public indignation. The *Montreal Herald*, on the 4th of July, published the first instalment of the McMullen correspondence, which called forth lengthy explanations from Sir Hugh Allan, Mr. McMullen, and other "guns" of lesser bore. Pursuant to adjournment, Parliament met on the 13th of August; but its deliberations, by the exercise of the Prerogative, were speedily closed amid considerable indignation and confusion, before the Committee of Enquiry had even an opportunity to report. His Excellency the Governor General, on dismissing his "trusty and well beloved" Senators and Commoners, stated that "he thought it expedient, in the interests of good government, to appoint Royal Commissioners to investigate and report upon the charges connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway." A Commission, dated the 14th of August, was accordingly issued, and published in the *Canada Gazette* on the 23rd of that month, directing and authorizing the Commissioners named therein—the Hon. Messrs. Day, Polette and Gowan, Judges of Inferior Courts—to investigate and report upon the charges of Mr. Huntington, "as well as any opinion they might think fit to express therein." The Commissioners met at Ottawa, examined witnesses under oath, and made up their report, abstaining, however, from the expression of any opinion of their own. Parliament was called together in October following; a long and hot debate arose on the Pacific scandal, resulting in the downfall of the Macdonald Administration, whose resignation was announced to the House on the 5th of November by Sir John A. Macdonald. The foregoing is but a summary of facts, meagre in outline, but sufficiently full,

we trust, to enable our readers to comprehend the scope of the questions involved.

It is almost needless to state, that the publication of the correspondence, and the evidence, even before the Commission, produced a profound and painful sensation throughout Canada and the English-speaking world.

We need not tarry to discuss the advisability of the disallowance of the Oath's Bill, nor the exercise of the Prerogative in proroguing Parliament. We admit the right of the Governor General, as the representative of Her Majesty, to prorogue Parliament at pleasure. It is an absolute right, but one which must, after all, be exercised in the interests of good government. The haste with which Black Rod knocked at the door of the Commons, immediately upon the Speaker taking the chair, and summoned the members to the Senate Chamber, to use mild terms, savors strongly of prorogations in the days of James the First and Charles the First. But, it is said, Parliament was only to meet in August *pro forma*, to receive the report of the committee, and then adjourn. If so, why was not opportunity afforded the committee to report? Why such indecent haste? When Parliament adjourned in May, it was not known the Oath's Bill would be disallowed. The Commons fully expected a report from the Committee in August. They could not possibly have agreed to immediate prorogation after the reception of the report. That report might be adverse to Ministers. The evidence elicited before the committee might fully sustain the charges, and stamp the Government guilty. An immediate prorogation would, in that case, leave men in office, during the recess, "steeped to the lips in corruption," and richly deserving impeachment. The facts and the circumstances are against the idea of any such arrangement, notwithstanding Sir John A. Macdonald's statement to the contrary, corroborated though it be, by an honorable member's famous letter, now embalmed in a State paper of the Governor General to the Colonial office.

These points, however, are not to our purpose in this connection, and we cheerfully pass them by. The two main questions which present themselves for our consideration are: First, The constitutionality of the Royal Commission; and secondly, The evidence produced before it.

The legality of the Royal Commission rests upon an Act of the Canadian Parliament, 31st Victoria, ch. 38, 1868. It says:—

"Whenever the Governor in Council deems it expedient to cause enquiry to be made into and concerning *any matter connected with the good government of Canada, or the conduct of any part of the public business thereof, and such enquiry is not regulated by any special law*, the Governor, etc." may appoint Commissioners to take the matter into consideration, etc.

It never was intended by that Act to disturb the functions of Parliament, as sanctioned by usage and precedent. The Act says expressly, it is to apply only when the "enquiry is not regulated by any special law, etc." Assuredly, under Responsible Government, ministerial responsibility is to the House alone. The issuing of the Royal Commission was a usurpation of the rights and privileges of Parliament, preserved and handed down to us after painful sacrifices on the part of our forefathers. If the British House of Commons has been jealous of any encroachment, it has been upon its rights and privileges. The Commons in 1678 impeached the Earl of Danby. He pleaded the King's pardon as a bar to the proceedings. Great stress was laid upon the fact that the power to pardon rested with the Sovereign. So jealous were the Commons of any encroachment, that they enacted 12 and 13, Wm. 3rd, c. 2, "that no pardon under the Great Seal can be pleaded in bar to an impeachment by the House of Commons." Also by the Bill of Rights, "That the freedom of speech, and debates, and proceedings in Parliament, ought not to be impeached or questioned in any Court or place out of Parliament." De Lolme, in his edition of the British Constitution of 1796, page 93, writing of proceedings by impeachment for ministerial misconduct, says: "It is against the Administration itself that the impeachment is carried on; it should therefore by no means interfere; the King can neither stop nor suspend its course, but is forced to behold, as an inactive spectator, the discovery of the share which he may himself have had in the illegal proceedings of his servants, and to hear his own sentence in the condemnation of his Ministers." In January 1692, upon a question from the Lords, the House of Commons replied, "They thought it a strange and foreign supposition that a great and guilty Minister, finding himself liable to an impeachment in the next session of Parliament, should, by his power, procure himself to be tried and acquitted by an inquest of persons appointed on purpose; and then, by a plea of *autrefois acquit*, prevent a second and true examination of his crimes in Parliament.

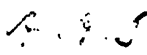
There is no example of this kind; and if such an *unheard of* proceeding should happen, it is left to consideration whether a Parliament *would not vindicate the kingdom against so gross and fraudulent a contrivance.*" And finally they declare, "Therefore the Commons of England would insist upon the old ways; would keep the balance of the constitution as they found it; and not change the laws and customs of England which hath been hitherto used and approved to the benefit of the kingdom." Hales, J., has said: "The Court of Parliament is the highest Court, and hath more privilege than any other Court of the Realm." And the same learned jurist further says: "It is *lex et consuetudo Parliamenti* that all weighty matters in any Parliament ought to be discussed, determined and adjudged by the course of Parliament, and not by any other law used in any inferior Court, which was so declared to be *secundum legem et consuetudinem Parliamenti.*" Mr. Todd, the Librarian at Ottawa, in a work recently published (Vol. 2, p. 348), referring to Royal Commissions, remarks: "It would be *unconstitutional to refer to a Royal Commission subjects which are connected with the elementary duties of the Executive Government, and with its relations to Parliament; or to appoint a Commission with a view to evade the responsibility of Ministers in any matter, or to do the work of existing departments of State, etc. Neither should a Commission be appointed unless the Government are prepared to give definite instructions to the Commissioners.*" From the quotations we have made, it is clear there exists a *special law and usage* to meet the case of Ministers' conduct in the Pacific scandal matter—a law and usage consecrated by the sanction of nearly two centuries. The Act of 1868 never was intended to apply to such a case as the Pacific scandal. The issuing of the Royal Commission was, therefore, a gross violation of the privileges of Parliament—a usurpation of ministerial power, that should be frowned upon by those who wish to preserve intact full ministerial responsibility and unfettered Parliamentary action: The accused being allowed to appoint his own judge, is a principle abhorrent to every feeling of British justice. The evidence produced before the Commissioners is well worthy of careful perusal. We shall not dwell at length upon it. The facts, as brought to light by the evidence, throw great discredit upon leading members of the late Government. It confirms, beyond doubt, that Sir John A.

Macdonald, Sir George Cartier and Mr. Langevin felt that desperate efforts would have to be made in the elections of 1872 to maintain their ascendancy in Ontario and Quebec, especially in the former Province.

Sir Hugh Allan then appears upon the stage. These Ministers require large sums of money to carry the constituencies; Sir Hugh, upon request of Ministers, advances the money required. Sir Hugh Allan is a hard-fisted public contractor; he has his eye on the Canada Pacific Railway. He asks Government for the Presidency of the Company about to be organized to build the road. The request is granted, and he becomes President. These are stubborn facts, and the reader is left to fill up the missing links in this chain of facts as his good sense may dictate. In this connection, we are free to confess that the New Brunswick members of the Cabinet "have clean hands." There is no evidence to show that they were cognizant of what was going on between their colleagues and Sir Hugh Allan. We are only sorry they did not feel it to be their duty to resign as soon as the disclosures were made. By remaining in the Cabinet afterwards, and by their presence sanctioning the Royal Commission, they became constitutionally responsible upon all the counts in the indictment. Such is the theory and practice of Responsible Government, and we believe it is sound policy. When these charges fell like a thunderbolt upon the late Ministry, several courses were open for them to adopt. They could have courted immediate investigation, resigned, or re-constructed the Cabinet. Indeed, it is said among those who are supposed to be of the "inner circle," that the last course was attempted, but failed. Sir John A. Macdonald and the Hon. Mr. Langevin were the political Jonahs ostensibly to be thrown overboard to save the ship. The Hon. Mr. Tilley, with Dr. Tupper as second in command, was to be called upon to lead the re-constructed, white-washed Cabinet. The attempt was abandoned when the Ministry faced a House of Commons, determined to vindicate their privileges at all hazards. It was the best possible course, however, they could have adopted. Mr. Tilley was not charged with having any hand personally in the Allan negotiations: he was popular with all parties, and had had much experience as a leader in his own Province. But the country was not in a temper to stand such a change. Although overboard, Sir John and his Quebec *confrere*, it was believed, would have

lines thrown to them, by means of which, after the storm calmed somewhat, they would force themselves on board and regain command. We must congratulate the House of Commons and the Dominion of Canada upon the energy displayed in dealing with the Pacific scandal matter. Our country is young and growing. We have always prided ourselves upon our political purity, especially in comparison with our Republican neighbours. The recent developments gave a sharp shock to our political and moral nerves, and with energy we set about applying the needed remedy.

The moral effect of this Railway scandal will be detrimental to Canada in the money markets of the world. The tendency of capital is to flow from old to new countries where higher rates of interest and larger profits prevail. Once let the impression go abroad among foreign capitalists, that Canadian statesmen are venal and corrupt, public confidence is destroyed, and capital driven from the country. This would prove disastrous to our national development, as we want foreign capital to build our railways, enlarge and extend our canals, and open up our noble country. We do not look upon Mr. Mackenzie's accession to power as a mere party triumph. It is Canada's triumph; and the motto of every loyal Canadian should be "Canada First, party afterwards." When public men are more wedded to party than to country, patriotism is sacrificed at the shrine of selfishness; and jobbery in its meanest forms supplants honest dealing. Canadian politics should be conducted on a higher plane. Bitter personal feeling should be eliminated, and public men should feel that they are only separated on account of differences of opinion, honestly entertained, as to the conduct of public affairs. This course would elevate Canadian statesmanship, give confidence among foreign capitalists in the purity and stability of our institutions, and implant in the people's affections a regard for their country's welfare stronger than party ties and keep them ever on the alert to detect and punish venality and corruption.



WHERE ?

I.

THE highway leads through fields of green,
 And valleys odourous with flowers :
 Above our heads the willows lean,
 And birds with song beguile the hours :
 The highway leads through scenes most fair,
 But, Pilgrim, canst thou tell me, WHERE ?

II.

The highway leads by rock and glen,
 Through mountain gorge and desert wild,
 By deep morass and tangled fen,
 O'er crag on crag stupendous piled,
 Till weary, sinking in despair,
 With clasped hands, we question, WHERE ?

III.

The highway leads unto the Sea,
 The Sea that man hath ne'er re-croست :
 And here it ends ! ah me, ah me,
 For days of sunshine, wasted, lost !
 Oh Sea, our barques in safety bear
 O'er thy expanse ! but where, oh WHERE ?

H. L. S.

BY THE SOMME.

* * * *Veraces cecinisse, Parcæ,*
Quod semel dictum est, stabilisque rerum
Terminus servat.

TWO women were talking ;—a fact at once singular and suggestive. Both women were young, both good-looking, their dress and surroundings indicating that the development of æsthetic tastes had not been stunted by lack of gold.

What the women said here follows.

“ You think there can be no real friendship between two people

unless there exists the bond of a mutual unreserved and sympathetic confidence! from the basis of your actual knowledge that the charm of girls friendships lies in the secrets, you reason by analogy to your general conclusion. Your logic may not be sound, but your apology for an illy concealed desire to know something of my past life is clever and deserving of a practical acknowledgment.'

" 'You have given my generalizations a personal application, Eleanor, that is hardly fair. But we are to be friends as well as sisters-in-law. Certainly it is much easier to be friends with persons whom one knows all about—then there is no danger of offending their prejudices, or hurting their feelings, or in any way treading on the corns of their sensibilities, you understand. Besides, in our immediate world, there are only three—you and Ralph and I, and a left out feeling is so distressingly hard to bear. Now, don't you think the lonely vista of this evening stretching out so drearily before us might be appropriately filled by a story—your story?'

" Perhaps it is but right that I should try to make up to you for the storm-stayed guests whom to-morrow will bring to us; perhaps, on this, the anniversary of the most eventful night of my life, I am moved to tell you of much that is very sorrowful, with little that is pleasant. Be that as it may, Lily, you shall have my story. Some people's lives I think are made up of trivial troubles, paltry pleasures, so that, looking back, not one event cuts sharply the mist curtain ever hanging between the present and the past; others have their grand flashes of extravagant pleasures and extraordinary pain, with long, monotonous, dull valleys between the mountains of existence; my life has been one of these, the last. The first of what I am about to tell you is not so much what I myself remember as what my maid Fenton has told me.

" You have never been at the little village of Ste. Cécile, in the department of the Somme. You may go there with Ralph and me next year. Such a beautiful, rapid stream the Somme is, there, or at least I think so; but then people so often exalt into the region of the beautiful any physical feature that is pleasantly or tenderly connected with themselves. The early, beautiful part of my life was all spent with mamma, literally on the banks of the Somme, for, on the meadow sloping downward from the Auberge Ste. Cécile, she taught me, and played with me, and lived for me.

" The Auberge itself was a low, two storied stone house, with a

paved courtyard opening on the highroad. The main part of the building projected, and on each side extended low wings. The squares between the wings and the main house, Dame Lucille, the wife of the Aubergiste, had fairly covered with boxes of sweet-smelling, bright-tinted flowers; mignonette, geraniums, phlox and fuschias grew side by side in hardy profusion; and to the rough stones and mullioned windows of the left wing clung the tough tendrils of the northern grape, whilst, over the right wing, trailed ivy and scarlet runners. Then behind, were the straggling orchard and the long sweep of green fields.

"One bright day, bright that is for the late November, I, a child of six years, tripped up the narrow path leading from the river to the Auberge. I had gathered the last flaming poppies, and golden goats-beard, and tender marguerites, and woven a glowing wreath for mamma. Springing over Lucille's flower boxes, already stripped of their splendor, I stopped a moment, peeping round the sharp angle for some one to surprise. I noticed that old Francis Bourgoigne sat on the long stone bench that ran across the court under the eaves; that Baptiste and Cèleste leant against the doorposts, neither looking at the other. Presently, Cèleste's shrill accents rang out—'A great gust blows handfuls of green leaves from the old chestnut; it is a bad sign when the leaves fall before their time. Ste. Cécile protect chère madame and pauvre mignonne.'

"'Liens! chatterer,' says Francis, 'that the wind whirls off the green leaves tells a tale of a frost that is gone, a storm that comes.'

"Children, I think, are instantaneously struck with surprise on seeing their friends diverge from their usual manner of acting; that was what kept me peeping; but then children only wonder, they never connect or conclude, so, as Francis ceased, I danced out of my hiding place into the arms of M. the Dr. Le Brun.

"'Where art thou going, my little one?' questioned he.

"'To mamma, of course, with my flowers,' and shouting merrily at the question, I bounded past him up to my mother's room.

"Our room was a very large one, with low ceiling and dark wood walls. Almost the whole of one side was occupied with the large chimney and fire-place, and the polished hearthstones were bare. The rest of the room mamma had carpeted, and the furniture and nick-nacks were beautiful. You can fancy what a strange

mixture of modern and antique it was. As I ran in, I saw mamma lying on the bed with her back towards me; I saw Fenton, mamma's maid, the same sharp-featured, pale, undemonstrative woman she is to-day, sitting on one side of the fire-place, and she held out her arms to me; I saw Lucille weeping passionately; I thought of M. Le Brun, of the words of Céleste; I sprang upon the bed, and, oh, Lily! I pity the child who feels what I did when I threw my burning poppies on her shining hair, and clasped her cold white neck and cried despairingly, incredulously, 'Wake up! mamma, mamma!'

"Long afterwards, I learned from Fenton, that I had been out about an hour on that afternoon, when mamma, who had been sewing, rose, saying she would go for me; she walked towards her wardrobe, which stood near the bed, and there fell, crying, 'Oh, Fenton, I am dying.' Monsieur Le Brun was sent for, all restoratives applied, but unavailingly. My mother died of disease of the heart.

"When I had sobbed myself to sleep, Fenton found in mamma's escritoire an unfinished letter, evidently intended for her. Mamma must have had some knowledge of her danger, for she wrote, that in case of anything happening to her, Fenton was immediately to proceed with me to her lawyers in London. The last sentences of her letter I will give you, word for word:—'If I should die here, Fenton, I would like you to bury me without communicating with any one outside the village. After that, *he* may claim Eleanor. As it is through his indifference she is with me, if that indifference should continue, I charge you, Fenton, by your love for me, to try and take my place with her. Of the cause of my separation from my husband, you, perhaps, know more than any living being. Yet, even to you, I have not been able, resolutely, to put aside that passionate pride through which I erred so gravely, from the taint of which I pray you, Fenton, to guard my daughter; even to you I could not stoop to deny, or to show the positive proofs of my innocence of that mad accusation of his. For my child—in case I should not live till she is old enough to be told all—I have written the bare facts, and have placed them in the case with those jewels which were partly the cause of such unhappiness——.' Here the writer had apparently been interrupted, and the letter forever remained unfinished. Fenton's first care was to look in every possible place for the jewel-case:

all search was vain, and she at last desisted, concluding that mamma's lawyers must have them in their possession.

"From the time of my realization of mamma's death, I only remember my utter desolation, till one day Fenton and I walked down the pier at Calais towards the steamer. Fenton had told me we were going to England: we were going to papa. The first idea made me wretched—mamma had not loved England; the second angered me—only once had mamma spoken to me of my father, when, in answer to a childish question of mine, she said he had not been kind to her, and it was better not to speak of him. I determined to resist Fenton; the water flashed and sparkled before me. Fenton says she saw a flash in the air—heard a splash in the water: then she screamed. Immediately there was a rush along the pier, a polyglot cry. Then another splash—a loud cheer from the motley crowd, as a fair head appeared above water, and a young boy was seen striking out for a boat, holding before him a dark-haired, pale-faced girl. The boy was only about sixteen. When he stood up in the boat, he shook himself like a huge water-dog, and laughed like a big, brave English boy, then, very like a Frenchman, he bowed to the shrieking crowd, saying, in French, 'Oh, that is nothing; at least for an Englishman.' I only know that, thoroughly frightened and drenched, I looked into his blue eyes, so like mamma's, and, as he carried me to Fenton, wondered if he, too, were going to England. He went to England; he parted from us in London; he told me to call him Ralph; he took our lawyer's address; he promised merrily to look me up, and come and see me often: that, distinctly, he never did. Next comes up before me a long interview with two old gentlemen, who questioned me closely about mamma's jewel case, evidently bent on making me contradict my concise statement that I knew nothing about it. Then another interview with the two old gentlemen, and a third, small, dark, bright-eyed, whom they told me to call papa. I looked at him from behind the screen of my fingers. I saw expressed in his face what even made me shrink from him; what I can now define as cruel, contemptuous indifference. That look helps me to understand how exasperated a proud, sensitive, reticent woman like my mother must have been before she could submit to him and condescend to leave him. The remembrance of that cutting, exasperating expression of my father's face has all my life been to me—him. From first to last

he took no notice of me. He kept up a conversation with Fenton, who once stood up and said excitedly, that she thought his wife's death would have softened him; and as for proofs, he was the last man who should ask for them—he, from whom she had suffered everything, for whom she had done everything. Quietly, he inquired if Mrs. Charters had ever denied anything to her—had ever shown her the much talked of jewels—the proofs? Fenton did not know how to answer this, and then sat down again. At that meeting my future was arranged.

“If every-one's lives, from the mysterious first to the unfathomable last, is a tragedy, then, I suppose, the days that go to make up the life are lines of the whole. But no one ever reads or hears a tragedy without wishing that the author or actor had studied the public taste so critically as to know that dozens of the lines might have been omitted and the interest enhanced. To do this is the story-teller's privilege; therefore, Lily, you will not object to leave Eleanor Charters, the child, in a lawyer's office and find her after twelve years, again in France speeding on. Well, if I had been asked, whither bound? I would have answered—Paris.

“In the intervening years I had never seen my father. Fenton and I had lived quietly, a short distance from Southampton, upon my mother's fortune which was settled upon me. The mystery of my parents' separation was to me almost as great as ever. Fenton had told me all she knew. She had entered my mother's service shortly before her marriage. My mother was the orphan daughter of a captain of a merchantman, who had married a Cuban lady, and after accumulating a large fortune, settled in London. My mother offended her father's few relatives by marrying Creswell Charters, whom they considered a penniless fortune-hunter, and in that they were not far wrong. After their marriage he wasted as much of mamma's money as he could lay hands on, and at length became positively neglectful and unkind to her. One evening mamma was in her private sitting-room with a gentleman whom she had received several times. Papa, who had been away, came home unexpectedly, and when the stranger went away a dreadful scene ensued, in which papa was bitter and sarcastic, and mamma hot and passionate, as a proud woman, with Spanish blood in her veins, can be. Fenton, from the next room, heard him accuse mamma of giving away her beautiful jewels which her father had gathered for her in all

quarters of the globe—of giving them for some purpose to the man who had just left her, and then followed an imputation which mamma did not deny. That happened when I was barely two years old. That very day mamma, with Fenton and me, left her husband's house. For about a year we travelled about the Continent, then settled down at Ste. Cécile.

"Often, as Fenton repeated this story to me, she would finish with a sigh, a wish that that jewel case, searched for in vain, could be found, and an adjuration to me never to think any ill of my mother. That I never did, but, notwithstanding Fenton's fidelity, the sight of that jewel case and the letter it contained would have given her greater pleasure than anything on earth; and of late years I, too, had thought much and pondered deeply over the trouble that had some way cut me off from all sympathy or communication with the world, till at last it seemed that for me there could be no happiness till that jewel case was found and my mother's truth and honor vindicated. So you can easily imagine what filled my thoughts as the train whirled me on towards the man who was near to me, as my father, but by no other tie, except that he was ill, perhaps dying. It was Christmas Eve, just such a night as to-night, wildly stormy. Only the day before there had come to me, at Southampton, a telegram from him, saying he was ill, and would like to see me, asking me particularly not to bring Fenton, whom he had always disliked.

"Perhaps the days and years, bringing nothing but ordinary duties and the filling of them, were wearying me; perhaps I had a hope that I might influence my father to acknowledge his wicked injustice, or—at this supposition my heart beat more quickly—might *he* not have found the lost jewels, and might he not be merely using his illness as an excuse.

"Much against Fenton's will, I took my travelling bag and shawl, and left in the first train for Dover. I crossed to Calais, where the night train for Paris connected. On the first demand for my ticket, I passed it for inspection.

"*Ees et* that Mlle. knows not that her ticket is for Paris; that this train goes only to Amiens, and there connects with the train for Valenciennes, for the north?"

"I had taken the wrong train. Yes, here in France, where every one classes misfortunes of that kind under the head impossibilities, I had managed it, and easily enough, too. The two trains left

the Calais dépôt at the same hour; the passengers for both were in the same waiting-room; I was excited by the novelty of the situation — was less occupied with the distinction of trains than with the remembrance of the happiness that had filled my childhood, and the sorrow that had withered it in this pleasant land of France. But, when one is in a dépôt, with a journey in prospective, one must think of nothing but getting into one's compartment. As it happened, most unusually, the tickets had not been inspected before the train left, and my first intimation was the polite English-French query of M. Le Conducteur (the politeness was the French, you understand; the wording, English). I felt myself wronged. What right had the train to go to Amiens, when my through ticket was for Paris? What protection was there for the travelling public, if conductors lingered at the dépôt café, where I certainly had seen this one drinking, and flirting with a waiting-girl? How, and when, was I to get to Paris on an errand where life and death might be concerned? French is almost my native tongue; Fenton and I always speak it; my questions were pointed and energetic. In answer to the first two, a polite bow, a non-committal '*Ah! mere, ne sais-pas.*' To the last a suggestion that I should stop at Ste. Cécile, where there was a good inn, and where I could soonest take a train for Paris. Of course the 'Fates had uttered' it, and the 'fixed destiny of things confirmed it.' That night, instead of being in Paris with my father, I was at Ste. Cécile with my dead mother. I stood before a blazing fire in the low, many cornered kitchen. I was drying my clothes, wet through by the rain through which I, accompanied by the Aubergiste, had walked from the dépôt. The old life all came back to me the moment we entered the court-yard; I saw it in the smooth round stones, the old chestnut, the withered grape-vines. An almost irresistible inclination seized me to run out by the orchard, down the bank, and look for the moss and ferns I had left by the Somme so long ago. The waves of memory, surging stronger and stronger, dragged up in a tangled mass scene upon scene of a life which I seemed to have lived ages ago, with the wonder at the changes. Where was Francis? where Dame Lucille? Surely that little, thin, middle-aged man was the same Baptiste who had carried Mignonnette on his shoulders. Surely the rosy-cheeked woman, who had gone to prepare my room, was the saucy Céleste. And I so changed, they did not know me. All had changed; all

but my love for mamma. Now she was nearer than ever to me; now all the old associations crowding round me, made me feel more keenly than ever what I had lost. When one feels so much, one must express it or die, and if there ever was any one to whom you could tell your trouble, that person you will always call for when trouble comes again. Now, I could no more help calling out mamma! mamma! than I can help feeling what I am now relating. As if in answer to my cry, came from the opposite side of the fire-place the question, 'Is Mlle. in want of anything?' Looking up, I was somewhat startled to see a brown, sharp-eyed man whom I had noticed first at the pier, afterwards at the *depôt* in Calais. On both occasions, as now, his glittering brown eyes had been fastened intently on me. His clothes were dripping wet, and it was evident that he must have followed Baptiste and me from the train without my perceiving him. He made me feel uncomfortable, and I was glad when Céleste came into the room saying, 'Mlle.'s room is ready; she will pardon the discomfort; it is only to-day the carpet is taken up.' I thought I would try the effect of my name on Céleste, so I said: 'I missed the train for Paris, where I will go by to-morrow's train. I am English—my name is Eleanor Charters.' As I held the lantern close to my face and said Eleanor, Céleste looked up abruptly, but she shook her head at the Charters, and only said: 'Will Mlle. Chartairs,' hesitating at the Mlle., 'permit that I show her to her room? I have much to do. It is not often in winter that we have three guests at Ste. Cécile.'

"I did not know till afterwards, that during my mother's residence at Ste. Cécile, she had re-assumed her maiden name. I was disappointed in Céleste, it seemed so hard that she should have so completely forgotten me. As she led the way up the stairs I knew so well, I looked back into the kitchen, so sombre in the flickering firelight. In one of the many corners I saw indistinctly a man's head and hands resting on a table; the face was fair, with fair moustache and pointed beard, and as I turning caught the intense gaze of a pair of full blue eyes, again I almost cried aloud to my mother, for the eyes were so like hers, but I checked the impulse, thinking, it is one of the villagers whom I have known when I lived here, and ere the stairs were mounted I doubted whether the face was not a mere delusion of my fevered imagination. There was the room, the same as ever except that the

whole floor was bare, and the furniture, which mamma had bequeathed to Dame Lucille, had lost its freshness.

"I had been thinking over my father's telegram; I had decided there could be no hope of his having found those wretched jewels. And I could not, here in the room where my mother had died, bear to think of going to him who either believed or pretended to believe that she had been guilty of any wrong. Had she not said that there was explanation and proof in that jewel case? Again I was overwhelmed with the desire to find it, with the feeling that I *must* find it. I had read a good many romances; I was naturally imaginative. What would have been Céleste's astonishment if she could have seen her guest walking round and round her wainscoted room, tapping the panels, and peering eagerly about the corners, as if she expected to discover some treasure hidden behind the oaken panels or in the gloomy angles. So, perhaps, I did expect it, forgetting that there was not much possibility of my discovering, in that illusionary manner, what practised detectives had searched for in vain. Utterly miserable, I threw myself upon the bed, and thought it over and over again, till I persuaded myself that my manifest destiny was to find those jewels here in the Auberge Ste. Cécile. Impetuously, I sprang from the bed and struck the bare floor with the sharp heel of my boot. Recollect that all my senses were on the alert; what at another time I might never have noticed, I now was acutely conscious of. The board yielded to my foot, and looking down, I saw it had given way about a quarter of an inch. I don't believe in inspirations, but a mind filled with one idea grasps at trivialities. In a moment I was on my knees trying to pull up the board. My fingers would have worn to the joints, but the board would not have come up. Sooner than I can tell, my knife and scissors were busily prying. After what seemed interminable labour, the board loosened, yielded. I partly inserted my hand and drew out a square Russia leather box with gold mountings—my mother's jewel case.

"That sounds sensational. I have come to think that sensations are only gleanings from the few exceptional lives, that sound to the ordinary multitude exaggerated. I slipped back the board, and, sitting down in front of the fire, with a small key that had hung at my mother's chain, and still hung at mine, unfastened the casket. I scarcely noticed the sparkling collection of gems with

which your eyes are so dazzled; I was looking for something of much greater interest. I drew out the first slide, and laid it on the hearth; underneath I found a letter addressed, 'To my dear daughter, Eleanor Charters,' and a small paper packet.

"In my mother's letter, the unfortunate story of her married life was told, not much more fully than Fenton had narrated it. But the immediate cause of their separation she detailed minutely, continually trying to shield her husband and throw all blame on herself. It appeared that he had bet heavily at the Derby and lost. He expected his wife to pay his debts of honour, and she refused. He left her in a passion. Then she repented, and began to devise means for paying all. Wishing to do it secretly, and not caring to enlighten her own lawyers on her domestic affairs, she called a lawyer who was poor, who had once been a lover of hers, and whom she knew she could trust implicitly. You and I see plainly the mistake, and she herself saw it when it was too late. My father's extravagance had already considerably affected her fortune; she lived up to her income; she had no ready money to pay off these enormous debts; she dreaded the scandal and talk that might ensue from attempting to raise money openly; she determined secretly to raise the money on her jewels. The lawyer was to discover, if possible, the people to whom the money was owing, to pay it himself, obtain receipts, and have duplicates sent to my father, without my mother's name appearing in the transaction. Here again she erred gravely, as we see; but she was proud and passionate. She had told her husband she would not help him, and now she was breaking her word, and concealing from him what he, as her husband, had a right to know. After the quarrel, the husband and wife had not met; he had, as he frequently did, left London for a season. The lawyer worked indefatigably. By dint of scouring among half the betting people in the country, he found where the money was owing, and arranged the payments on condition that no effort should be made to discover the source of payment. Of course, he had necessarily been with her several times, and their last interview, happening in the evening, was prolonged into the night. He told her that in a day or two at farthest, one set of receipts would be in her hands, another in my father's, who, as she had directed, would be led to suppose that a wealthy cousin was his benefactor. Against this persistent secrecy her legal adviser cautioned her, and strongly

counselled a different course; but she remained obstinate. On the occasion of this last interview, she gave him a small diamond pin as a slight token of her appreciation of his unwearying services. This he put in his cravat. As he left her, and went down the stairway, face to face he met my father, returned by a late train. Immediately the husband recognized the former lover; but of him he took no notice, for, as he afterwards told his wife, he considered the man too mean to be noticed by a gentleman. He learned from the servants that, during his absence, this man had been in his house several times; he went direct to my mother's boudoir, and there ensued the scene that Fenton had partly overheard. On my father's part a cool accusation against my mother to the effect that she who would not help her husband to redeem his honour, had received in his house her former lover; had, as he knew, given him one jewel; perhaps, had lavished on him all those jewels which, in themselves, would have set her husband right with the world; and oh! Lily, how can men be so blind, so wicked? then followed an insinuation that my mother was purchasing silence concerning some former secrets between the two; and a defiance of her to refute the charge by showing him the jewels!

"He did not know the impossibility he had suggested; but she, who knew it only too well, who knew what she had done for him, who felt that of all his insults this was the last and greatest, without answering, walked from the room, and that very day left his house.

"In the correspondence that followed, he never modified nor retracted what he had said; on the contrary, he stated that, with the aid of expert detectives, he had discovered that she had raised large sums of money on her jewels; that the man who conducted the negotiation was identified with her former lover; and that unless this transaction was satisfactorily explained by her, he could only account for her silence in one way. It angers me still, Lily, to think of the blindness and stupidity of the man. He consented without demur to my mother's keeping her child, and indignantly refused to accept a part of her income. Of that I was always glad, although his lofty spirit may have been saved from an ignominious fall by the death of his cousin and the bequest of a fortune. By living economically at Ste. Cécile, my mother, in a few years, redeemed her jewels. After that she had

no farther communication with the lawyer, who, though not knowing the real cause of my parents' separation, frequently begged her to permit him to reveal the secret. Once having got the jewels in her possession, my mother seems to have superstitiously dreaded parting with them, or even letting any one know that she had them about her. The rest of her letter contained little of interest to you. At the end she said that there were reports of robbers in the neighbourhood, and she, fearing an attack on the Auberge, must hide them in a place that would be at once convenient and safe. In the other packet were the duplicate receipts.

"Why my mother hit upon such a singular expedient, and why she did not tell Fenton, I have never been able to determine. Now that I knew all about the wretched affair, now that I knew what a slight thing had so helped to put two people apart, and had so long preyed upon my own mind, it seemed to me but fitting that so slight an accident should be the means of developing the truth.

"I put the precious papers back in the casket, and sat dreaming before the bright wood firelight that blazed upon the gleaming jewels, till the whole dark room seemed flooded with their radiance. A hand was laid on my shoulder, another, knotted and brown and skinny, upon the jewel case. A low voice hissed, 'At last the Desmerets' jewels are found; Mlle. Laintaine is my prisoner.' I looked up at the man who had followed me from Calais. I comprehended the situation; I was arrested on charge of stealing the celebrated Desmerets' jewels, that for weeks past had been advertised in all the papers of the kingdom. I had read the advertisement so often that instantly I remembered that my mother's jewels answered almost exactly to the description, and that my mirror had often reflected a woman very like the suspected Mlle. Laintaine. If the detective had before had any doubt of my identity with Mlle. Laintaine, I think it was banished by the cool way in which I threw off his hand and said, 'Monsieur is entirely mistaken as he will find when we reach Paris to-morrow.' His bright eyes glittered and his seamed hand closed over the jewels, 'Paris—To-morrow—That depends.' Much lies behind a Frenchman's 'That depends.' I had not thought of being detained by this absurd mistake, but it was assuming a serious aspect.

“ ‘ Depends upon what, Monsieur ?’

“ ‘ Upon the celerity with which M. the Préfet of Ste. Cécile accomplishes the preliminary examination of Mlle.’

“ ‘ Maintenant, I will keep the jewels.’

“ ‘ Maintenant, I will keep the jewels.’ That said to me, Maintenant, I will keep your letter and your papers. That said to me, when the Préfet sees your papers, your property will be restored to you, you will be exonerated from all suspicion, but your family trouble and your mother’s name will ere long be the basis of numberless sensational paragraphs in journals, French and English. That said to me, finally, ‘ During the day of your detention, Creswell Charters may die—die ignorant as ever of his wife’s sacrifice.’

“ ‘ But, Monsieur,’ I cried, ‘ You cannot, you dare not detain me, I am an English girl. Those jewels are my property.’

“ ‘ An English girl with the French face, and the French accent ! Justice dares all things, Mlle.’

“ There was no good hoping for mercy from this brown, sneering atom. With his low bow, and eternal ‘ Mademoiselle,’ he would have passed from the room, but I pushed him aside and ran towards the stairway. I thought, Céleste and Baptiste will remember me, will swear to me, if I recall some little event of the past. Better that they two, who had known my mother, should know the sadness of her life, than that her name should be dragged up to be criticised by the world.

“ I ran down stairs and into the room so impetuously, that three persons, sitting in front of the fire, started and looked round at me. They were Céleste, Baptiste, and a young man, probably the third guest of whom Céleste had spoken ; certainly the owner of the fair face and hair, that I had before seen indistinctly in the subdued light. He stood up and offered me his chair ; I looked irresolutely from him to the two French people. I had supposed there were only two people to whom I could apply for help ; now the choice was extended to three. Now, I don’t believe in any nonsense about the instantaneous recognition of all that is virtuous, or all that is vile, in persons’ characters by merely looking at *their* faces ; I hold that courage or cowardice, tenderness or brutality, fidelity or treachery, are qualities distributed quite irrespective of muscle, or colour, or nationality ; but there is one thing I have faith in, and that is the strength and reliability

of a well-trained intellect; and where there is mind, and where there is cultivation, the combination cannot fail to show itself in the countenance and actions of the possessor. This time that theory aided my decision. I put aside the consideration of the old link that bound me to the two ignorant French peasants. I thought, if this man can help me, he will do so without any explanations. I said to him in English, 'You are an Englishman, I an Englishwoman. I am in trouble. Will you help me, even if you do not quite understand why your help is needed? My name is Eleanor Charters.'

"I am most ready to give you any help that may be in my power, Miss Charters,' he answered.

"I had not made a mistake. He, without a glance expressive of surprise, with a delightfully well-bred ignoring of any necessity for detail, would help me, would exert all the intellect that gave the clear, steady light to his deep blue eyes, all the refinement that toned his voice and manner to help me. Not a word of that to him, of course, merely: 'Thank you, I was on the way to Paris and took the wrong train most stupidly. That man, who has just come into the room, and is looking at me talking, has followed me from Paris to my room up-stairs. He has seized a casket containing a number of valuable jewels and, what is of more consequence, some important papers. My jewels he identifies with the notorious Desmerets' collection, me with Mlle. Laintaine. I know that the moment my papers are read by the Préfet, I will be acquitted; but to prevent the opening of those papers, which merely refer to painful family matters, I would sacrifice anything. A great part of my childhood was spent here in this very inn, and I feel certain that I could soon make Céleste and Baptiste recognise me. I was about appealing to them when I saw you. I have spoken to you because I know that all they might say would have but little effect, whereas with you it may be different; besides, I wish to avoid, if possible, unnecessary explanations. That I should reach Paris to-morrow, that I should take my papers with me, is a matter of more than life or death. Remember, my jewels are almost identical with Mme. Desmerets, that I might easily pass for Mlle. Laintaine, and then help me, if you will, if you can.'

"While I spoke in English, he, the Englishman, listened attentively; Céleste and Baptiste stared politely at the fire; the detective never once took his eyes from us; but they were not of

much service, for the low, rapid English baffled his ears. As I finished, the Englishman assumed an expression of extreme scorn. I was startled, but his words reassured me.

“‘Miss Charters, you and your jewels and papers shall be in Paris to-morrow night, if I fight the whole of Louis Napoleon’s police force. You have trusted yourself to me; please follow my directions. Turn so that M. the detective may see your face plainly, and then be kind enough to look intensely enraged at me, and make that apparent. Afterwards, order Céleste to bring you something to your room, and wait there quietly till you hear from me again.’

“I did not understand this, it seemed so childish; but I had ventured a great deal, and would desperately carry out any plan proposed. I think I simulated indignation successfully, judging from the innocent surprise expressed in the countenances of Céleste and Baptiste. I swept from the kitchen as superbly as my short water-proof dress would admit of.

“Once in my own room, I wondered blankly, and waited and walked up and down excitedly for two hours. At the end of that time there was a knock at the door; I opened it. The Englishman stood before me with the jewel case in his hand. Naturally, my first question was, ‘How did you get it?’

“‘Monsieur Deme,’ he said, ‘is now sound asleep—thanks to a slight anæsthetic administered by me; but if M. should wake up before eight to-morrow morning, he would miss his prize, and there is just a possibility of farther trouble and detention. To avoid that, I am ready to drive you to the dépôt of Ramière, ten miles from here, on the central line, and passed by a train for Paris in about an hour and a half. By taking this train, you will reach Paris almost as soon as if there had been no detention.’

“Fortunately, I can decide quickly. I reviewed the situation in which I, and I alone, had placed myself. To refuse this offer would be unfair—would show distrust of him whose confidence I had sought; besides, there were hours to be gained—hours, when minutes were precious. Unhesitatingly I answered, ‘You are very kind to me, a stranger. I do not know how to thank you. I will go.’

“Involuntarily I put out my hand—that for a moment rested in his. The expression of that momentary touching of the hand silenced the vague fear that was troubling me.

“Then, Miss Charters, wrap yourself up well. I will explain to Baptiste, and in a few moments will be ready.’

“The night was blacker than any poet ever pictured Erebus. A bitter, cruel wind, blowing from every quarter of heaven, brought in irregular, unexpected gusts, sheets of rain, cold as distilled icebergs, flooding road and field. A pair of English bays, harnessed to an English drag, pushed steadily, pluckily, over the smooth, white turnpike between Ste. Cécile and Ramière. Through that hour’s embarrassing drive, conversation, even when the wind would have permitted us to expend breath on that, was limited, on his part, to short enquiries about my comfort; on my side, even when my teeth were chattering, too, ‘Thank you, the cold is nothing;’ even when I was soaked to the bones, too, ‘Thank you, I do not mind the rain.’ Under great physical discomfort, people don’t think much; so, in this situation, I only felt numbly, uncomfortably, that I had put myself under a boundless obligation to a man whose name even I did not know, and was too shy, or too awkward to ask; for you may not know it, but deliberately to ask a man his name is—well—is awkward. What he thought, or whether he thought at all, I never discovered. Perhaps it is well, for only under very particular circumstances can a woman judge of a man’s thoughts of her by his actions. Like stars through a rift in the clouds—like a ship’s lamps through the mist at sea, as we turned the road, twinkled out the coloured lights from the station of Ramière. We had scarcely alighted when the express train whirled in’.

“You do not know what it is to have had always before you one seemingly, unattainable desire, at last to dream that its fulfilment is possible; to have this vision crushed, and yet again most unexpectedly to see the ideal longing about to become a reality. You have never experienced this, and stood cold, and wet, and exhausted before a person to whom you owe everything—everything, remember—knowing that you ought to thank him, yet longing for the poorest of the glowing words with which heroines would gracefully have murmured themselves out of the difficulty. If you ever are in such a predicament, try to be a heroine; don’t, as I did, put out your two hands, flushing and stammering, ‘Good bye. I cannot thank you.’

“There again, in the dingy station, as in the gloomy Auberge kitchen, I saw in his blue eyes flashing, that somewhere in the old

life with mamma they had so flashed on me before. He answered quite gravely, almost contemptuously, 'Men do not care for thanks. You are not done with me yet. I am going to Paris.'

"'Going to Paris!' I blushed at the gladness that warmed me, and excused the blush in every way but the right one—a perfect relief at not being thrown again on my own resources. Oh, we women, what a long time we fight even with ourselves before we look a thing straight in the face and own up to the truth!

"Between Ramière and Paris we were almost as silent as between Ste. Cécile and Ramière. That name bothered me so; my tongue absolutely refused to form one intelligible sentence without it. Only once, simply because he must be told something about me without the slightest preface, I burst out: 'I have never been in Paris; I am going to my father, who is dying in the Hotel de Sargnac, Rue Ste. Honoré. I must see him, and he must see the papers that were in my jewel case. You see that, if it had not been for you, I might never have got there—and—so—I never—can—forget——.' Here, again, words and courage forsook me. There was a terrible pause imminent, which he filled up with a few words about my great exaggeration of a slight service which any man would have rendered to any woman, and then told me how he had managed our escapade.

"When he saw the detective watching us so closely—when he heard my story, and knew that my wish was to be helped, but helped quietly, he formed his design. To attempt to reason a French detective out of a real or imaginary clue to a mystery, would be useless; therefore, it was necessary to impress Monsieur with the idea that we two did not agree. The ruse was successful. I had scarcely left the room when Monsieur accosted him, and soon, from the discussion of weather and travelling, Monsieur adroitly introduced me. Monsieur slyly hinted that my nationality was English, but this supposition my friend laughed at as an absurdity, assuring Monsieur that I was French; more, that I had tried to pass myself off on him as an Englishwoman, in order to awaken his sympathy for some wrong. In ordinary circumstances, he, my friend, would not have refused assistance to any lady; but, upon my attempting such an imposture, he had accused me of it, therefore we had parted, not pleasantly, as Monsieur had seen. I had talked something about a jewel case, which he had heeded little.

This remark thrown out to Monsieur had not the desired effect—he merely knotted his fingers together, as if tightening his hold on the jewels already locked in his portmanteau, and said nothing. The Englishman proposed a glass of wine; Monsieur accepted. Soon Monsieur's tongue was loosened. Soon the Englishman was in the possession of the whole story, from the time that Monsieur received a telegram from Dover, saying that a woman answering the description of Mlle. Laintaine was crossing to Calais, with the details of my sharpness in taking a ticket for Paris, then turning aside to Ste. Cécile, and his dogging of me till, looking through the key-hole of my room door, he saw me sitting with the jewels before me. Together they laughed over my discomfiture. The Englishman complimented Monsieur on his professional ability. The judicious flattery, delicately administered, worked charmingly. Monsieur's doubts of the Englishman's truth were overthrown, and at last they withdrew to my friend's room, there to discuss another bottle of wine and inspect the Desmerets' jewels. To drug wine is not difficult. Ere long, Monsieur was sound asleep, and likely to remain so till the dawn had banished the darkness.

"In my strategist's own words, the plan he adopted may seem melo-dramatic, but if you look at it fairly you will see that it was at once the quietest and the quickest way to manage the business. 'Of course,' he said, 'it does not display much vanity to say that I could have knocked the man down and taken your property by force, but that would have entailed explanations, whereas, now Céleste and Baptiste know only that I have gone to Paris with you, an English lady, and that Monsieur will occupy my room for the night. Monsieur himself sleeps tranquilly in my arm-chair, all unconscious of a trust betrayed, and you will be at the Hotel de Sargnac long before any telegram he may send can stop us.'

"We rushed into Paris in a golden mist. That is why Paris is to me the most beautiful of cities, ever linked with the golden haze, the pale, faint blue sky, the suspicion of rose tinged-cloud in the east, with all that is lovely and pure in the fresh beauty of the morning.

"At last I was at the Hotel de Sargnac. At last, at last, he who had so wronged mamma, would with tears and bitter sorrow, acknowledge to me, her daughter, the great injustice he had done

her. I forgot my English friend. I sprang to the hotel steps. All ignorant of travelling and the ways of travellers, I cried impetuously to the first man I met.

“‘ M. Charters est il cheylui ? I must see him !’

“The man elevated his eyebrows and shoulders—‘ Monsieur Chartairs ! Ah ! Monsieur is dead an hour ago !’

“‘ Dead !’ I cried. ‘ Dead ! Are you sure ?’

“‘ Ah ! yes, Mlle., without doubt.’

“Bitter disappointment, crushed hope, does not kill or I should have dropped dead there on the cold marble steps. All I had hoped for, all I had prayed for, ended, irretrievably ended—

“‘ Take me to him ! I must see him ! Oh God, it cannot be !’

“But they did not take me to him ; I never saw him.

“After that I can remember long weeks of tossing restlessly, and of raving wildly. One afternoon I woke, or seemed to wake, from a long sleep. Looking about a large strange room, my eye could find nothing familiar to rest upon. Wearily wondering, I turned painfully, and I looked upon the rays of the western sun brightening Fenton’s steel gray hair. All the past came back to me.

“Disappointment, cruel, cutting, gives fevers no more than it kills, but it hastens what a thorough drenching and intense excitement has courted. On the marble steps I had dropped ; then they carried me to the room, where for weeks I lay between life and death.

“A week had elapsed since my first awakening, still Fenton and I talked only of the present and future. I could not mention the past ; she did not ask it of me.

“I sat at the window, looking out into the street, staring vacantly down, when out from the surging throng, up the marble stairs, there came the blue-eyed, fair-haired Englishman, so inseparably connected with me, forever and ever.

“‘ Fenton,’ I said, ‘ there is that English gentleman. You know him. I wish to see him immediately.’

“Poor Fenton was delighted ; it was the first time I had spoken quickly, or shown any interest in anything. She left the room, and in a few moments they returned together. Before he could speak, I cried—

“‘ Now tell me what your name is. You have been of more service to me than any one ever was—than any one ever can be again, even if it was all in vain.’

"In answer, he opened his watch case, and showed me a small, glossy black curl:

"Do you remember anything about that?"

"No. I know your eyes, but your six feet of height and your moustache, I do not know. Now, tell me your name quickly. I hate mysteries."

"Then, do you remember a December bath in *la manche* twelve years ago, and—Ralph Trestyllin?"

"Who never came to see me," I interrupted quickly.

"If that was a fault, for it you will not have to blame me in future. Forgive it on the plea, that a 'boy's will is the wind's will.' I knew you when you told Céleste your name at Ste. Cécile, where I had run up from Paris for a few days, resting and shooting. I did not make myself known to you, for sometimes people forget, and sometimes they dislike any intrusion of the past. So, you see, my accepting your refutation of the Desmerets' robbery had nothing at all risky about it after all."

"I had been composing a little speech:

"I have sent for you to-day," I said, "to try and express coherently all I feel of your kindness to me; now my task is even more difficult. Once you saved my life; once you did all in your power to help me achieve the dearest desire of my heart. What that was, is too painful a subject for me to mention. I know that you have cared for me, and that you must have sent for Fenton. I cannot yet think of my terrible disappointment without wishing I had died, there where that man told me. I hate this land of France. I am weary of my life. I am going home."

"We went home—back to the gentle, drowsy Southampton home. After that, Lily, I did not have to complain that Ralph Trestyllin never came to see me. Yet months passed, and the honey-suckle and dog-roses were blooming before I got back my old health, and began to forget the weariness of my life. It was in that time that Ralph heard most of what I have told you to-night. It was in that time that he amused me by telling me of poor Monsieur's consternation when he awoke last Christmas morning, and found friend, jewels, prisoner, all vanished; of his mortification when, on telegraphing to Paris to stop us, he received as answer, the news that Mlle. Laintaine, who had never left Paris, having quarrelled with her associates, had that very day delivered herself up to the authorities, and the jewels were already in Mme. Desmerets' possession."

"How my old life ended, and the new one began, I need not tell you. Now you cannot wonder why, at times, I am so sad, so *distract*, for in one year one cannot blot out from the mind what has filled it for so many years, even if one has grown wiser and sees the foolishness of setting the heart so intently on one thing. And often, when I am looking out on the quiet English meadow at the long lines of green hill and gray cloud, I am wandering again on the bright banks of the Somme with my mother, or I am mentally back in the Auberge Ste. Cécile, looking at the long lost jewels, and I wonder at the joy that filled me, thinking I had attained to that which was never mine."

SONNET.

A *QUAINT* inscription of the olden time,
 In letters rudely carved and choked with moss,—
 "Our *Fears* are *puerile*—our *Hopes* *sublime*—
Life is not *Gain*, and *Death*, it is not *Loss*!"
 Above the sleeper bloomed the fern and rose,
 As if kind Nature would such trust repay;
 And there at morn, at noon, at evening's close,
 The birds sang many a sweet and soothing lay:
 And there, we fondly thought, the orb of day,
 The moon, the stars, looked down with kindest ray.
 Oh, heart at rest, beyond the reach of Ill!
 Oh, slumber blest, and peace without annoy!
 Not vain thy quest to reach the Heavenly Hill,
 The Sunlit Land, the Emerald fields of Joy.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME AMERICAN AUTHORS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

BY SYPHAXIS.

A TALL, handsome man, slightly stooped in his gait, with moustache and beard very full, very white and very patriarchal, broad ample forehead, locks of glittering silver, sparkling lustrous eyes, complexion somewhat dark and browned by Time, a good, kind thoughtful face—such was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, in the declining autumn days of 1869. I had spent profitably and pleasantly a couple of interesting hours at the Unity Hall in Middlesex street, with Mr. Williams the Manager of the Institution, and Edward E. Hale the curious author of that wonderful *brochure*, “The man without a Country,” and arose to take my leave, when Mr. Hale asked me if I would not like to meet Professor Longfellow. I had long felt a desire to see and know the possessor of the kindly generous heart which had dictated so many living gems of poesy and delicate bits of verse, and no time was lost in making up my mind, I therefore signified my willingness at once. Mr. Hale then wrote me a letter of introduction to the poet, and after a few directions from him, we parted.

Cambridge! how my heart fluttered as the street-car shambled leisurely along the smooth road. Over the bridge we passed, and the broad shining river Charles sped on its way beneath the iron wheels of the railway carriage. Boston was gliding slowly by, and grand Old Cambridge, with its Colleges and Halls of Learning and Faculties of Law, Medicine and the Arts, came within reach of our vision. The umbrageous foliage, and tall, graceful trees and handsome houses, and stately edifices, and the elegant University Press Establishment, from within whose walls so many beautifully printed books are annually issued, panoramically appeared on the scene. On sped the street-car, leaving far behind the noise and bustle of the city as we plunged into the quiet solitude of a Cambridge avenue. Here the horses slackened their speed, and we had time to breathe in the pure air and look upon the elastic

landscape before us. Soon our driver drew rein; we alighted, and stood for a moment by the way-side,

"The leaves were brown with autumn tints
And golden-hued was the corn."

And all around were seen evidences of the autumn time. The old trees were gaunt and gray, and their leaves were crimson, brown and yellow. A calm south wind was blowing at the time, and the air was soft and balmy. It was a sleepy, half warm, half cool day, and it put one in a sort of dreamy, lounging mood. It was just such a day as one would take for a trip to the river's edge, and on the bank sit alone, half hidden from the sun, with Moore's *Lalla Rookh* for a companion, to idle the idle hours away. I turned from the seeming drowsy mood into which the associations had partly put me, and walked up a prettily laid-out gravel path which lead from the road to the door of a large, old-fashioned dwelling with a door-bell on the right hand side, and an enormous brass knocker in the centre. On either side were lawns tastefully arranged, and gracious trees sheltered cosy nooks and rough arm-chairs from the scorching rays of the sun. The house is roomy and comfortable. On entering the hall, at the right side appears the door leading to the Library and Art Gallery. This is the house of the Poet, and these two latter rooms are his home. Here nestle choice *moreaux* of the antiquary. Curiosities in literature and in art, exhibitants of vast learning and research, types of strange character, articles of *vertu*, rare mosaics, and specimens of sculpture are contained in these apartments. Very many of these were picked up in the gilded *salons* of Paris, the musty shelves of impecunious rubbish-venders of Italy, and the suburban retreats of Florence and Geneva. Some of the books and MSS. are encased in costly bindings, while others, chiefly of the German school, are paper-covered pamphlets, *brochures* and book-lets, with yellow-tinged pages and leviathan margins. A good many of the modern works are autograph copies given to Mr. Longfellow by celebrated personages whom he met while on the continent of Europe. The collection is a quaint and interesting one, and the pictures which hang on the walls or rest beneath the covers of portfolios, from the large and elegant oil paintings of rare old masters to the small cheap wood engravings of unknown artists, are exponents of various types of art, emblems of its progress and

career. And we are led from a past age, when art was in its incipency, down through all the gradations to the present era, where pace is kept with the spirit of the age, and the artist is looked upon as a public benefactor who helps to mould character and produce an appreciation, in every mind, of æsthetic subjects, whether it be in the choice of a lady's dress or in the more humble sphere, though not less necessary one of the selection of a pattern for a bed-room wall paper. The associations which these art studies have, give to them a greater value and leave a more lasting impression on the mind. Mr. Longfellow's statuettes and models, some of them from the chisels of Italy's famed sculptors, are also epitomes of the growth of art in Southern Europe. These are all finely executed, and the works of noted artists, men who love and venerate their profession, and place their calling on the topmost bough. The collection of the various editions of Mr. Longfellow's poems, is a unique and grim one. There are over thirty-nine distinct and separate issues, and two-thirds of these are pirated editions, from whose sale the bard has not received any pecuniary remuneration whatever. It is, therefore, with melancholy-humorous reflections that these volumes are looked into by the man who inspired and gave them to the world.

When I saw the graceful author of *Evangelin's* first, he was walking homeward, and as he lifted the latch of the little old gate, and slowly moved up the gravelly pathway, I thought he looked a little careworn and anxious. He seemed fatigued, and age appeared to hover over his movements. And yet, when he turned his honest, lustrous eyes towards me, he looked less old than before, and a mild, kindly smile played about his mouth, and he took my arm within his and we sauntered along to his quiet home. There, for hours, we sat in that quaint library. He sat in the east in his full, wide arm-chair. He talked of his recent travels in England and in Europe. He spoke admiringly of Britain's Laureate, and of the musical "*Idyls of the King*," *Morte D'Arthur* pleased him best. He ranked Mr. Tennyson as one of the old world's greatest poets, and he spoke of his genial, kindly, whole-souled nature, and then he touched upon Byron. It will be remembered that but two months had elapsed since Mrs. Stowe's "*True Story*" of Lady Byron's Life had been published. Mr. Longfellow felt this act of Mrs. Stowe's as an indiscreet one. It could serve no good purpose in bringing to light a half-forgotten

scandal about the dead poet, and it only renewed a heart-burning conflict that years had partly healed. It was a mistake on Mrs. Stowe's part. He liked her writings and admired her as a woman, but felt sorry she had ever written her "True Story." He recounted some anecdotes of Lord Byron, and spoke of the marvellous influence his poetry had upon the youth of America thirty and forty years ago. Then every one read, and admired and loved Byron, and "Childe Harold" and the "Prisoner of Chillon" were quoted and re-quoted throughout the length and breadth of the land. He had read the nobleman-poet much, and accorded him a high and enduring place in English literature. Then Mr. Longfellow sat back in his chair on that dull, heavy day in autumn, and measuredly recited that pictorial and natural poem of the Concord philosopher—Emerson,—*"The Snow Storm."* And while he repeated the glowing lines, his eyes unconsciously closed, and in clear, melodious tones he murmured the exquisite lines, so musical in expression and so rich in thought. And when he concluded, the smile passed from his face, and a ray of bright sunshine darted in, and then we talked of other matters.

He spoke of his own noble poem of *Evangeline*, which describes so accurately, and so glowingly depicts, Nova Scotia scenery. He said, and here are his precise words: "I have never been in Nova Scotia in my life, and never saw the village of Grand Pré. How I came to write the poem happened in this wise. A friend one day told me the story, and related the incident on which my verses are founded. He described the land so minutely that I at once became deeply interested, and somewhat impressed. Taking a pencil and some paper from my desk, I bade him stand with his face towards the west and tell me what he saw. He did so, and I took down the words as they fell from his lips. It was some time after this that I wrote the story of *Evangeline*, and often I have thought of the pleasure a visit to the old scene would give me. How strange it must be now to view the old place. Locomotives and rail-cars glide over what was once an open prairie of tall grass. Some day I hope to see Grand Pré. This is the origin of the poem."

It was afternoon now; the morning had worn off pleasantly, and after lunch it was proposed that we should take a walk about the grounds and watch the clouds lazily floating in the sky. Our feet pressed the yielding, velvety lawn as we passed on our way towards

the river. Far off the tillers of the soil were gathering in the golden fruits of their toil, and the proud maple and buoyant ash swayed to and fro in the air, their weather-tinged leaves, and the robins chirped their tiny lays as they sprang from branch to branch. And all Nature paid homage to him who never ceased to chant her charms in tones of undying minstrelsy. A calm serenity prevailed on either side. Before his house weary travellers and foot-sore pedestrians passed daily, and the street-cars ran noisily on the iron tracks before him. His home is a grand, noble one, and here rests the poet, in the bosom of his family, surrounded by loving hearts and kindly friends. I felt, as I left him on that autumn afternoon, that I had, indeed, breathed the air of a purer atmosphere, and had lived for a time in no mythical Eden. He spoke so kindly of every one, and seemed so desirous of doing good in a thousand different ways. Of him, like of poor, dear Oliver Goldsmith's pastor, can it be said:

"A man he was to all the country dear."

Mr. Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, on the 27th of February 1807, and following the example of Cowley, Pope and Byron, began writing poetry at a very early age. He was still at college when he had reached the age of nineteen, and had already produced several excellent bits of verse, distinguished chiefly for a noble sentimentality. The youthful poet, unlike Keats, did not soar above himself; he did not claim too lofty a power, nor did he arrogate to himself too exclusive an initiative. His poetry, in his earlier days, evinced the same doubt and uncertainty which Arthur Hugh Clough, of England, had in his songs, and Matthew Arnold felt in many of his shorter poems. He seemed to struggle with a mental wrestling which, while it imparted a singular intellectual charm to his writings, was too volatile to become a marked and distinctive feature. As Mr. Longfellow grew older, his poetry became more robust, his mind evinced a greater completeness, and his ideas were fuller and his thoughts were more musically and beautifully expressed. The rhythm is very even, almost like Thomas Campbell's, though the Moravian Nuns' Hymn at Bethlehem, on the occasion of the consecration of Pulaski's Banner, is the feeblest in this respect than anything which Longfellow has yet written. His "Autumn" is a well-rounded poem, replete with fine similes. Those of Mr. Longfellow's pieces which seem destined to outlive their fellows are, perhaps, the oft-quoted

“ Psalm of Life,” “ Evangeline,” and “ Hiawatha.” The “ Building of the Ship” is a brilliant effort, Sir Humphrey Gilbert has passed into history, and the courtship of the grim puritan captain, Miles Standish, will long be remembered. “ The Village Blacksmith,” written somewhere about the year 1842, is another pretty thing, with just the slightest touch of Tom Hood in its echo, in his more serious vein.

Professor Longfellow has attained eminence as a translator, and his works are usually literally correct. His Danté takes high rank, and fills the same position which Bryant, and Derby, and Pope give to Homer, the great lyric singer, and which Bayard Taylor accords to Faust. Mr. Longfellow is most minute as regards detail, throughout his great works, never sacrificing the man who descended into Hell, for the sake of a well rounded sentence of his own, though the *desire* of the translator to soar upward at times, is apparent not unfrequently throughout the three large and handsome volumes of Danté. His shorter pieces (Translations) are clever efforts, though they rather betray a weakness. Translations seldom convey to the reader the beauties and sublimities of the originals. The music, the *feeling*, the neat versification are all lost. The skeleton of the idea, crudely expressed, is alone brought to the surface. The word-painting is warped, and the colours are not warm and glowing. The brush is stiff, there is no elasticity of touch—all is cold, dull and insipid. I remember some years ago, picking up at a railroad book-stall, a small volume of Poems by Petöfi, the hero-poet of Magyar. It was a translation by Sir John Bowring, who died a few months ago, of some of the weird things and wild fancies which this prolific Hungarian patriot had thrown from his muse. I read and re-read these trifles as we dashed along through the open space of the railway line, stopping at times to gaze out on the green fields and contemplating some of the verses I had just read. The *idea* seemed there, but much of the fire and vim had departed. The daring impetuosity of the warm-blooded Hungarian was lost in the cool, deliberate English verse. The same can be said, with truth, of the delicate fancies of Lamartine, and of Alfred DeMusset; the nervous life has fled, and those pretty little sonnets and poems have lost all the beauty they ever possessed, when read in the mangled form of translation. Bowring was, and Longfellow is, a good Translator: but for the sake of the Translated, let us say with Shakspeare, “ Something too

much of this." While these remarks apply more particularly to the shorter poems of foreign authors, they may be taken in connection with the more ponderous and lengthy works of ancient and modern classic bards, such as Homer, Horace, Dant , and the like, with some grains of allowance. Although they lose in the translation much power and force, yet they often serve as tolerably good "crimps" to the Latin, Greek and Italian student, in the manner provided at many of our leading schools, academies and colleges, now-a-days.

Mr. Longfellow cannot be said to have excelled as a Dramatist. He has written some few dramas: but none of them have ever been put upon the stage. They all lack the essential element of motive power, and none of them will ever find place in the Green Room of the modern Theatre, or be mouthed over by indifferent actors and barn-stormers in country Music Halls. Longfellow will thus be spared a fate, under whose galling yoke the departed shades of Shakspeare, Massinger and Ford, might well wince. A good deal of clever character drawing is thrown into the *dramatis person *, and the lines which are spoken are excellently worded and gloriously conceived, still they are not of such calibre as would "draw"—to use a stage term. The "Spanish Student" is the best of these things which Mr. Longfellow has produced, and there is really much merit in it. There are some eighteen persons in the play, and it is Shakspearian in its conception, and in the mode of treatment, we are reminded of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the older dramatists of the Elizabethan age. The wit is often ancient, though sparkling at times, and several quaint and amusing proverbs peculiar to the land of intolerance, superstition, bigotry and romance, are now and again introduced. These aphorisms, which are very deftly worked in, add a zest and piquancy to the drama, which otherwise would be tame and vapid enough. It is a *learned* play, rather than a good play; one which is more amusing to read than to see represented; though no fear on that score need be apprehended. No manager in these days would have the temerity to place the "Spanish Student" on the "boards" of his Theatre, unless he courted bankruptcy and its direst consequences. A word or two may be said about some of the figures. Chispa, Victorian's servant, possesses a quiet Shakspearian humor, a subtle wit, a sort of cross between crafty Launcelot Gobbo and saucy Touchstone. He is full of wise saws,

quips and cranks, and his sayings and maxims remind us of the dry drollery of Hamlet's grave-digger. Victorian and Hypolite have no marked peculiarities, the Count of Zara is the conventional villain of the Drama, and Preciosa is the beautiful heroine—a gipsy girl. The plot is a very old one: but it is so prettily told that its perusal is not at all tiresome or tedious. At every page a new thought is awakened, and striking semblances to other authors arrest the mind at every stop. In this beautiful passage, our thoughts revert to poor Alexander Smith's touching "Life Drama"—

"She lies asleep,
And, from her parted lips, her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers,
Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast,
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the safe tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe moored."

And then a little further on a poet of the same school seems portrayed, gentle William Wordsworth. Throughout, there are some fine soliloquys, a good deal of sprightly rapid dialogue, and a sonata or two which do duty as serenades. A Spanish play without a serenade would never do. In Spain we always listen for the notes of the guitar and the sound of some sweet love song breaking the stillness of the evening breeze.

Chispa's keen wit at times ends too abruptly, and appears too incomplete. The play itself, appropriately of the last century, is mercurial in its conception. A want is felt. The idyls are pretty, the bucolics are natural and vivacious, and the descriptive passages are inimitably told. The similes, too, are sublimely grand and ennobling.

That remarkable French Divine and Preacher Jacques Bridaine, whose sermons drove his congregation into fits of terror and dismay, is the author of a sentence which afforded the subject of a poem by Mr. Longfellow. It occurred in Bridaine's celebrated sermon on Eternity, preached at St. Sulpice, in Paris, about 1754. He compared Eternity to the pendulum of a clock, which swayed ceaselessly, forever, murmuring: "Toujours! Jamais! Jamais! Toujours!" Forever never, never, forever. Mr. Longfellow's poem—The "Old Clock on the Stairs"—with this melancholy

refrain, grew out of the Preacher's disquisition, and this same sermon had a great influence in its day.

" Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And Death, and Time shall disappear,
Forever there, but never here !
The horologe of Eternity—
Sayeth this incessantly,—
' Forever—Never !
Never—Forever ! ' "

Mr. Longfellow excels rather in pastoral poesy, though his love idyls are much admired. His poetry, more than that of any other American poet, appeals to the heart. There is fire in his lines—a subdued, holy fire—not a sudden, impetuous burst of passionate vigour. His vitality is not lively. He does nothing in a hurry. His inspiration comes with a slow, well-measured tread, and every word is weighed and pondered over, and digested before it is committed to paper, and long before it reaches the public eye. The poet is a great student, not only of Nature in its myriad forms, but of books. His researches have led him far beyond the ken of ordinary minds. He is a delightful conversationalist, an excellent, good-voiced reader, an able expounder, and a genial, whole-souled man. In the midst of his family his kindly heart throbs for those around him. His study is his favourite room, and here, and in his library with *recherché* works, gems from the sculptor's chisel, rare mosaics, curious bronzes and ancient books, scattered all around him, the poet sits and reads and writes and talks. He is temperate in his habits and stately in his carriage. Some four years ago he was enrolled an LL.D. of Cambridge and a D.C.L. of Oxford Colleges, England.

These latter years of his life, Mr. Longfellow has indulged his taste for a higher and perhaps more noble grade of poetry, the precursor of these flights being "The Golden Legend." Since then, we have had the New England Tragedies, and the concluding volume came out a little over a year ago, bearing the title of "The Divine Tragedy." Christ and the Atonement, the Cross, etc., are the subjects under discussion, and we feel constrained to say that Mr. Longfellow, in the capacity of a Theologic, or perhaps we might call him Christian-poet, in the more wide and general sense of course, has added nothing to his fame or reputation. Very many fine passages occur scattered through the series; but they

are by no means frequent. Very much commonplace matter has been, through some reason or other, introduced, and it far outweighs the sublime. We deplore this, and almost feel sorry that the New England and the Divine Tragedies should have been written.

SONNET.

[From the *Italienne* of Michael Angelo.]

My life has run its course; my shatter'd bark
Has stem'd at length the stormy ocean's flood;
And now I reach the common port, the mark,
Where all give dread account of bad or good.
Now, that fond love which made enchanting art
My sov'reign and my idol, well I know
Was error, fatal error, in my heart;
It led to evil, and it leads to woe.
Its witching charms—how trifling now, how poor!
Two Deaths I view, and both approaching near;
Th' *eternal* threatening, and the *mortal*, sure.
Painting and Sculpture! can you help me here?
Oh Love Divine! my soul must turn to Thee!
Inviting on the Cross, Thine open arms I see.

J. S.

“POOR SILVER-HAIR.”

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

I HAVE a friend in Belgravia, whose quiver is so full of arrows that she frequently and plaintively declares she is like the old woman who lived in a shoe.

My friend says she has been a model mother; I agree with her, for had she been else the nine props of her widowhood would have been consumed in the furnace of her just indignation long ago: for of all the noisy, tricky, lawless, mischievous, never-know-when-you-have-them children, poor Mrs. Sandingham's have been quoted as the worst.

Knowing the peculiarities of those interesting little plagues, I used to keep a costume expressly for visiting Mrs. Colonel Sandingham. It was weather, water and fire proof, and impervious to such casualties as often met me from the upper landing during my running the blockade to the drawing-room: viz. tempests of old shoes, shower-baths of ink, and burning matches.

It was like the rude elements at play.

But these were the dark ages of the Sandinghams.

One red-letter day, I was admitted in unprecedented peace—ushered through the lofty hall unchallenged, passed under the perilous landing undrenched, and convoyed to the drawing-room door quite unharmed, save by palpitation of the heart.

No little striped legs were visible behind the bannisters; no fuzzy girl-heads, with goblin grimaces; no Lilliputian top-boots: no nothing, dancing with derision, any where!

And there was a great calm.

"Are the children *all* out, William?" I asked the civil usher.

"They're all in, Miss," smiled William, opening the door.

I expected to find the enemy in ambush behind the piano and couches; but saw only my friend, luxuriously reclining among cushions, and reading "Good-bye, Sweetheart."

Mrs. Sandingham welcomed me with unusual complacence, I thought.

"Where are the cherubims?" was my first question.

"You may well ask!" responded she with plaintive joy; "I feel as if I were newly married—the house is so sweetly still! She is just the right person in the right place!"

My friend is prone to ellipsis; the result of shooting her utterances between the vocal exercises of the "tuneful nine."

"Who?" asked I, losing the thread somewhat.

"The nursery-governess, my dear. Oh! such a relief! The quiet! The repose of mind!"

"You have got another governess?"

In my heart I ejaculated "Poor martyr!" remembering predecessors.

"—And a Treasure! Such admirable command! Quite capable to subdue Regie and to tone down Violette's high spirits!"

Regie—or, more accurately speaking, *Regie*—once set fire to the glorious frizzled poll of a governess, to the lasting destruction of that young person's chief beauty; and Violette, during an attack

of high spirits, pushed another governess down stairs backward and broke her arm.

"New brooms sweep clean!" quoted I, doubtfully.

"Oh, but she has been here a week, and I assure you the house has been like a little heaven below! To be sure, there was a battle-royal the first day—poor little fellow! Hastings, you know,—so like his high-spirited papa,—to think of him trying to hang himself by his belt in the shoe-closet, rather than submit! And Lucilla! she is so dignified—locked herself into her bedroom and refused to be introduced! But I left Miss Lee to fight it out herself. I went out and spent the day with the Reveres: the wisest plan, I assure you! When I came home, all was over."

"She must have a wonderful gift of command."

"Oh, extraordinary! and my children are not easily managed: they were born to rule, not to obey. Quite intuitive, too, it must be; at least, she says she never taught before. From the country, you see: left alone in the world, and that sort of thing. Unexceptionable references, however, from the clergyman of Stokington, where she comes from."

Before I departed I requested permission to visit the school-room, and see the wonderful nursery-governess at work.

Up I went alone—Mrs. Sandingham plaintively assuring me that the Evil One always possessed the children at sight of her—and softly turned the silver handle of the door lest I should disturb the lessons.

But everybody was too engrossed to pay the least heed to me, I found.

The governess sat with her back to me addressing a breathless flock of children, who were nestling in all attitudes about her.

Hastings, the pseudo-suicide, leaned against the table in front of her; Violette, the romp, sat on a footstool at her feet; Lucilla, the haughty, knelt on the carpet, and held her hand; Regie, the tempestuous, lay on the floor, with his little round face between his hands; Vincent, the sulky, hung over the back of her chair, balanced on the other side by Retta, the insensible; Getty, the selfish, and Doty, the jealous, shared the same footstool, with their arms interlaced; and Tooty, the insatiable, sat in her lap, with her little flaxen curls on her arm. And every eye was fastened beamingly upon that face which I could not see.

And I saw at a glance the secret of the new governess's success

with those heretofore unmanageables. Little hearts are never so close that they cannot be entered; nor little heads so hard that they cannot receive impressions from a beautiful mind: and love was the only magic wand I saw.

Since no one paid any heed to me, I stood at the door and looked at the governess. A mass of silvery white hair was coiled in great plenty round her head, and she was clothed in heavy crape. The voice was low and sweet like that of a young girl, but the white hair spoke of years of sorrow, and perhaps of wrong.

But, insensibly, I found myself listening to the tale which seemed so entrancing to the children.

——“And Hal, being so brave and fearless, determined to go down into the mine himself, since everybody else was afraid, and to search the vaults for the poor fellows in spite of the danger. Just think what it was for a boy like him—only sixteen—to go alone through those dreadful dark passages, all choked with the masses of salt that had fallen, through the night, expecting every moment to be crushed to pieces! But down he went in spite of everybody, and ran wherever he thought the men might be, blowing his whistle, and shouting so that the folks at the mouth of the pit could hear him quite plainly. And at last he found them walled up behind a mountain of salt, and so weak with suffocation that they could do nothing; and he set to work with his pick like a giant, they all said afterwards, and pierced a passage for them, and brought them out, every soul alive! And they say, such crying and cheering never was heard among the miners as when the poor captives came up one by one, like pillars of salt out of the pit, without hair, or eyebrows, or beard, or anything, the crumbling salt had got into their flesh so. But they were all rescued—all but poor Hal.”

“Was he killed?” asked the children, awe stricken.

“Not quite;” responded the governess in a sweeter voice than before, though it trembled greatly; “Just as he was going to step into the bucket and be swung up, a great rock of salt fell upon him and crushed him. They got him out and sent him home, still breathing, to die, his sister hanging over him.”

“Oh—oh!” Regie rolled on the carpet, with a wail of grief.

“And he was so dear and good,” continued the sweet voice, “that although he was all she had in the world, she could not grudge him to God; and he made her promise to meet him in

Heaven—and—and so he died—in her arms—dear—noble Hal!”

Down went the silver head upon the thin hands, and the governess sobbed aloud.

For an instant the children eyed her in consternation, and then, with a cry of sorrow, they surrounded her.

“Was he *your* brother?” cried Vincent, clasping her hand.

“Yes—yes!” sighed Miss Lee.

“Oh—oh! Gallant Hal! Poor—poor Silver-hair!” sobbed the children, and she was hidden from my view by her comforters.

My swimming eyes would suffer me to see no more, so I slipped out and took refuge in an empty room, where I could calm myself undisturbed.

But so strongly did I yearn towards “Poor Silver-hair,” that I found myself, an hour after, back in the school-room suing the ex-furies for an introduction to their favourite.

They received me amicably, and shouted my name in nine-fold accents to Miss Lee, and at last I held her hand in mine, gazing upon her with no common interest.

It was the sweet, sweet face of a girl in her prime—not that of a care-worn woman, which confronted me!

Oh, deep, sad eyes—truly ye were “Homes of silent prayer!” Oh, pale and gentle face, how eloquently you spoke of Heaven-taught resignation!

Dear, patient Mary Lee, with your silver hair a “Crown of Sorrow,” and your sweet young face! how you knit yourself to me in that first silent meeting, when we stood hand in hand, with the tears streaming from my eyes!

Yes, we became friends, and before long she told me all her poor little tale; and I found that a lost love had made her what she was.

* * * * *

When the London streets were grey with ice, and Santa Claus was rife in the frosty air, I sallied forth on Christmas Eve to visit Mrs. Sandingham.

My arms were full of shapeless paper parcels, destined to dangle from a certain Christmas tree, and to fill many little stockings; and I was beginning to wish I had taken a hack, considering the rather ticklish walking, when, within a short distance of my goal, I found myself upon a steep, icy pavement, and from creeping took

to sliding—sliding down, with my load of breakables slipping from my grasp.

Regie's watch hung perilously by a string, and Tootsy's china dishes clinked warningly against Doty's tin kitchen, while a French horn and Lucilla's wax doll went down the hill disastrously *a la* Jack and Jill.

"Help me!" I gasped to the British public at large, as I gyrated wildly along after the manner of the Flying Dutchman.

"Heave to!" cried a ringing voice, and immediately thereafter somebody caught me by the arm and held me fast.

"Tha—anks!" muttered I, looking up into the ruddy face of a young man of sea-faring aspects.

"Hold hard, Miss," said my deliverer, diving after Miss Dollie and her companion in adversity, and in a trice my precious load was gathered out of my arms.

"Now give us yer flipper, Miss," said the young man cheerily, "and I'll tow ye all right out of them nasty breakers."

"Oh, thank you!" responded I, and suffered myself to be almost carried out of the "breakers," thankful indeed that they had not broken my back, and the hearts of my little acquaintances as well.

"I am so grateful!" said I, taking root upon a grating and holding out my hands for my parcels.

"Hev ye fur to go, Miss?" asked the sailor, looking down the long, glistening hill, all seamed with frozen veins from bursting gurgoyles.

"To the house at the bottom of this street."

"Then I'll pilot ye safe into port," said my new friend, coolly stowing my valuables in his outside pockets. "Dashed if I can see any craft in petticoats scudding before a storm without lendin' my help to bring her to!"

I scanned his honest face with some interest, for these were fine words to come from a roving sailor, and I thought I could read in the deep, earnest eye and the firm mouth, the traces of a hard battle with a world lying in wickedness,—ay, and a battle in which Right had won the day.

"I've just come home from foreign parts," said he by and by in an apologetic tone, as we encountered the curious gaze of Belgravia's foot passengers; "and I can't see one of my country women in a fix, without wishing for to do her a sarvice—bless 'em all!"

"Such a feeling does credit both to head and heart," murmured I.

"Ye see, Miss," continued he in a queer, choked voice, "I had a sweetheart once in this country, and I can't find her nowhere—and I *know* she's in trouble—and *hope* she's true to me—and so—and so—I look at every woman as if she were my poor girl! "For they told her lies on me long ago, and so we parted, God forgive 'em!"

"How long have you been parted?"

"Ten years," he answered sadly.

"Poor fellow! I hope you will find her yet!"

"If it's God's will, I'll do that!" said he touching his cap.

By this time we had reached Mrs. Sandingham's vestibule, and I rang the bell.

While the civil, but astonished William held the door open, my friend dived into his deep pockets, and fished out my parcels.

"Here's the cargo all taut and in good order;" said he, "Wouldn't I like to see the little chap as is to blow this trumpet, when first he claps claws on it! Ho! ho!"

Then taking his cap off, and disclosing a beautiful open brow, surmounted by crisp black curls, he bade me good-night, and bolted off in the midst of my thanks.

Down the shallow stairs like a whirlwind came Poor Silver-hair, before I had well entered the hall, and seized me impetuously by the arm.

How her pale face glowed! How her soft eyes burned!

And while I stood marvelling what manner of greeting this might be from quiet Mary Lee, she pointed to the door, and gasped out—

"*That voice! That voice!*"

I don't know how it was; but in a flash I comprehended all, and was back on the icy street, running like mad after the man; and I remember how the stars seemed to wink with surprise, and the people that I passed all stared at me with the same expression; and I thought I would never overtake the sailor-figure, rolling along in front so unconsciously.

But I caught him at last, and on the very spot where he had saved me from a fall ten minutes before.

"Avast there!" he sung out indignantly, as I clutched him, and then recognizing me—

"By the blazes—it's the young lady again!" he ejaculated under his breath.

"Come—come back!" gasped I, struggling for breath and composure.

"What's amiss?" asked he, beginning to ransack his pockets. "Hev I forgot any of the playthings?"

"No—not that;" and I steadied my voice. "Are you Edward Morris?"

"I'm that chap, Miss!" he answered gravely.

At that I began to cry, and to drag him back impetuously.

"What in thunder's up?" soliloquised my companion, politely helping me over the ice.

"You had better prepare for—for something pleasant!" pre-luded I.

"Thank ye kindly, Miss."

"You know to-morrow is Christmas day, and—and you remember my wish?" faltered I.

"You wished I'd find my sweetheart, Miss."

"And what if you did, *to-night*?"

He stopped short on the pavement, and bent down to scan my face.

"That's queer lingo!" said he very soberly, while his dark face grew pale.

"Is her name *Mary Lee*?" I exclaimed.

"By thunder! you've hit it!"

The next minute I had him into Mrs. Sandingham's vestibule, and was pointing up into the hall, through the open door, at the governess, who stood exactly where I had left her, under the gas lustre, rooted to the carpet like a person in a dream.

And with one spring he had reached her, and had snatched her to his breast, and had bent his face down upon hers with such a cry of love, and grief, and dismay as I never shall forget: for what, with the years that had parted them, and her white hair, and her black garments, and how he had doubted her, I wonder the poor fellow's heart did not break on the spot!

Though, thank God, love is so royal, that it can "throw a halo round the dear one's head," even when that dear one has lost every charm but a faithful heart—and so immortal, that once kindled, it cannot die—

"For the heart that once truly loves, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose!"

They left me to describe the situation to Mrs. Sandingham, whereat she sighed and quoted Keats on the "Dear Gazelle;" but handsomely added afterwards, that "what was her loss was the sailor's gain:" and as one good turn deserves another, *she* delegated me to break to the juveniles that their Poor Silver-hair was going to leave them for a home of her own.

At which, such a howl of woe arose, that I was fain to try how a premature display of Christmas-boxes would do to repair the ravages grief made in their affectionate little hearts; but was taught, to my confusion, that many toys cannot quench love, unless accompanied by Poor Silver-hair.

So, finding that tin kitchens, dolls, tea-dishes, whistles, watches, horns and drums were of no avail, I tried reasoning with them; I reminded them of the many tears their dear governess had shed over the dead and lost—tears that I told them they had often wiped away——; and how lonely she must have been in spite of their uniform goodness and obedience; and how her white hair had turned so, grieving for her love; and how joyful had been their meeting at last; and how all that was wanting to her happiness was that they would give her up cheerfully, and try to be as good after she was gone as they had been when she was with them: and when I had reached that point, all of them down to Tootsy, dried their tears, and heroically consigned her to the handsome mate, with a blessing, and munificent offers of all their savings out of the copper bank on the mantel-piece.

So she is "Poor Silver-hair" no more; but happy Mary Morris, with a home like a pretty nest, and a husband who is absolutely bewitched about her, and who declares that Windsor Castle itself would be none too good for his Mary.

When I wish my heart expanded and filled to overflowing with loving sympathy, I join these happy people at their bright fire-side, and listen to Mary's story and Edward's wonderful tale of "The Thanks-offering" which his poor lost love dedicated to God, and which God put into his hands, to change his heart.

And I do not know but that I spend a pleasanter and more profitable hour at their little round tea-table, with Love the feast

and Hope the adornment, than I do in the grand saloons of some Belgravian mansions, being helped to Mocha out of old china and off gold salvers, by waiters crystal-backed and white-gloved, with an oriental traveller on one side of me, and a "daughter of a hundred Earls" on the other: but this I do know, that the sailor and his silver-haired wife have "laid up treasures in Heaven," and that while they sojourn here below, "God is their Sun and Shield."

BY THE SEA.

THE stars looked down on an angry sea,
 The grey clouds scudded across the moon,
 And the roar of the surf came sullenly
 Like the bass to some monotonous tune,—
 At the landing stage behind the pier
 Dirk Deadeye's fishing boat lapped and rocked,—
 When a sea-ghost rose up, weedy and blear,
 And came to the door and knocked.

Three solemn knocks on the lintel-post,
 And then in voice, with an eldritch screech
 And sobbing tone, spoke the sad sea-ghost:
 "The wreck to-night drifts in on the beach,—
 Sailors are drowning,—and never a sail
 Will reach the harbour,—nor hull nor spar";—
 Then the voice drew out to an eerie wail
 That died away on the bar.

"Wak'st, good wife? Hist!" fisher Dirk did say,
 "Did'st thou hear some water-thing come and knock
 To warn that Willie is cast away?
 And,—I'll take my 'davy,—on Purcell's rock;—
 Thou better had'st say a prayer or two
 If 'twas aught but my fears begat it,
 But if 'twas some rascal of Jolkin's crew,
 I'd like to catch him at it!"

All that night on the sands of the bay,
 Castaway, drowned, on a drifting boom
 That rolled and tumbled as if in play
 In the wash of churning froth and spume,

And tangled all in the salt sea-ware
That back and forth in the breakers ran,
There floated the boy with the curly hair
That sailed in the Mary Ann. HUNTER DUVAR.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

II.

MY readers may remember our captain, to whom they were introduced on board the *Sunbury*. This fiery little man had evaded the coast guard service; and as Longfellow and Strongfellow had been in my company so much since our departure from St. John, he waxed jealous of our intimacy. Every attempt made to get the vessel to sea failed. Being in general conversation one day on board of this craft, I remarked that the *Sunbury* might be run out safely, if the captain would employ a certain pilot in question. The skipper's little eyes flashed savagely, and his tongue wagged eloquently. He anathematized everything, myself particularly. I am almost ashamed to state that I sought this quarrel.

"Shall I beat to quarters?" I asked of him in a touching way.

"What!" yelled the little our.

"Shall we hand up shot and open the magazine?" I resumed, laughing loudly.

Thoroughly exasperated, he flung a tackle-block at my head which I dodged, and lifting a keg of thin coal tar, I threw its viscid contents in his face, and—to use a nautical phrase—he flew round the deck "like a pig on a wind." His physiognomy presented a worse appearance than mine—the day he disfigured my nasal organ on our way down the Bay of Fundy. A Southern lieutenant witnessed the fracas, and told the vanquished captain, that if he dared to visit the fort, he would have to leave in a "wooden suit"—meaning a coffin. Such was the animosity entertained towards me by this skipper, that on one occasion he attempted to shoot me. With the sanction of Longfellow,

shortly after this row, I sent the "noble" commander's "donkey" and traps on shore, he being discharged or turned out *sans cérémonie*.

A month or so from his dismission, he died of swamp fever: thus ending the life of the greatest tyrant I ever met, either on sea or land. For eight months or more, the *Sunbury* rode at anchor in this river. Thousands of barnacles fastened themselves to her bottom, which, in various places, was honeycombed with the destructive worms of these Southern waters. Longfellow, Strongfellow and I held *carte blanche* to travel the country at will; yet there remained on board—imprisoned as it were—four men, who, during all this time, were not permitted to effect a landing on South Carolina soil. These were negroes—the crew we had shipped at Baltimore. They had signed articles for a voyage to Cuba, little suspecting our real destination; and when they found themselves entering this Confederate port, their wool rose like ostrich feathers, and I fancied they turned a sickly pale colour. These poor men were expecting, from day to day, to become contrabands; but the provost marshal had not examined our ship's papers, and the blacks were supposed to be British subjects.

One of the four was named by us "Old Tom." He had always behaved himself in a most excellent manner during weary months of starvation and suspense. He was rather a poor sailor, however, and had spent most of his life fishing in the Chesapeake bay in summer, and making a trip or two to Philadelphia or New York during the winter. He had a wife and family in Baltimore, and the other darkeys reported him quite well-to-do, being the owner of two small brick houses, and other property. Old Tom kissed his wife and little ones good-bye on leaving the city of his abode, expecting to embrace them again in a month; but what were his feelings to find himself, in less than a week, in the country of his most bitter enemies! To say he fretted, were to do him injustice. He was often seen on his knees, praying to God to lead him out of the lion's den; and with tears in his eyes, he implored me to exert my influence with Longfellow to have him sent on board of a Yankee gunboat. Longfellow was under heavy bonds, that these men should not go on shore—it being forbidden by law that free negroes should pollute this sacred soil with their unholy feet. Old Tom was a very pious man. He had been instrumental in saving me from drowning, one dark night, in the river. I had

fallen out of a boat, with a line round my leg, attached to which was a large kedge anchor. It bore me to the bottom with a rapid plunge; but Old Tom, who was a powerful fellow, instantly, with the strength of a giant, hauled up the anchor, and pulled me on board nearly lifeless. Only for this negro, reader, you would not be perusing my story. I can scarcely ask you to call it a story: it is merely the diary of a young man who left his home to find a fortune, or a Yankee prison—the former preferred. Longfellow was informed that the provost marshal would board the *Sunbury* in a few days, and look over her papers. He now decided to free these unfortunate men as soon as practicable. Strongfellow, who was under obligations to Longfellow, sought my aid in clearing his friend of the responsibility of these negroes. At this time I was not given to much reflection, being young, rash, and fearless of consequences. With no one to care particularly for me, and anxious to perform some act to “astonish the world,” I volunteered to lead the blacks forth to liberty, little dreaming that by doing so I would be placing my slender body between the tiger’s jaws, as it were. The most efficient boat was made ready. I, to avoid suspicion, placed in her five deck buckets, pretending we were going to the mouth of the river for oysters. The crew manned the oars with a will, and pulled nine miles down stream. We passed several signal points, at all of which we were challenged by a sentry. Giving a satisfactory account of ourselves, we were allowed to proceed. On gaining a long, marshy dykeland, I gave directions, and the boat was grounded. In view was a Yankee fleet, about a mile off shore. Having guided these men nearly out of the reach of a Southern rifle, I cautioned them, saying —

“Now, boys, remember that if you are captured, you will be shot on the spot; but do not inform on me.”

Old Tom grasped my hands, and with tears flowing down his honest cheeks, spoke in a low voice: “You have saved me; my prayers to the Almighty have been heard; Heaven will prosper you for this act, and as long as *they live*—my wife and children, God bless them—shall pray for you.” He then knelt on the wet ground, and offered up a silent expression of gratitude to his Master on High, and after fervently kissing my hand, bade me a sudden farewell. The boat was propelled swiftly away, favored by a strong ebbing tide. I stood almost motionless until I saw the refugees gain the side of a Yankee frigate, and then I sat

down on the cold moist dyke, and pondered over what I had done. I well knew the dreadful penalty of aiding or abetting negroes in their escape. Cold chills darted through my frame. I perspired freely, and finally, fell into a fearful reverie. In this way I continued until the flood tide set in, and now I found that I must hurry back to the main land, as this marsh overflowed at high water. After an hour's laborious walk through deep black mud and long rank grass, I sprang into the turbid waters of a narrow creek, and was soon on the highlands. Opposite me, two miles away over the river, was Fort Stanley. I perceived that my actions had been keenly observed, from the movement of the soldiers who stood in crowds along the breastworks. I signalled for help, my side of the Inlet being a vast wilderness. About thirty men came over in a large launch. I noticed that they were in great wrath. I met them, stating that my negroes had deserted. Of course this was a thorough falsehood, but my conscience told me I had acted rightly. Many of these fellows wore a bloodthirsty countenance, and a more ferocious looking band could scarcely have disgraced the mountains of Spain. They showered thousands of bitter curses on my soul, and styled me a *spy, thief and two-faced, half-bred rascally English coward*. I became savage and stubborn. I stoutly refused to answer any questions until brought before their superior officers. One miserable little wretch struck me a blow with the barrel of his rifle, that almost broke my back. Another *cut-throat* pointed his bayonet near my side. I very wisely kept my tongue quiet, and heeded them not; my feelings were so galled, that just then I scorned the power of Jeff Davis himself. Thanks to the sergeant in command, I received no further bodily ill-treatment from his unruly gang.

I soon found myself before Captain McDonald and his staff. Night approached, dark and dismal, and the mournful screams of loon-divers and hoot-owls seemed to portend my death-knell. I was placed under guard, and the affair in which I was implicated underwent a most scrutinizing investigation. I was then court-martialed. Strong evidence was brought to bear against me; but Strongfellow, who, bye the bye, was as deeply involved as myself, though unsuspected, stepped forward and pleaded my case with considerable eloquence. He held forth that I was a true blooded Briton, and a youth of almost tender age; that I was a

thorough sympathiser with the South; and that my father owned a magazine in the Bahamas, in which was stored the powder that would shortly blow into sudden obscurity thousands of Yankee invaders of their beloved country. This oration caused some speculation; for, be it remembered, that these coast guards, as a body, were exceedingly ignorant, as also were many of the officers: hence, perhaps, the more danger for me. Longfellow likewise stepped forward (a third person guilty); for if I had "blowed" on Strongfellow, and he in return had "let out" on Longfellow, *all three of us would have been shot down like dogs.*

"I feel," cried Longfellow, "much sorrow in being compelled to humbly thrust myself before this highly intelligent tribunal, in defence of my countryman, young Johnny. I feel assured, in my mind, that he is accused wrongfully. I am convinced, Captain McDonald and gentlemen, that the prisoner before you is not guilty. Allow me to explain this simple fact. *What could he have gained* in being accessory to the crime charged against him? Was not my most valuable boat taken? thus leaving me with only a light skiff; and you are all aware that I cannot replace the loss here, as you have nothing in that line to spare but pine canoes. Did not the runaways steal my spy-glass, and disarm Johnny of his revolver? Gentlemen, I assure you that the prisoner is entirely blameless in this matter, and I sincerely trust that he will be immediately acquitted *communi consensu.*"

After this investigation was over, I was still kept under guard. Next day the captain of a blockade-running steamer visited me. He had just arrived from Nassau: his ship was at Wilmington. Being acquainted with my father—on learning of my bad fortune—he called on me as a *friend*, so he stated.

"I reckon you will be shot!" he whispered. "I was raised in these yer parts, and know the men you have to deal with. What shall I tell your father when I see him?"

"Anything you choose!" I gruffly answered; my feelings being wounded at his opinion, which savored not a morsel of sympathy or pity. I ordered him to leave me. He did so, stammering out apologies that only added insult to injury. I was in despair for a short time. I would hardly converse with any of my friends, and I determined that, if found guilty, I would die game, with my eyes unbandaged, and pointing the finger of scorn at the rifle-party that would be set apart to deal me the *coup de grace.*

Captain McDonald would occasionally cast piercing glances at me, and pass by without a word. This treatment I felt very keenly, and more particularly as I had always been on the very best terms with this gentleman. I had learned not only to respect but to admire him, for his cool bravery and humanity. Though somewhat stern, he was kind to those under his command, and Yankee prisoners sometimes remarked that "they felt quite at home in his society." He would thank them, replying that they were welcome.

On one occasion we were about to have a slight skirmish with a launch full of Yankees. We were hidden from their view among sand hills, and they were leisurely approaching within forty yards of our muskets. Several coast guards urged the captain to allow them to "pick off" the officers. "No!" stoutly refused their leader. "I came here to make prisoners of those people, not to murder them." We captured the entire party.

Much to my delight, a few days brought me the intelligence that I was at liberty to proceed at will on my own account, and that I had better depart from Little River Inlet as soon as convenient for me to do so.

I at once visited the *Sunbury* for the purpose of packing up my clothes. It was night, and though thankful of my escape, I was in somewhat of a sorrowful mood. I had lost cast with nearly all the jovial coast guards. I was in deep soliloquy, when the loud notes of the bugle startled me. I rushed on deck and found it was the call, *Aux armes*. Almost instantly after this warning, a sharp firing began from a strong body of Yankees, who had made a sudden and determined advance, for the purpose of destroying salt works and vessels. I could easily distinguish the loud reports proceeding from the muskets of the coast guards from the shrill crack of the enemy's rifles, and common reason told me that the grey-coats were falling back before an unequal force. A large schooner, laden with cotton and turpentine, lay at anchor just above the fort, and was almost in the hands of the besiegers. I was ordered to board this craft and set her on fire. On my way I met a boat containing a number of gentlemen, most of whom were merchants from Wilmington. They had just left this vessel, and had been seeking a passage in her out of the country. One of their number was a Nova Scotia captain. A shower of balls flew over us, and this skipper nearly fainted from fear. He cried and

begged to be removed out of danger. I soon gained the side of the deserted schooner, and sprang to her deck, where I cut asunder a bale of cotton and burst a barrel of turpentine over it. At this moment I was accosted by a comely young man of sandy complexion, having a revolver in his hand.

"What are you about, young man?" he demanded.

I informed him that Captain McDonald had ordered me to burn the vessel. He advised a delay for a little time, stating that he was captain of the craft.

"The cowardly passengers have cleared out," said he, "and left me without the means of escape, taking away the boat while I rushed down the companion-way for some money I had in my trunk."

We became quite friendly, agreeing to touch the match the moment we discovered the Yankee boats through the darkness. Volley after volley of musketry was exchanged, the Southerners using buckshot cartridges. Many balls flew in our direction, and being desirous of witnessing the conflict, if possible, we made a dash up the main-rigging, and took shelter in the gaff-topsail, which we unfurled at the cross-trees. On several occasions, the flashes of the Yankees' rifles displayed for an instant their forms, and we could plainly observe several men lying down, as if dead or desperately wounded. The screams, howls, and cheers from the coast guards were almost terrifying. The Yankees at last retreated, not, however, without landing and thrashing the grey-jackets out of the fort, when they set fire to the log-buildings, captured a pet game-cock, and upset a pot of shelled clams, thus depriving their enemies of their next morning's breakfast.

In the engagement, Captain McDonald was struck by a spent ball directly over the heart. It felled him to the ground with great force. It had first struck a pine tree, and glancing off upset the captain, doing him no serious injury. Many of the coast guards were wounded, but none killed. They fought mostly in comparative safety behind stout pine trees. I had now become very friendly with the young skipper whose vessel I had attempted to burn, and this soon grew to intimacy which lasted many bright days, as the reader will find, if he continues to follow me through this simple narrative. He was not over twenty-two years of age, and had been an accountant in a shipping house in Glasgow. I found him a most gentlemanly fellow. He was.

a Roman Catholic Highland Scotchman : Donald Kailbrose, I shall style him.

The South had become too "hot" for me. I longed to get from under the *stars and bars*. This region of mosquitoes and sandflies had lost its charms. A mule team was chartered under government to proceed towards Charleston, after a load of unhulled rice. I secured a passage, announcing my intended departure to the neighbours in the vicinity. "Friends are proved by adversity," it is said, and so I concluded, for just as I was about to embark, up stepped the mother of Oanus, pressing her *generous* offer of \$3000 and the young stud, if I would go to Richmond as a substitute for her boy. I informed her that already I considered myself in the frying-pan, and that I had no desire to get into the fire. Bidding her farewell, I remarked that she was a *canny* old lady, and that her proposition was very *braw*.

She held forth that I had a "right smart" journey ahead of me, and she "reckoned" I had better retract and go to Richmond. I suddenly left her, calling out that I valued my life more than her \$3000—and *kintra cooser* to boot. Oanus was slain in battle soon after this.

"There's nothing like a roving life,
To make the heart feel free ;
With little cash and little wants,
Oh ! that's the life for me."

After my settlement with Longfellow, I found myself in possession of his draft on New York for \$400, six months after date. I shall not dwell on this mule voyage—suffice it to say that when night overtook us, we turned the mongrel quadrupeds loose, and slept under the cart. In this way we travelled a long distance down the coast, over heavy sandy roads, and often on the sea beach, there being no other highway. We jogged on very slowly. I found it exceedingly wearisome. After four days, we arrived at Murrel's Inlet. This plantation village is about three miles from the sea. A narrow winding river flows along its marshy banks. Conspicuous to the eye, was the slave-holders' extensive mansion, environed by the little log-houses of their bondsmen, that were built regardless of style, or uniformity of construction. At a plantation, several miles from this seaport, I witnessed a novel scene. On a rough fence, in front of the manor-house were sitting gaping at us, a host of children ; perhaps three dozen, ranging

from five to fifteen years of age. In colour they varied from the Octoroon to a dark walnut hue. I was informed that these offsprings of many *Europas* owed their existence to the *Jupiter* of the estate, who was their lord and master. At Murrel's Inlet were anchored a number of blockade runners. I endeavored to obtain a passage out in one of these vessels, but failed in my undertaking. I began to suspect myself of being unfortunate *Ab incunabulis*.

I gazed sorrowfully at the blue ocean and longed to be tossed again on its rolling billows.

Not unexpectedly, I was arrested by a cavalry officer and marched off many miles to camp. My passport was demanded. I had none. I was informed that I would immediately be conveyed to Charleston along with other stragglers. I told them that nothing would please me more, as I *had intended* going to that city of ruins. "Well," muttered one of the cavaliers, "he ain't no Yank." "Reckon you may go," spoke their captain, and bowing politely, I walked away, thankful to get off so easily. I met a body of their men on my way; they were mounted on handsome black horses and dashed by me in a cloud of dust. While at this village the Yankees bombarded the place, sinking one vessel and badly damaging others. Many of the houses also suffered severely. At another time they advanced up river in barges; but received a checking fire from a masked battery of light artillery. Finding that I could not escape from the country in this direction, I determined to retrace my steps to Little River Inlet. I "footed it" nearly all the way. A Tennessee regiment kept me company part of the journey. They were tall and fierce in appearance, with high cheek bones and glossy hair, which was coarse and very dark. It hung in thick clusters over their shoulders, giving them a decidedly romantic look. Those that I conversed with, stated that they had never beheld a vessel or steamer in their lives till a day or two previously, and several of these men had seen fifty years. Again I entered the village of Little River, much fatigued and discouraged, and as the Southern darkey expresses it, almost "done gone."

I was agreeably disappointed on arriving at the scene of my recent troubles, and was welcomed back by many old friends. I did not, however, seek the society of the coast guards. I was contented to remain a few days among the villagers; and killed time chatting to old folks, wounded soldiers, and young maidens.

One evening I found myself a guest at a party given by the mother of Oanua. About thirty couples were present, the gentlemen of course being coast guards, on short leave of absence. Dancing after *their* fashion was indefatigably indulged in. The ladies present were from ordinary in appearance to handsome. One of these last named, was "modest," mischievous, and mirthful. She "reckoned she could tote the biggest feller in the room." Songs were sung in a sighing manner, many of them containing about eighteen verses. Supper was announced at midnight. I led a buxom little widow to the well-filled table, which was covered with *the things* that tend to render Southern life pleasant, viz: bread made of peas, corn rolls, sweet potato-cake, sweet potato-pies, rice buns, and clam pot-pie. Corn coffee and sassafras tea, were neatly served around by little slave girls about twelve years of age. Their aprons were white as new linen.

After discussing the good things, dancing was renewed. The music consisted of banjo, violin, guitar, and tambourine. The last "light fantastic" was their great reel and promenade walk-round, called "Run, nigger run, befo' de brok ob day." The hostess, as a "wind-up" *ad finem*, summoned an old woolly-headed negro man. At her bidding, he performed a most ludicrous overture on the jaw-bone of a horse. With a polished spike he artistically touched the teeth, causing them to rattle in their bony sockets; and a sound was created that could only please the vile ear of the African god Obeah. The little waiter-girls danced and clapped their hands wildly to this villainous din, singing curious melodies in praise of their mistress. The company then separated.

Again bidding farewell to Longfellow and Strongfellow, I left Little River one Sabbath evening just as the sun was lowering behind the western forests. His rays of gold and crimson glared brightly on the windows of the village cottages, proclaiming a peaceful good-night. I was alone, and on foot, with a journey of seventy odd miles to perform.

"I'm adrift! I'm adrift! among woods and swamp lands,
With the cold world before me, no friend but my hands;
Should I meet sweet *Fortuna's* bright smile on the way,
And I ask her to wed me, gods! what would she say:
She might bid me stride onward to many new scenes,
My steps all uncertain, my prospects vain dreams;
But should I find *luck*, and with him persevere,
The goddess might join me through life's brief career."

(To be continued.)

THE WAY-SIDE INN.

HERE is the old Inn, much the same,
 With creaking sign and gables quaint,
 With water-trough all green with age,
 And weather-boards a foe to paint.
 Though now through broader, fairer ways
 The shifting tides of travel range,
 I find the ancient Way-Side Inn
 Unchanged amid a world of change.

Here is the mouldering porch, where oft
 I stood and watched the mail-coach sweep
 With clattering gear and winding horn
 Around the hill-side sharp and steep;
 Or listened to the gossips old,
 Throned in their well-worn chairs, relate
 Old anecdotes of days gone by
 And pointless stories out of date.

The oaken pump above the trough
 Shows signs 'tis true, of sure decay,
 But still the cool sweet waters gush
 As I the creaking handle sway,
 And though the lofty sign-board pole
 Begins to droop and lean with age,
 The gallant rooster at its peak
 Defies the world with noble rage.

But still I miss some vital links,
 With which the chain were else complete;
 I miss the smile of faces dear,
 The sound of well-remembered feet.
 I miss the landlord, hale and stout,
 Whose presence filled the tap-room door;
 I miss his buxom wife, who kept
 So neat and fresh the sanded floor.

And many a neighbour's form I miss
 That stood of old about the place:
 But most I miss the landlord's niece,
 Of dainty form and winsome face.

Indoors and out she was the life
 And joy of all who came and went ;
 Her presence to the dim old house
 A summer sunshine always lent.

I know not whither they have gone—
 They cannot tell me at the bar ;
 They went away when trade fell off,
 And dead and gone to me they are.
 But little Bessie haunts me yet,
 Such smiles as hers are hard to win ;
 And still I linger wrapt in thought
 About the ancient Way-Side Inn.

THE WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. ZSCHOKKE.

(Concluded.)

RESCUE.

AS the Red-coat said these words, it appeared to me as if his bright garment glowed around him like a flame, and a greenish light shot up out of the earth around us ; but it was only the trees. Colours blended strangely with one another before my eyes. At last all was extinguished. I lay in a fainting-fit. I was no longer conscious. Something had come over me.

Then I felt a dim return of consciousness ; a far-off sound was in my ears, and before my eyes broke a twilight of glimmering rays. As thought, sound, and vision became more vivid, I thought over my condition, but I could not make out what was the matter with me.

“ I am either fainting, or losing my senses, or dying ”—thought I. “ Is the soul tearing herself away from the nerves, the spirit from the body ; what then remains ? A world is departing with my senses ; and the spirit, as a dependent power, is resolved into the ocean of all power. Then is man only a foam-bubble, thrown up from the ever-moving, ever-changing surface of the ocean of the All, reflecting in itself the green islands and the infinity of heaven. And the reflected islands and heaven vanish away, as the bubble

returns whence it came.— No, no,” cried I to myself, “that is the way I became a criminal, because I lost all faith in God and in myself, and had given myself up to the brain-spun threads of a one-sided sophistry. The great world-spirit is no dead sea, and man’s soul no bubble.”

So I thought, and opened my eyes, and over me hovered the old man, as if resting on clouds, with a friendly seriousness. I saw no longer the cold, stern features, but a mild expression in his transfigured mien; but the light dazzled me, and I soon shut my eyes again, and dreamed on: I could not stir a limb.

“What is the matter with me, or what is going to take place?” thought I; for it seemed to me that I heard the hum of cities and villages go by, and the noise of waving woods; and then again the rushing of streams and the roar of breakers; and then the tinkling of sheepfolds and the songs of shepherds. “What has happened to me? whither am I going?” sighed I, softly, with a great effort.

Still over me hung the form of the old man, and his eye rested tenderly upon me. “I save you,” said he at last, in a tone unspeakably gentle: “Fear no more. Thou hast seen thy life, and thy death. Thou weak one, be a man. A second time I cannot save you.”

Thereupon there was a glimmering before my eyes, and me—thought I lay in a rocky cavern, in which the daylight shone through a narrow cleft. But the old man still hung over me as he said: “Now thou art saved, and I leave thee. I have fulfilled thy wishes.”

“But,” sighed I, “my Fanny, my children! Give them to me in this desert.”

The old man answered: “They are thine already.”

“Blot out the remembrance of my guilt for ever, if thou canst.”

The old man spoke: “I will blot it out; it will trouble thee no more.”

As he said this, he dissolved away over me like a mist, and I gazed at the gray rocks above me, and understood nothing of what had happened. But I was filled with an unspeakable peace. And yet it was all like a fairy tale.

Whilst I still gazed at the rocks above me, the lips of an unseen being were pressed to mine. I felt a warm kiss.

A NEW WORLD.

That kiss brought me back to earth. I thought my eyes were

open, but I found that they were shut; for I heard light footsteps around me, and yet saw no one in the cave.

There came a soft breath upon my cheek, and two sweet lips once more touched mine.

The feeling of life again returned to my outward senses. I heard the whispering of children's voices. Dream and reality were mingled confusedly together; but they soon began to be parted the one from the other more distinctly, until I came fully to myself, and perceived clearly what was round me. I became aware that I was lying in a stiff uncomfortable posture. It seemed to me as if I were on the sofa in my summer-house. I opened my eyes, and my Fanny hung over me. It was her kisses that had awakened me. Our children clapped their hands for joy when they saw me awakening, and clambered up on the sofa upon me, crying one after the other, "Papa! papa! good morning!"—And my dear little wife locked me in her arms, and with eyes filled with tears, chid me for having slept all night in the cold summer-house; and had not Christopher, our man-servant, come back but a quarter of an hour before from the post-house, and told the maids in the kitchen of my arrival, not a soul would have known that I had come.

But the heavy Walpurgis-dream had affected me to such a degree, that I lay still for some time, not venturing to trust my eyes or my ears. I looked around for the fantastic cave in the desert, but still I was in the summer-house. There lay still the drums, whips, and playthings on the floor. Upon the table still stood Fanny's work-basket—all just as I had found it, when I had chosen my night's lodging there.

"And Christopher has but just returned from the post-house!" asked I. "Has he slept there all night?"

"To be sure, you strange creature!" said Fanny, and patted my cheek. "He says, too, that you yourself told him to do so.—Why have you passed the night on this sofa, which is as hard as a rock? Why did you not rout us out of our beds? How gladly would we all have been prepared for your reception!"

I started with delight. "You have slept, then, safely and quietly all night?" asked I.

"Only too soundly," said Fanny. "Could I have guessed that you were here in the summer-house,—there would have been an end of all sleep. I would have slipped out to you, like a ghost.

Do you know, too that it is Walpurgis-night, in which the witches and hobgoblins play their tricks?"

"I know it only too well!" said I, and rubbed my eyes and smiled joyfully at finding that all my crimes were a dream: that neither post-house nor city were burnt; that neither the Red-coat from Prague, nor the long since forgotten Julia had made me a visit.

I clasped the lovely Fanny more fondly to my heart; and with her and the children upon my lap, I felt now more vividly than ever, the peace of a good heart and pure conscience.

A new world bloomed around me; and more than once I was doubtful whether it were a dream or not. I looked often towards the pleasant roofs of our town to convince myself that I had thrown no candle into the hay.

Never in my life had I had a more connected, vivid, and definite dream; only at the last, when it blended itself with my waking moments, had it become wild and fantastic.

We went in triumph through the beautiful garden to the pleasant dwelling-house, where all my household welcomed me most heartily. After I had altered my dress a little, I went loaded with all sorts of playthings for my boys, into Fanny's room to breakfast. There sat the young mother with the merry little ones. At each look of love, a new rapture streamed through my heart. I sank silently on Fanny's breast, and with tears of joy presented to her the little tokens which I had bought for her in Prague, saying, "Fanny, to-day is thy birth-day."

"Never have I celebrated it more delightfully than now!" said she. "I have you again. I have invited some of our friends to pass the day with us, to welcome you home. I hope it does not displease you?—But now sit down by us, and tell me all about yourself."

But my remarkable dream stood too vividly before my eyes. I thought it would be a relief to relate it. Fanny listened, and became very serious. "Truly," said she at last, "one ought to believe in the witchery of the Walpurgis-night. Thou hast dreamed quite a sermon. Be yet more pious, my pious one, for surely thy good angel has spoken with thee. Write down thy dream. Such a dream is more remarkable than many a life. I rely, you know, much upon dreams. They do not tell us of the future, but they tell us of ourselves. They are sometimes the clearest looking-glasses of the soul."

THE TEMPTER, AND THE TEMPTATION.

A remarkable, although not indeed extraordinary, coincidence occurred on the day following my Walpurgis dream. My wife had invited some friends from the city, to a little family festival. On account of the beauty of the day, we dined in the upper roomy saloon of the summer-house. The Walpurgis dream was almost blotted out from my memory by bright and pleasant realities.

My servant announced a strange gentleman, who wished to speak with me, a Baron MANDEVILLE, from Drostown.

Fanny saw that I was startled. "You will not surely," said she, "tremble before the tempter if he does not bring the temptation with him, and not even before the temptation, while you are at my side."

I went down. There, seated on the very sofa where I had slept the night before, appeared the real, living Red-coat from Prague. He arose, greeted me like an old friend, and said "You see I keep my promise. I must now see your lovely Fanny, with whom I have become quite accidentally acquainted, through your confidential letters. Are you not jealous? And"—he continued pointing out into the garden—"I have brought a couple of guests with me, my brother and his wife. But my sister-in-law already knows you. We unexpectedly met in Dresden, and now travel in company."

I expressed my pleasure at seeing him. Just then a thick, stout man entered the room where we were speaking, and at his side was a lady, in a travelling-dress. Imagine my astonishment—it was Julia, the wife of the count.

Julia was less embarrassed than I, although she changed colour. After the first civilities, I carried my guests into the saloon above. I introduced them to my Fanny. The tempter, turned visitor, said the most flattering things to her.

"I have," said he, "already quite adored you in Prague, where, without the knowledge of your husband, I got to know all the little family secrets which you communicated to him."

"I know all," said Fanny to him; "you paid fourteen hundred dollars for those secrets. But you are, after all, a very bad man, for you have caused my Robert a restless night."

"We have not done with that yet, Fanny," said I, "for see, here is the lovely temptation," and then—I introduced her to the count's wife—"Julia."

Women never suffer long from embarrassment. Fanny embraced

Julia as a sister, and placed the tempter on one side of her, and the temptation on the other. "As far as possible from you!" cried she, in a tone of roguish warning.

Fanny and Julia, although they had never seen each other before, soon became true heart-sisters, and had a great deal to say to each other, making me the butt of their raillery. For my part, it was peculiarly delightful to see these two together: both lovely—but Julia only a beautiful woman, Fanny an angel.

Julia, as I learned from her during a walk in the garden, was perfectly happy. She was truly attached to her husband, on account of the nobleness of his character; but for her brother-in-law, the Red-coat, she had the tender affection of a child. He had spent much of his life, as she told me, in travelling, and now resided on an estate in Poland, near her husband's, dividing his time between books, and agricultural labours, and offices of benevolence. She spoke of him with animation, and insisted that a nobler man did not exist on earth. I gathered from all she told me a practical reflection, that one must not trust too much to physiognomy.

"Why did you put that mysterious question to me at Prague," said I, after a while, to the worthy Red-coat: "*Do you not now know who I am, and what I want of you?*" For it was these words that struck me so at Prague; and had afterwards sounded again so distinctly in my dream.

"It is plain enough what I meant," cried he. "I wanted to tell you, as I brought back your pocket-book, what I wished with you, and wanted also to let you know that I was the finder; that you should put confidence in me, and give me some proofs of your loss. You continued to be as reserved, as if I were a suspicious person, and yet I saw your disquiet, and could not doubt that the right man stood before me."

I now related to him my dream. "Sir," cried he, "long live the Walpurgis-spirits! The dream deserves to be a chapter in moral philosophy and psychology. If you do not carefully write it down, I will do it myself, and send it to you in print. There are right golden lessons in it. I am glad, however, that I have the honour to shine at last as an angel of light, otherwise I would not listen to a word more of your Walpurgis-night Adventure."

We spent a happy day together: I with the truly excellent Mandeville, and Fanny with Julia.

When we parted at evening, and accompanied our good friends to the inn, Fanny said to me, when we reached the door, "Here we will bid good-bye, and not accompany the beautiful temptation a step further. Your Walpurgis dream contains a good lesson for me too. Do you not know me, sir, and what your Fanny wants with you?"

THE CURL.

BY MARY BARRY.

I.

"THIS tiny curl you will never miss,
Give me this curl," he said,
And he touched my brow with a sudden kiss,
As he clipt it from my head.
"It shall lie right here on my heart by day,
A talisman fair and bright,
And for every golden thread I'll say
A prayer for my love by night."

II.

O crimson flush of the sunset sky,
O gold of the shore and sea!
Did you catch from my heart your radiant dye?
Did you borrow your light from me?

III.

He stood next morn at the vessel's prow,
Dark drawn 'gainst an opal sky,
And I watched full long, as I'm watching now,
While the white-winged ship went by!
The sea-gull screamed as she circled past,
And dipt her wing in the spray,
And her shadow flitted athwart the mast—
'Twas an omen dark they say.

IV.

I am watching still, but I know 'tis vain,
All vain is this weary quest,
For he lies low down 'neath the seething main,
With my ringlet on his breast.

St. John, N. B.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THOSE who have been observant of events have for some time clearly discerned that a religious war of great magnitude was about to take place. Pope Pius IX., since his exile in Gaeta, has been pursuing a systematic course of aggression upon science, liberalism and the state, which culminated in the declaration of infallibility, and the adoption of the syllabus. The opposition to these decrees was of no avail. The vote of the assembled bishops was not permitted. The first act of his infallibility was to decree himself infallible. Since that act there has been much strife. "The Old Catholic" church has been established, and a war between it and the new—as it may be called—has been initiated. Meanwhile, Prussia has become a great power, and uses its might in behalf of Protestantism—of a Protestant Church, rather, in subordination to the State: the very opposite idea of the Catholic one, which is that of the State subordinate to the Church. The negation of Theocracy is with Prussia a fundamental point. The Prussian recognizes that each man belongs to the State which forms him, drills him, and regulates him at pleasure. Prussians, whether liberal or rationalist, see in Ultramontaniam an enemy to the human race, and that it must be combatted in the interest of posterity. For this purpose it is sought to attach the Catholic part of the new Empire to Protestantism. It is not sufficiently observed that the bond which binds the Catholic to Rome is everything. Admitting that the source of divine grace is in the hand of the Supreme Pontiff, from whom it flows through the entire Church, it is clear that he who is not in connexion with the hierarchical streams must die of atrophy. It would seem as though those who direct affairs in Prussia do not understand this. They think that patriotism, which sees that great evil has come to Germany from the action of Popery, should lead its devotees to give it up for country. True Catholics, even while they admit the evils which their country has suffered from the way in which the Papacy has acted, cannot separate from the Church which is to them the repository of all grace. Prussia and the Church are thus in direct opposition, and the strife must go forward till victory declare on one side or other. Both the Pope and Prussia have attained the height of their glory. The infallibility of the

one, and the grand military superiority of the other, make them giants in this war.

There are a few professors and other thinkers of the Catholics in Germany who opposed, and still oppose, the pretensions of the Pope; and who form the "Old Catholic" party. The ideas of these are in accord with the views of Prussia. The Imperial Government took them under its protection, and formed high hopes of the future of the new Church. The new Church placed itself gladly in dependence on the State, and avowed its pure German character at the risk of compromising its position as part of the Catholic Church. But, in order to throw its protecting shield over the new body, a reform in the existing law relative to sects had to be made. The Prussian law did not admit that any of its citizens could be beyond the pale of one or other of the recognized religions. Every one, in all important acts of civil life, was dependent on his clergy. When one abandoned his church without entering another, he could neither marry nor give to his children a regular status. An excommunication pronounced by the Bishop had the gravest consequences. It really outlawed him. The appearance of the new Catholic Church required a modification of this law. The course which should have been taken was, 1st. To secularize all the acts of civil life, so that a change of religion should make no difference to the position of the dissident; 2nd. To secularize the school which was under the clergy; and 3rd. To give to the new Church entire liberty of worship, and to give them their due share of the goods enjoyed previously in common with the others. But such course was not adopted. The reasoning pursued was like that of Louis the 14th. "Protestantism," said he, "destroys the unity of my State. Protestants are not completely my subjects. They have relations with foreigners, and may put themselves in opposition to my Government. It is necessary to suppress them." The term Protestant being changed for Catholic, we have the reason of Bismarck expressed, and the course indicated towards the Ultramontanes. The laws of 1873 govern the bishop in the choice of his priests; impose rules which the Church knows nothing of; thus taking power, as the Scotch say, *circa sacra*; and setting at nought the principle of the transmission of the sacramental graces, which is the very basis of Catholicism. Now the Catholics have the right to conform their practice to their faith. The priests

whom the State instals will be nothing to the faithful. Their service is sacrilege—to demand absolution of them would be another sin. Should the State compel a Catholic to use the ministry of such priests? The ministry of a priesthood instituted by the State will be deserted. The faithful fly from it—unbelievers do not want it. It is strange that those who have the direction of affairs in Prussia should not have seen that the course pursued is contrary to true liberty.

What may be the result? The bishops will not yield. The true course for Prussia to pursue would be to separate entirely the Church and State. It is not likely that Prussia will do that. The death of Pope Pius would not much change the situation. The decree of infallibility and the syllabus will live. Prussia may try to get a Pope who will be more pliant: but to go back upon the decrees of a council would be to declare the death of the Papacy.

The true procedure of the State towards sects is to leave them to their own affairs. It is no part of its duty to deliver the consciences of its citizens from the bondage of any sect. Every one should be at liberty to quit his communion or his religious order; but the State has no mission to take any man out of his communion. The State must renounce the task of converting from a hurtful religion; of deciding what doctrines are true; or of determining what are the relations which should subsist between a man and his God.

In counselling liberty, we do not think we give advice contrary to the spirit of the age. We believe that the spirit of the modern day will triumph, and that the natural course of events will bring superstition to an end much better than all penal measures. It is a false idea that persecution will bring down Ultramontaniam. It will fortify it. Liberty—true liberty—which only protects from persecution, will be the destruction of the Catholic unity in that which is in it of danger. The Catholic unity reposes only on the civil power. It is the fruit of Concordats which the Pope has been the first to renounce. Because Catholicism has followed the policy of repression, that is no reason why a Protestant State should follow the example. Let every one—the Jesuit, the Protestant, the old Catholic, the new Catholic—be free to think and to act. The State has no business to regulate opinions. It is no Doctor of Theology. Persuasion is the only mode of conversion.

To try to inculcate liberal ideas by means of power is a contradiction in terms. Nothing is gained to opinion but what is voluntary and free. Liberty will do more in dissolving dangerous combinations than any direct measures of opposition. That which Catholicism formerly attempted, and would still attempt, is to crush, by its massive force, rival opinions which have not been able to find any common bond of unity. Let States refuse to give effect to any such attempt; let all be protected in whatever religion they have chosen, and the old Church will be powerless for harm, and may even become useful.

The country of modern times is not like that of Sparta or Rome, where the State was the parent and every one a member of the family, having the same God, the same education, the same worship. Modern States are too much mixed for that. Of different races, languages and religion, they are yet combined for the common purposes of secular citizenship. The country of modern times most loved, most sought, will be that which leaves its members least disturbed by State interference. In this country, and in the United States, and we may say, with the slight exception of a State Church, England, this principle of non-interference is most fully carried out, and we trust that old European countries will know how more and more to avoid all measures which have even the aspect of compulsion or persecution on account of any opinions which the people thereof may possess or be led, by new evidence, to adopt.

On the twenty-sixth January, the Queen dissolved the Parliament of Great Britain. The Premier subsequently issued an address to the electors of Greenwich, in which he defended his former policy, and outlined his future course, if sustained by the voice of the country. He had purchased the Electric Telegraph for £9,000,000, reduced the national debt £20,000,000, lowered taxes beyond the amounts imposed £12,500,000, paid the Alabama indemnity, and provided for the expenses of the Ashantee war, while a balance was probable on the year of £5,000,000. With this latter sum he proposed to liquidate the income tax. But as the sum on hand would not be quite sufficient, an adjustment of some other taxes would be needed—a phrase which means evidently an increase though not probably a very great one, sufficient, however, to produce say from £500,000 to £1,000,000. Then

the late Premier indicated an extension of the household suffrage as enjoyed by the boroughs to the counties. The laws of transfer and descent, and game, etc., were to receive attention. Disraeli criticised his address in his manifest to his constituents, remarking on the impolicy of the Ashantee war, affirming that the disturbance of the franchise for the counties was impolitic, that the Conservatives had been opposed to the continuance of the income tax, and that though Gladstone had not spoken of a local parliament for any portion of the kingdom, it was unfortunate that some of his followers and supporters were pledged to such a measure.

The elections have resulted in the defeat of the Liberal party, and in giving a majority to the Conservatives of some fifty over the Liberals and Home Rulers. Disraeli is now in power, and Gladstone leads the Opposition.

THE Ashantee war has been happily concluded; and peace again reigns in West Africa.

MARSHAL McMAHON still continues the interim ruler of France. He gives balls in the Elysee, and has had his salary increased, but not out of proportion to his duties and expenses. Prince Napoleon has written a letter to contradict a rumour that he was favourable to Imperialism, which has dissatisfied the Democracy and Imperialists alike. The former disbelieve his professions and the latter are offended that he does not uphold the interests of his house. The young Napoleon has attained his majority, and has no doubt views upon the crown of France.

THE marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to Her Imperial Highness, the Grand Duchess of Russia, has been the topic of the month. Its political significance may not be great at present, but in future ages the union may largely affect the destinies of the two great countries to which the bride and bridgroom respectively belong. It is to be hoped that the alliance may tend to preserve peace and amity between Britain and Russia. It may have more effect on the Czar than a deputation of the Peace Society to St. Petersburg.

THE proposed suspension of the usual formalities in the election of a Pope as successor to the present one, in the event of his death, has given rise to some alarm. It has been suggested that should

the election take place out of Rome it might be difficult for his future Holiness to regain his place in that Ancient See. Cardinal Antonelli is opposed to the suspension of the usual forms, and says he has always opposed the Pope's leaving Rome. Five powers claim the right of veto—France, Austria, Portugal, Spain and Naples; but Portugal is the only one whose right of veto has never been questioned on any side. Since the first Concordat under the first Napoleon that of France is not implicitly recognized. The Emperor of Austria has that right by virtue of descent from the Roman Kings of the Holy German Empire. But that Empire has ceased to exist in its old shape, and the question whether the Emperor of Austria has still the right of veto may be raised. As for Spain, which since the new Ecclesiastical organization has been considered in Rome as almost out of the pale of the Catholic Church, she can scarcely claim a word in a matter so weighty as the election of the Supreme Pontiff. Naples, which has ceased to exist as a State, can scarcely come into the account, so the only unquestioned right is that of Portugal. It is likely that all the forms will be observed, and that the election will take place in Rome as usual.

Claims having been put forth by Archbishop Manning that the Roman Church is a supreme power among men, the sole interpreter of the faith, having within the sphere of its communion a right to legislate with authority, and to bind the consciences of all baptized Christians, Earl Russell took measures some time ago to have a demonstration of public opinion on the subject. Russell declared that this "was not liberty, civil or religious," that it was "to bow the knee to a despotic and fallible priesthood," and added: "The very same principles which bind me to ask equal freedom for the Roman Catholic, the Protestant Dissenter and the Jew, bind me to protest against a conspiracy which aims at confining the German Empire in chains." The principal resolution declared that the meeting unreservedly acknowledges it to be the duty and right of nations to uphold civil and religious liberty, and therefore deeply sympathizes with the people of Germany in their determination to resist the policy of the Ultramontane portion of the Church of Rome. Whether Prussia has just pursued the wisest course in this matter we have considered in the previous portion of this article.

ONE of the greatest of American Statesmen, Sumner, has departed. His fame as an orator has reached all countries. He was one of the uncompromising opponents of slavery. After a great speech, in which he dealt hardly but justly with Southern slaveholders, he was stricken down by Brooks, and his life was for some time despaired of. It is said, and it is no doubt true, that he never fully recovered from the blow. He outlived the assassin, however, and had the satisfaction of witnessing the triumph of the cause for which he battled and bled. He was well acquainted with the laws of nations, and saw that Mason and Slidell were illegally captured. He eloquently expounded the Alabama claims, and his influence was great in bringing Great Britain to acknowledge liability in the matter. America has great reason to honour his memory.

THE fate of Presidents of the United States is strange. They emerge from obscurity, fill a large space in the world's view for four or eight years, and then, as a rule, sink back into their original nothingness. Like Cincinnatus, when the battle of opinion which called them from the plough is over, they return to their original occupation. No one knows anything of them, or cares. They cannot hope again to occupy the White House. Other aspirants emerge to public notice, laudation, or detestation, while they are condemned to solitude—not daring further to aspire. They must live on the memories of past triumphs. Several of these, ineligible to kingship, may exist at the same time. At present, only Johnson lives.

Scrapiana.

AMONG recent deaths, that of Adam Black, Edinburgh, is chronicled. In 1830, Adam and Charles Black became the publishers of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*—in 1851 a revised edition was issued, which contained many articles written by Adam Black himself. The same year they purchased the unexpired copyrights of the *Waverley Novels*, and have retained the monopoly of supply to this day by keeping good and cheap editions

continually in print. "The Bookseller" says: "In Mr. Black, Edinburgh loses one of her most honoured sons—an honest, upright, God-fearing man: one who, without ostentatious parade, endeavoured to make the divine commands his daily rule of conduct, both in business and private life." His age was eighty-nine years.

UNDER the impression that some facts and figures with regard to Mr. JOHN BOYD's Lectures and Readings, will be of no less interest to the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY than himself, the Editor indulges in the following review: Mr. Boyd's first public address was to the Young Men's Temperance Association, in the Mechanics' Institute, in 1847, at the close of which, many now numbered among our leading business men, became members of the Society. His second lecture was on "The Claims of Seamen for Homes Ashore," which was followed, from year to year, by other lectures in the courses of the Mechanics' Institute, Y. M. C. A., etc. For many years Mr. Boyd presided at the weekly meetings of the Young Men's Early Closing Association, which were enlivened by debates, mock trials, etc., and which are held in happy remembrance by many of our citizens.

At the request of an old school-fellow, Hon. S. N. Stockwell, Editor of the *Boston Journal*, Mr. Boyd wrote for that paper, from 1850 to 1863, a series of letters from abroad, embracing his impressions of men and things in Europe, which were widely copied and evoked much comment. In 1857 he contributed several papers on "Emigration to New Brunswick" to the *Glasgow Examiner*, then under the editorship of Dr. Smith, and in 1858 an article from his pen on "Railways in New Brunswick," pointing out the necessity of, and mode of connections westward and northward, was unanimously adopted by the Chamber of Commerce, and five thousand copies in pamphlet form, were published by the Council for general circulation.

Mr. Boyd was appointed a delegate to the International Board of Trade, which held its meetings at Detroit in 1867, and was one of the three Colonists designated to speak before that body—Hon. Joseph Howe on the Fisheries, Hon. Mr. Skead on Intercommunication, and Mr. Boyd on the Maritime Interests of British North America. Mr. Howe was the first to speak, and the impression made being most favourable, Mr. Skead and Mr. Boyd urged the Committee to take the vote without further remark.

In 1871, he was appointed Arbitrator by the Dominion Government to settle matters in dispute between the Dominion and the Province of Nova Scotia, which duty, in conjunction with Mr. Jas. Duffus of N. S. and Mr. Wm. Heard of P. E. I., was performed in such a manner as to receive the cordial approbation of both Governments.

Mr. Boyd has persistently declined all overtures to enter upon public political life, and refused offers of appointment to the Legislative Council of this Province, and the Dominion Senate, preferring to work outside and with the people. He took an active part by speech and pen in effecting the great political changes of the past few years, and has always been a writer and speaker on most of the public questions of the time. Though most widely known as a speaker, aside from the papers we have enumerated, Mr. Boyd has written several short poems of considerable merit, among which our readers may remember "The Death of Argyle," "That they all may be One," "Love Unchangeable," "Nellie's Wedding," "True Pleasures," "Potatoes," and several political squibs in rhyme, which were felt long after their publication by those whom they fitted.

Mr. Boyd's Lectures have been delivered in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, some parts of the United States, and England, and in no case for a pecuniary consideration; they have been delivered for the benefit of Literary and Educational Institutions, Libraries, Churches, public and private charities, and their titles and proceeds are:

The Claims of our Seamen for homes Ashore,.....	\$ 57
A Right Knowledge of Character, ...	86
What the World Worships,.....	110
The Russian War—its Cause and Probable Consequences,.....	225
The Men who Make a Country,.....	240
The Social and Moral Evils of Strikes,.....	210
The Old World and the New—a Contrast,.....	260
Great Britain—the Hope of the World, ...	327
What the Wild Waves are Saying,.....	750
Go it While You're Young,.....	2,200
The Peasant Poet—His Life and its Lessons,.....	800
A New Lesson for the Day,.....	270
The British Pulpit,.....	650
A Night in the British House of Commons,.....	1,800
From London to Paris in '63,.....	680
George Stephenson,.....	815
An Unwritten Page of History,.....	700

Our Old Home in '69,.....	510
Seeking One's Fortune,.....	1,560
The Crop That Never Falls,.....	620
They That go Down to the Sea (1874),.....	180
Who Giveth This Woman (1874),.....	250
	13,300
160 Addresses at Public Meetings, Tea Soirees, etc.,.....	4,000
150 Public Readings—some of these from \$100 to \$130 each,.....	9,000
	\$26,300

We do not include in the above, several readings given by Mr. Boyd at sea, one of which, on the "Scotia," in conjunction with Mrs. Scott Siddons, when he was returning last from England, yielded \$300 for the Seamen's Orphan Asylum, Liverpool.

It cannot be amiss to say that in all his public acts Mr. Boyd has cast every personal consideration behind him. He has not sought renown, he has not grasped for the spoils which party success sometimes places within the reach of its leaders. In political matters he has devoted time and energy to that which in his mind seemed right; and to every deserving charity and enterprise of local interest, he has given such substantial aid with mind and pen as the generation will not willingly forget.

Mr. Boyd's business life began at the age of eleven, in the house where he is now a partner, when hours were longer than now—from 6 a. m. till 9 p. m., and often till past midnight. His lectures and contributions to the press have been written in the midst of a business which has ever claimed his closest attention—a business of which he is now the manager, and one of the largest and most successful in the Dominion.

-
- MISS KATE STANTON'S LECTURE ("The Loves of Great Men") is crude, unfeminine and common-place. Her manner is neither dramatic nor attractive. So long as houses can be filled by puffs printed for a consideration, and audiences will submit to her inflictions without marked disapproval, she will doubtless continue to degrade the platform. It should be remembered that *Mrs. Cady Stanton* and *Miss Kate Stanton* are individuals of an entirely different caste and character.

DURING the past year three Prime Ministers have been engaged in translating or elucidating Homer—Earl Derby, Earl Russell, and Mr. Gladstone.

Now make way for the coming poet:

Alone she sat 'neath the maple tree,
On a pleasant Sabbath morn,
The leaves were brown with autumn
tints,
And golden-hued was the corn.

Her cheeks were soft as the mellow
peach,
And her eyes like diamonds were,
Her shimmering locks toyed with the
wind,
As it fanned her forehead fair.

Alone she sat 'neath that maple tall,
That pleasant Sabbath day,
The birdlings sang above her head,
And the brooklet purred its lay.

In fleecy folds th' encircling clouds
Were girdled by the sun,
St. John, N. B.

And the ripened haycocks sang in the
west—

The harvest's work was done.
* * * * *

Alone she sat 'neath the maple's shade,
In the eve of that autumn day,
And the stars shot down from the arch
above.
And played with the moonbeam's ray.

The years roll round, and naught is heard
Save the passing wind's sad moan,
Still a maiden sits 'neath the maple proud,
Reading her book alone.

Alone she sits as in early days,
In shade of the bright sun's dart,
And a nimble cat purrs soft in her lap,
The dirge of a wasted heart.

NONAD.

"Nonad," having achieved immortality, should rest on his laurels. But if the "poetry" will "break out," we respectfully suggest that he send his effusions to the *Madagascar Gazette* or *Hong Kong Times*, either of which will probably be glad to give him place in type—for a consideration.

THE disbursements for Congressional printing (U. S.) last year, amounted to \$1,911,535.

THE following is related as a specimen of Dutch imperturbability. A bill was before the Pennsylvania legislature; the members were thoroughly canvassed by the promoter, and its passage was apparently secured, but when the vote was taken, much to his chagrin, it was defeated by the defection of a single member. To find the traitor was an easy task when the following colloquy ensued:

"Sir, you pledged yourself to vote for my bill!"

"Vell, what if I did?"

"What if you did? You voted against it!"

"Vell, what if I did?"

"What if you did? You proved yourself a liar and scoundrel, chucklehead!"

"Vell, what if I did?" was the icy response. Another sample. A resident of one of the interior counties was disturbed by the green-eyed monster. Returning one day somewhat unexpectedly to his *goot vrow*, he found the "destroyer of his peace" cosily ensconced in the chimney corner. Seizing an axe and whirling it round his

head like a tomahawk, Hans exclaimed, "Mein Gott in Himmel!" The "visitor" continued his conversation "mit Katrine," apparently unconscious of the presence of the infuriated husband. Again the axe was brandished in dangerous proximity to the intruder's nose, and again Hans shouted, "Mein Gott in Himmel!" Apparently noticing him for the first time, the "friend" straightened himself up, and mildly queried "Mein Gott in Himmel, vat?" Hans was non-plussed. Hanging his axe on its accustomed peg, he rejoined, "*Mein Gott in Himmel! You say noting and I say noting!*"

GRIEF expresses itself in a variety of ways. *Vide* the following epitaphs commemorative of similar bereavements:

Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
Death came; with friendly care
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

*Here slumbers with the silent dead
Our darling little curly head;
And this is how it came to pass—
HE DIED OF EATING APPLE-SASS!*

THAT excellent and widely read newspaper, *The Scottish American Journal* (New York), says: "THE MARITIME MONTHLY under its new management has become a sprightly and instructive periodical. Its contents betoken careful Editorial supervision. A vigorous effort has been made to deserve success, and by perseverance this will undoubtedly be secured beyond peradventure."

AND here comes our friend of the "kilt," who sings "ryghte pleasantlie" of

OUR WEE LASSIE WEAN:

Ilka Pariah has a bairnie, guid aboon the lave,
And to her loving bosom each mither clasps it fain;
Sae our dearest joy o' life, on the near side o' the grave,
Is our peerless pink o' innocence, our wee lassie wean.
Our ain lassie wean, our bonny lassie wean,
Our family gem will ever be, our wee lassie wean.

A wee bewitching fairy, if there's sic a thing ava,
And ilka body roun' about wad like her for their ain;
Sae knacky and sae gleefu', nae creature ever saw
Sic a love-provoking antic, as our wee lassie wean.
Our ain lassie wean, etc.

Her plump dimpled cheekie, and her laughing soft blue e'e,
Aye beaming fu' o' roguish wiles, wad warm a heart o' stane;
The music o' her mellow voice when dancing roun' in glee,
Inspires our very souls to love, our wee lassie wean.
Our ain lassie wean, etc.

Wi' rumble-tumble up and down, the bairn's aye asteer,
Aye joukin out and jenkin in, be't sunshine or rain;
Ah! wae fa' the mither wha canna but forbear,
To see the funny pranks, o' our wee lassie wean.
Our ain lassie wean, etc.

We sit wi' our peers, and rehearse a' our woes,
About this ill, and that ill, till Nature fain wad grane;
Then we turn on our elbow and bless a' our foes,
Wi' shouter-shaking laughter, at our wee lassie wean.
Our ain lassie wean, etc.

Awa wi' a' your siller, your grandeur and your gowd,
A grandsire and grannie hae ither joys to gain,
Than baubles to glower at, tho' ever sae proud,
They hae the dear caresses, o' their wee lassie wean.
Our ain lassie wean, etc.

But God guideth a' things, and weel do they faw
Wha ha' Him for a guardian 'gainst sorrow, sin and pain,
And lang may His breath o' love commingle wi' the air
That feeds the tiny nostrils, o' our wee lassie wean.
Our ain lassie wean, our bonny lassie wean,
Our family gem will ever be, our bonny lassie wean.

WM. MURDOCH.

THERE was once a giantess who had a daughter; and this child saw a husbandman ploughing in the field. She ran and picked him up with her finger and thumb, and put him and his plough and his oxen into her apron, and carried him to her mother. "Mother," said she, "what sort of a beastle is this I have found wriggling on the land?" But the mother said, "Child, go put it on the place where thou hast found it. We must be gone out of this land, for these little people will dwell in it." The late Prince Consort happily versified this little fable under the title of

THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

The giant's daughter once came forth the castle gate before,
And played with all a child's delight beside her father's door;
Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl would gladly go,
To see, perchance, how matters went in the little world below.
And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scenes around,
She saw a peasant at her feet a-tilling of the ground.
"O pretty plaything," cried the child, "I'll take thee home with me."
Then with her infant hand she spread her kerchief on her knee,
And cradling man and horse and plough so gently on her arm,
She bore them home quite cautiously, afraid to do them harm.
"See, father! dearest father! what a plaything I have found!
I never saw so fair a thing on all our mountain ground!"
But the father looked quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,
"What hast thou brought me here, my girl? This is no toy," he said.
"Go take it to the vale again, and put it down below;
The peasant is no plaything, child! how could'st thou think him so?
So go, without a sigh or sob, and do my will," he said;
"For know, without the peasant, child, we none of us had bread.
'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants are—
The peasant is no plaything, girl; and God forbid he were!"

AN ECCENTRIC SCOTCH M. D.

ONE of the most notable and eccentric characters in the West of Scotland, during the early part of the present century, was Dr. Wm. McNeil, of Old Kilpatrick, Dumbartonshire. He was held to be a sort of modern Solomon for the universality of his knowledge, and has been celebrated by Tannahill in one of his best poems, an elegy, entitled "Kind Will McNeil":

"He na'er had greed to gather gear,
Yet rigid kept his credit clear;
He ever was to misery dear,
Her loss she'll feel;
She aye got sarpence, or a tear,
Frae Will McNeil."

The father of our hero was a gardener with Mr. Spiers, of Elderslie, and proprietor of a small cottage situated at the Thorn, near Johnstone, in which humble domicile the subject of our present sketch was born. After mastering the usual preliminaries of creeping, he came to be a "stumpie stoucie" wee laddie, toddling about his mother's kail yard, and working all sorts of mischief. In childhood he was considered somewhat remarkable for the sharpness of his wit in giving gleg answers to those with whom he was acquainted, but rather shame-faced or sheepish when among strangers. One day in midsummer, when he was only about nine years of age, he was busily engaged "spinning his top," when his mother made her appearance at the cottage door and ordered him inside. The little rogue, however, was too busily engaged at the time to pay attention to the command. The order was repeated a second and third time, but still proving remiss to maternal authority his mother lost temper and seizing the *taws* made towards him, when he nimbly picked up his top, at the same time removed the scourge from its willow handle and stuck the latter in the ground, remarking as he did so "That will grow a big tree, and the pyets will build on it." No attention was at the time paid to the child's remark. The sprig remained where it had been so suddenly planted, till by and by it took root, and in the course of a few years assumed the form and proportions of a tree. The recollection of his remark now attracted the attention of the good folks in the neighbourhood to his scourge, which continued to grow and prosper till latterly it became a stately willow, and, as assuredly

as it had been planted, did the pyets ultimately build upon it. It continued to wave its branches over the cottage of his nativity till the time when the Glasgow and Ayr Railway was built, when both became sacrifices to the march of modern improvements. It was always known by the cognomen of "Will McNeil's Scourge." Passing over his early school career we next find him a lad of some seventeen or eighteen years, endeavouring to learn the occupation of a weaver, for which business his father had destined him. Being however exceedingly near-sighted, and having a much stronger desire to read books and ramble about the "Newton woods," now made classical by his friend Tannahill, with a set of bagpipes under his arm, awaking the echoes of wood and glen by a stirring pibroch, than making the shuttle jink to and fro, he never came to any proficiency in the trade. About this time, according to our authority, Mr. Matthew Tannahill, brother to the poet, he was "a big, saft, bashfu' callant, wi' the biggest head ever seen on shouthers." So extraordinary indeed was he in this respect that he never could get a hat ready-made to fit him, the largest he could find always stood on the top, as if, prompted by conceit, he had purposely "cocked it on three hairs." The common saying has it "a big head and little wit." The aphoristic philosopher, however, though often correct, is rather at fault in this instance, as the Doctor's head was in quality equal to its quantity, and he had at all times on hand a store of genuine humour ready to discharge on every fitting opportunity. Never liking the loom, he went, when yet a young man, to the Bridge-of-Wier, where he started a school to teach reading and writing, but not succeeding to his expectation he removed to Barrhead, where he taught reading, writing, arithmetic and land surveying. At Barrhead he remained for some years, in the course of which, to use the words of the above named authority, "he taught a' the farmers in the neighbourhood to measure their ain middens and tatie-pits."

From his boyhood he had always a strong desire to be a doctor. Fortunately for himself, but, as will be seen in the sequel, unfortunately for some members of the faculty, he, about this time, got the loan of £5 sterling from a friend, a Mr. Alex. McNaught of Paisley, with which small sum he ventured to enter the Glasgow College.

With his scanty thread-bare clothing, and his awkward manners, he cut rather a sorry figure among so many young scions of the

aristocracy. Nothing pleased the sparks better than to play all sorts of tricks upon him. Indeed, to such an extent did they carry out their rigs, that the Professors, seeing he was an intellectual young man, although poor, interfered in his defence, and afterwards protected and respected him. While at College he supported himself by working on the loom at some coarse description of work, and pursued his studies in the night time. He was often so hurried to get to the class-room in time, that the cotton threads were streaming from all parts of his clothes, and proved a source of much merriment to his more affluent class-mates. Every Saturday night he walked home to his father's house at the Thorn, to be supplied with a clean shirt, and, being too poor to pay for a conveyance, he again footed it back to Glasgow on Monday morning. On one occasion he started as usual for auld Sanct Mungo's. It was a cold bitter morning, and rained so heavily upon him all the way, that by the time he reached the College his clothes were thoroughly drenched and himself shivering with cold. On opening the door of one of the halls he observed a fire blazing and crackling in the grate. The temptation proved too strong to be resisted, so in he went, and had just succeeded in getting himself enveloped in a cloud of steam, when the door again opened, and to his dismay, who should glide into the hall but one of the Professors. An instantaneous retreat on the part of the "poor scholar" was the result, in effecting which, his shoes being rather the worse for wear, he left the marks of his toes with every footprint. His confusion was much increased on observing that the cause of his flight took notice of the newly made impressions on the sanded floor of the hall. The Professor said nothing, however, but it was observed that the prints of his toes were never seen on the floor afterwards, he was also better clothed, and all the Professors dropped their fees. Thus, by dint of perseverance, industry and starvation, he succeeded in driving himself through the College, and in good time received his diploma. He had now reached the summit of his ambition, but had neither a box of pills nor a sheet of sticking-plaster with which he could commence business. It has been said, that "a friend in need, is a friend indeed," and such the Professors at this crisis proved themselves to our honest and kind-hearted friend. They, it is said, knowing his poverty, very generously set him up in business in the town of Old Kilpatrick, and afterwards favoured him with their patronage.

During the period of his sojourn in Kilpatrick, not fewer than five sons of Esculapius alternately raised the standard of the "Three Blue Bottles" in opposition to his sway, all of whom, after a very brief period, had to shoulder their arms and march "somewhere else to seek their dinner." The system he pursued, and which proved so injurious to the interests of all opposition, was this: When called on, he was always ready and willing to attend, be the patient peer or peasant. To make a charge was, with the Doctor, quite out of the question. If people pleased to pay him, he took it; if not, he never asked it. He was as well satisfied with "a dram" as with a shilling, and quite as well pleased with a shilling as with a boll of meal. Kilpatrick being a country locality, his *aumery* was generally pretty well stored with cheese, meal, etc., which he received from the farmers in exchange for salts, senna, and sage advices in the hour of danger. Unfortunately, however, he loved the juice of barley otherwise than when boiled with beef and vegetables. This the change-wives were not slow in observing, and, like the farmers, being more willing to barter their goods than to part with hard cash, they were always ready to give the Doctor "a wee drap out o' their ain bottle." As the tailor craft were not inclined to be so liberal as either the farmers or change-wives, his wardrobe was very scanty, and rather thread-bare and unfashionable for the wear of a thorough-bred *medical gentleman*. How he was treated by the *gentle craft* is not recorded; but for the honour of old Crispin, let us hope they did their duty. The upshot of this system was, to use his own words in reply to the enquiry how he was getting along in the world, "Oh, fine; just as weel as I could desire. Since first I came to Kilpatrick, five doctors have set up against me; but I have already starved out four, and the fifth is noo on his last legs; he'll soon be gaun tae."

The Doctor was an enthusiastic admirer of nature in all its "wildest grandeur," and for the gratification of that enthusiasm made many a long pilgrimage into the Highlands. He was one of Tannahill's earliest and most talented friends and critics. To him the poet submitted his manuscripts for review, before R. A. Smith or the world knew that such a being as Scotland's second songster existed. A brother of his informs us that he had a very rough appearance, with "the ploukiest face he ever saw." McNeil himself asserted that every time he was shaved he suffered as much

pain as a man does when getting his leg cut off. He was a kind-hearted, generous-minded man, and was beloved by everybody who knew him. He was likewise a man of profound knowledge, and had much pleasure in communicating that knowledge to others. He was married to a Miss Walker, belonging to Paisley, but never had any family. He died somewhere about the year 1827 or '28, and was buried in the church-yard of old Kilpatrick.

It was not a Dutch but an Irish Justice, who having by an oversight summoned a delinquent for trial at a certain date, which fell on Sunday, opened Court and announced an adjournment till the following Wednesday; then, to provide against the possibility of another *faux pas*, turned to the Constable and said: "*Constable, look at the almanac and see if next Wednesday comes on Sunday.*"

THOSE who have heard Mr. Punshon's lecture, "Florence and its Memories," do not need to be told that Florence is a place of beauty and interest. Its climate is temperate; living is comparatively inexpensive; it is delightfully situated in a fertile district; it is the fashionable and literary headquarters of Italy; its only successful rival as an artistic capital is Rome. Among the illustrious men it has produced are Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Galileo, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci. Among its treasures of art, the most valuable and celebrated are to be found in the Royal Gallery, open without price to the public. The room of rooms is called the Tribune. Here is a group of five famous pieces of statuary: the world-celebrated Venus de Medici; the Satyr; the young Apollo; the Grinder; and the Wrestlers. In an adjoining room may be seen, among other paintings, the following noted originals; Raphael's Madonna with the Goldfinch; Titian's dangerously beautiful Venus; and the Head of John the Baptist, by Correggio. Another room is devoted to the masterly group of Niobe and her slain and expiring children—seven sons and seven daughters (slain by Apollo and Diana). It requires no apprenticeship in art to see beauty in this famous work.

Yesterday morning several of us drove (it costs here for carriage hire about five cents per hour for each person) to the beautiful English cemetery in the suburbs. Among the flower-guarded graves we saw that of Theodore Parker, the well-known American preacher, and that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the English poetess. Theodore Parker's place of repose is marked by a plain gray slab; on the white marble over the grave of the poetess is this inscription only:

E. B. B. 1861.

Many English and Americans lie in this sweet place. We next visited the house once occupied by Michael Angelo: and after-

wards the Church of St. Croce, where his remains are buried. In this church are monuments to Dante, Alfieri, Machiavelli and Galileo. The latter holds in his hand the round world. "It moves, nevertheless," said Galileo. In front of this church, in a square, stands the colossal statue of Dante, which it will be remembered was six years ago inaugurated with great ceremony on the 600th anniversary of the birth of the poet.—*Cameron's Impressions of a Canadian in Europe.*

"THE Wild North Land" is the title given by Capt. Butler to a record of his journey from Fort Garry on Red River, via Lake Athabasca to Quesnelle station on Frazer River, four hundred miles north of Victoria. The journey was commenced in October 1872, and ended 3rd of June following. Capt. Butler describes the country through which he travels with a graphic pen—in fact, after reading his book, one seems almost to have been the companion of his wanderings. The work supplies a vast amount of information concerning this hitherto unexplored region, interspersed with anecdotes and sketches of adventure, told in such a style that the reader finds it difficult to lay it aside until he has devoured its entire contents. We quote:

"It has prairies, forests, mountains, barren wastes, and rivers; rivers whose single lengths roll through twice a thousand miles of shore-land; prairies over which a rider can steer for months without resting his gaze on aught save the dim verge of the ever-shifting horizon; mountains rent by rivers, ice-topped, glacier-scared, impassable; forests whose sombre pines darken a region half as large as Europe; sterile, treeless wilds whose four hundred thousand square miles lie spread in awful desolation.

"In summer, a land of sound, a land echoing with the voices of birds, the ripple of running water, the mournful music of the waving pine-branch; in winter, a land of silence, a land hushed to its inmost depths by the weight of ice, the thick-falling snow, the intense rigour of a merciless cold—its great rivers glimmering in the moonlight, wrapped in their shrouds of ice; its still forests rising weird and spectral against the Aurora-lighted horizon; its notes of bird or brook hushed as if in death; its nights so still that the moving streamers across the northern skies seem to carry to the ear a sense of sound, so motionless around, above, below, lies all other visible nature."

And here comes a sketch of Indian integrity:

"'The moose that walks,' arrived at Hudson's Hope early in the spring. He was sorely in want of gunpowder and shot, for it was the season when the beaver leave their winter houses, and when it

is easy to shoot them. So he carried his thirty marten-skins to the fort, to barter them for shot, powder, and tobacco.

"There was no person at the Hope. The dwelling-house was closed, the store shut up, the man in charge had not yet come up from St. John's; now what was to be done? Inside that wooden house lay piles and piles of all that the walking moose most needed; there was a whole keg of powder; there were bags of shot and tobacco—there was as much as the moose could smoke in his whole life.

"Through a rent in the parchment window the moose looked at all these wonderful things, and at the red flannel shirts, and at the four flint guns, and the spotted cotton handkerchiefs, each worth a sable skin at one end of the fur trade, half a sixpence at the other. There was tea, too—tea, that magic medicine before which life's cares vanished like snow in spring sunshine.

"The moose sat down to think about all these things, but thinking only made matters worse. He was short of ammunition, therefore he had no food, and to think of food when one is very hungry is an unsatisfactory business. It is true that 'the moose that walks' had only to walk in through the parchment window, and help himself till he was tired. But no, that would not do.

"'Ah!' my Christian friend will exclaim, 'Ah! yes, the poor Indian had known the good missionary, and had learnt the lesson of honesty and respect for his neighbour's property.'

"Yes; he had learnt the lesson of honesty, but his teacher, my friend, had been other than human. The good missionary had 'never reached the Hope of Hudson, nor improved the morals of the moose that walks.'

"But let us go on.

"After waiting two days he determined to set off for St. John's, two full days' travel. He set out, but his heart failed him, and he turned back again.

"At last, on the fourth day he entered the parchment window, leaving outside his comrade, to whom he jealously denied admittance. Then he took from the cask of powder three skins' worth, from the tobacco four skins' worth, from the shot the same; and sticking the requisite number of martens in the powder-barrel and the shot-bag and the tobacco-case, he hung his remaining skins on a nail to the credit of his account, and departed from this El-Dorado, this Bank of England of the Red man in the wilderness, this Hunt and Roskell of Peace River.

"And when it was all over he went his way, thinking he had done a very reprehensible act, and one by no means to be proud of. Poor moose that walks! in this trade for skins you are but a small item!

"Society muffles itself in your toil-won sables in distant cities, while you starve and die out in the wilderness.

"The credit of your twenty skins, hung to the rafter of Hudson's

Hope, is not a large one; but surely there is a Hope somewhere **else**, where your account is kept in golden letters, even though **nothing** but the clouds had baptized you, no missionary had cast **water** on your head, and God only knows who taught you to be **honest**."

The book is handsomely printed and illustrated, and will doubtless have a large circle of readers.

A MONODY.

FOR A WIFE DEPARTED.

"And they twain shall be one flesh."

I.

To die, and yet to live;
To lose all conscious power,
Yet conscious be of death
And its stern attributes;—
The sightless eyes, deaf ears,
Mute lips, still heart; and worse,
The cold, sad ceremonies,
And solemn ceremony
Of burial; and then,
Decay, interment; earth
To earth; the final sod,
The solitary sleep!

II.

But nay, my bleeding heart,
Flesh is not *all*; nor blood
Thine only element!
Hold to thy warm embrace
The *Spirit*, fled to light;
And wait the hast'ning hour,
When so thine own, let loose,
Shall flee to hers, and with it
Blend; as *flesh* of twain could,
Never.

†

HOW I LOST MY INTENDED.

I AM not a rich man—I never was, and very much fear I never shall be; for, notwithstanding my having courted and wooed Fortune, that fickle goddess has persistently turned her back upon me. I have often asked myself the question—"What have I done to deserve this treatment?" and have always come to the conclusion that I am the innocent victim of circumstances—still, I *am* a victim, and find but little consolation in being an innocent one. In proof of this assertion, I will relate how I lost my intended.

Some few years back, it was my chance to be invited to a large croquet party. Of course I went, and being a first-rate player, soon became an object of interest to the fair players, and one of envy to those of the sterner sex. Amongst the former was a Miss Sophia Wrenton—a fine handsome girl of about eighteen. She played croquet admirably—almost as well as I did—and was dressed exquisitely. It was a perfect sight to see her walk across the lawn: her golden hair, glittering in the sunshine, escaped in heavy masses from beneath her pretty little hat; her blue satin dress, looped up just high enough to show an exquisite ankle and

tiny foot, incased in the daintiest of shoes, that drove one nearly wild, and made me envy the ball she placed it on—(we did not play loose croquet then, but did the old-fashioned way of holding one ball tight with the foot). I played so that she might croquet me each time; therefore, I need not say that I lost the game—but I was rewarded with a glance that was worth all the games ever known. I led her to a seat—I procured refreshments—I strolled with her round the garden—I made love to her. She listened, and at last informed me that she always took a walk in Hyde Park at 11 a. m. Soon after this the party broke up, and we bade farewell to each other with a gentle pressure of the hand, and a glance that said as plainly as could be—"We part to meet again."

Every morning at eleven o'clock, a tall handsome man, with an extremely long moustache and an aristocratic air, might be seen wending his way beneath the branches of the noble trees that, verdant with foliage, shed their shadows over that most celebrated equestrian way, ycleped Rotten Row.

Gentle reader, *I* was that man.

At the same hour, approaching from the opposite direction, a tall handsome girl of about eighteen summers could be observed. Her step had that peculiar elasticity which shows anxiety to reach the beloved object of her search. A gentle flush spread over her peach-like cheeks as she drew near the gentleman before mentioned. That sweet girl was Sophia. We meet, and——But no; I cannot describe the rapture of our meeting!

Things went on in this way for a couple of months. I found Sophia all that I could wish, and I was all that she desired. She scorned wealth: I was poor, and therefore escaped her scorn. She doted on mysteries: I was a complete one—therefore she doted on me. She loved romance: I had a particular reason for romancing. What two people in the world could be more suited to each other?

During our walks I discovered that Sophia hated anything common-place or low. Thus she would have had no objection to my poverty forcing me to abstain from dinners for a week or a fortnight; but she would have hated me had I dared to mention that I was unromantically hungry, or expressed Mr. Pickwick's desire for "chops and tomato sauce." I also found that I had a rival, but, luckily, a rich one—therefore Sophia scorned him, but at the

same time used him to make me jealous and our situation more romantic. I muttered his name—(which, by-the-way, was Jenkins)—in deep sepulchral tones that made Sophia tremble. I allowed my hair to grow, loosened my necktie, pulled down the ends of my moustache, and sighed like an American goat-sucker.

Sophia had, on her part, learned my address—indeed, I had made no secret of that, for it was a good one—being Bernard Street, Russell Square. She thought I had the drawing-rooms: I *knew* I had the back attic, but felt it would not be kind to deceive her.

It so happened that I had to go to Reading on a small matter of business during the week the races were held at that town. Let not the gentle reader of this sad history imagine that I am a betting man. Banish the thought! And yet if I *do* indulge a little in matters connected with the turf, noble lords and dukes have done the same, therefore I need not be ashamed, and—well, no matter—let it pass.

My journey to Reading had proved unfortunate, and I returned home to my apartments—(I always put the “s” in: it sounds better)—a sad, if not a wiser, man: my heart full of care—my pockets void of money. Lighting a candle, which I found placed ready for me on the umbrella-stand, I crept slowly upstairs to bed, hoping to forget my troubles in sleep. Placing the candle on a chest of drawers which served as a toilet-table, I gazed in the glass at my haggard face. The sight was too much for me, and I turned away to find consolation in a flask of spirits that I always kept concealed in a hat-box. In doing so my eyes fell upon a pretty pink note that had been placed on my table during my absence. I seized it instantly, and tearing it open, found that it was from Sophia, inviting me to dine at her father’s. Yes! the dear girl had persuaded her father to allow her to ask me to a dinner party. I have no doubt it cost her some little violation of the truth; but she had succeeded, and I should see her surrounded with that wealth and luxury that belonged to her, and which I devoutly hoped would soon belong to me. Overcome with pleasure, I blew out the candle, sprang into bed, and dreamed of white favours, carriages and horses, a balance at my banker’s, and Sophia!

The next morning I arose and dressed at the same time, indulging in a light breakfast, composed of weak coffee and one

of those small fish for which Yarmouth is so famous, and ruminating over the state of my affairs. They stood thus: I was without money. Sophia's dinner party came off on that very evening, and my necessity had compelled me to lend my dress suit to a suppositious uncle. What was I to do? It was true I had a gold watch and chain, but Sophia had admired them, and I did not like to appear before her without them. I sat down and pondered over the situation, and came to the conclusion that there was but one way, and that was to take out my dress suit, leaving my repeater in its place. I would wear the chain, and no one need know I was *minus* a watch.

The evening arrived; I had completed my toilet, and stood before the glass admiring the fit of my coat, and giving a few final touches to my white cravat. Taking my latch-key, I fastened it to the end of my chain, instead of my watch, and fixed it in my waistcoat pocket; I then gathered up the few miscellaneous articles which I had removed from the pockets of my walking suit, and distributed them about my person, taking care that no pocket should bulge out to spoil the perfect set of my clothes, and in a few moments was driving rapidly towards the home of my dear Sophia.

I cannot describe the luxury of old Wrenton's mansion—it was tremendous. The very street-door had a rich appearance about it, having two brass knockers on it; the hall was completely furnished; the stair-carpet was so thick that I felt as if I were walking on a hat-brush. The drawing-room was all glass and gold, the curtains of lace, the chairs and sofas covered with blue silk. I was nearly overpowered with the wealth displayed; but plucking up courage, I entered the room with a graceful bow and a firm eye, that already looked upon this magnificence as partly mine. I did all in my power to ingratiate myself with Sophia's father—a short, fat, pimply, purple man, who breathed heavily through a brilliant nose—and flatter myself that I succeeded, for when the servant announced that dinner was served, Mr. Wrenton desired me to take Sophia downstairs. I saw my rival's look of envy, for he was handed over to a fat old dowager; nevertheless, the wretch managed to be seated next to Sophia, and persisted in joining in our conversation.

The party was a large one, the dinner excellent, and the wines superb. The conversation was general, and turned on travelling;

and I was loud in condemning the English railways, comparing them to those of the continent, of which I had a large experience, having had at different times to seek in foreign lands that protection denied me by my own country.

"It may be as you say," said my rival, the horrid Jenkins, "but for my part I prefer the English lines. You get more attention and civility from the officials."

"I am sorry to say that I do not agree with you," I replied, "and I am sure you would own I am right had you been with me when I was going to Marseilles; or even more so had you travelled with me to Baden-Baden."

As I spoke I saw Sophia glance at me with pride.

"Things may have altered," said Jenkins, "but I travelled both France and Germany for ten years, when I was junior partner to Print, Calicoe & Co., but I never had any civility that I had not to pay heavily for."

I placed my eye-glass in my eye, and surveyed Mr. Jenkins with a look of contempt, at the same time observing that *I* travelled for pleasure, not business.

"I didn't," replied Jenkins; "I travelled for the firm, and very well it paid me. One thing you must own: our men are quicker and more correct."

"Not at all," said I, triumphantly. "Only last week I had to go to Reading, and on leaving the train I entered the refreshment-room and had a cup of coffee; after which I left the station, forgetting to give up my ticket, as no one asked me for it."

"You must excuse my scarcely crediting that, sir," said Mr. Jenkins. "Are you sure you did not give up the ticket before entering the refreshment-room?"

"I am positive of that," I replied, "and to prove what I said is correct I will show you the ticket, which by chance I have with me."

As I spoke I cast a glance of scorn at Jenkins; then turning disdainfully from him, I took the ticket from my pocket, and gave it to Sophia to pass to him.

Sophia glanced at it and screamed, and that brute Jenkins at once snatched it from her hand!

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "This is not a railway ticket, but a pawnbroker's one for a gold watch, £3 10s., Ernest de Vere, 30 Bernard street, Russell Square, dated to-day!"

A titter ran round the room, and I felt sinking through the floor! It was but too true. In mistake I had given him that horrid ticket in memory of my repeater, instead of the railway one! I tried to laugh it off, but it would not do. My disguise was seen through, and I was undone!

A week afterwards I read in the newspapers that Sophia had become Mrs. Jenkins—*sic transit gloria mundi*.

N. B.—I still have that fatal ticket, but will willingly part with it for a trifle.

ALFRED R. PHILLIPS.

YE EXPLANATION OF TRUE CHIVALRIE.

One summer eve, upon the grass reclining,
I lay and thought—and this thought puzzled me;
"What is this beacon which, so brightly shining,
Men follow after, and call Chivalry?"

I thought upon the valiant old Crusaders,
Who vow'd the Sepulchre to render free;
Although high-minded, they were still invaders,
And yet they're called the stars of Chivalry.

I ponder'd on the glorious Middle Ages,
Their heralds clothed with gorgeous blazonry,
Unletter'd knights and unenlighten'd pages
Are here set forth as types of Chivalry.

And while I hesitated thus uncertain,
I saw, or in my fancy seem'd to see,
The clouds, unfolding like a purple curtain,
Disclose the Goddess of pure Chivalry.

And thus she spoke: "O, much-bewilder'd mortal,
Forsooke uncertainty, and learn from me;
Enter my temple,—open stands the portal,—
And see therein the truth of Chivalry."

I enter'd; and, in letters bright and golden,
Beheld this legend, clear and fair to see
In burnish'd characters, strange-shaped and olden
"Ye explanation of true Chivalrie:"

"To live, to love, to have no thought of evil;
To hold to right, though hard the task may be;
To wrestle with suggestions of the devil;—
This is the creed of purest Chivalrie."

—*Belgravia*.

A MOST characteristic note of Boswell's is that which records his idol's hearty encomiums on a tavern, while dining at one in London. Both the man and the place then combined to realize the perfection of the idea, for that dim and multitudinous city invites to secluded conviviality; and that irritable, dogmatic, yet epicurean sage required the liberty of speech, an absolute

deference, and the solid physical comforts so easily obtained at a London tavern. There he could make "inarticulate, animal noises over his food" without restraint; there he could bring only such companions as would bear to be contradicted, and there he could refresh body and mind without fear of intrusion from a printer's devil or needy author. Bores and duns away, a good listener by, surrounded with pleasant viands and a cheerful blaze, a man so organized and situated might, without extravagance, call a tavern-chair the throne of human felicity, and quote Shenstone's praise of inns with rapture. Beneath this jovial appreciation, however, there lurks a sad inference; it argues a homeless lot, for lonely or ungenial must be the residence, contrast with which renders an inn so attractive; and we must bear in mind that the winsome aspect they wear in English literature is based on their casual and temporary enjoyment; it is as recreative, not abiding places, that they are usually introduced; and, in an imaginative point of view, our sense of the appropriate is gratified by these landmarks of our precarious destiny, for we are but "pilgrims and sojourners on the earth." Jeremy Taylor compared human life to an inn, and Archbishop Leighton used to say he would prefer to die in one.

THAT is but a vulgar idea of authorship which estimates its worth by the caprices of fashion or the prestige of immediate success. Like art, its value is intrinsic. There are books, as there are pictures, which do not catch the thoughtless eye; and yet are the gems of the virtuoso, the oracles of the philosopher, and the consolations of the poet. We love authors, as we love individuals, according to our latent affinities; and the extent of the popular appreciation is no more a standard to us than the world's estimate of our friend, whose nature we have tested by faithful companionship and sympathetic intercourse. He who has not the mental independence to be loyal to his own intellectual benefactors is as much a heathen as one who repudiates his natural kin. Indeed, an honest soul clings more tenaciously to neglected merit in authors as in men; there is a chivalry of taste as of manners. Doubtless Lamb's zest for the old English dramatists, Addison's admiration of Milton's poetry, and Carlyle's devotion to German favourites, were all the more earnest and keen because they were ignored by their neighbours. In the library, an original mind is conscious of special and comparatively obscure friends; as the lover of nature has his pet flower, and the lover of art his favourite old master. It is well to obey these decided idiosyncrasies. They point, like the divining-rod, to hidden streams peculiarly adapted to our refreshment. I knew an old merchant that read no book except Boswell's *Johnson*, and a black and hump-backed cook whose only imaginative feast was the *Arabian Nights*.

"WHEN I look upon the tombs of the great," says Addison, "every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together." Thus perpetual is the hymn of death, thus ubiquitous its memorials—attesting not only an inevitable destiny, but a universal sentiment; under whatever name,—God's Acre, Pantheon, Campo Santo, Valhalla, Potter's Field, Greenwood, or Mount Auburn,—the last resting-place of the body, the last earthly shrine of human love, fame, and sorrow, claims—by the pious instinct which originates, the holy rites which consecrate, the blessed hopes which glorify it—respect, protection, and sanctity.

OBIIT,

MONTREALE, DIE TERTIO ANTE NONAS MARTIAS

Alexander Rae Garvie.

VIR ERAT INGENIO EXOULTO,

ET "MARITIMI MENSTRUI" PAGINIS

SCRIPTOR ADMIRATUS.

THE
MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. III.

MAY, 1874.

No. 5.

A TRIP TO THE GEYSERS OF NEVADA.

BY GEO. J. FORBES.

THERE is probably not one person in ten, or even a hundred, who can tell to what Continent Nevada belongs, whether it is a Town, Province or Territory, or whether its inhabitants are black or white, barbarous or civilized. The reason is obvious. It is only twelve years since it had a name; for previous to that time it was passed over as blank space on the map of the world. To be sure, since 1849, parties had been passing through it by the Carson Valley and Truckee routes; but if any account was given of it, it was vague and unsatisfactory. Even Fremont, who explored it in 1846, does not throw much light on the country, for his locations are so loose and his descriptions so unexact, that if we know anything previously of the country, we rise from a perusal of his travels utterly bewildered. Captain Bonneville, of the United States army, who explored a great portion of the country west of the Missouri River between the years 1832 and 1840, is even more vague. Viewed by the light which the geography of the present day has thrown on it, we are amazed at the free and easy way in which he talks of journeys of a thousand miles or more. He fairly annihilates space with the celerity of his movements. From Green River to the Immahah (a branch of the Columbia), or from Powder River to the Big Horn (a branch of the Yellowstone), in each case covering from eight hundred to a thousand miles, he travels as easy, and seemingly as quickly, as we would journey to the nearest market town.

Let us now see where Nevada is, and particularly that part which we intend to notice at some length. We will turn to the Map of the Western United States, and noticing where the 38th parallel of north latitude and 120th west longitude intersect, we have before our mind's eye the location of the Geysers of Nevada. We see that we are only a short distance off the eastern boundary of California, and not far from the southern line of Oregon. We see that this State is completely shut in, having no water communication with any other part. We note a total absence of all large rivers, and that such as there are, are seemingly lost in the interior. In other places the water flows from the country; but the interior of the State of Nevada is a huge basin to which the water gravitates from the edges. On every side it is surrounded by lofty and rugged mountains rising to the east, north and south from an elevated table land, and to the west we have the mighty Sierra Nevadas rising from a base nearly sea level, and attaining an elevation of from fourteen thousand to sixteen thousand feet. These latter are the chief source of water, and as they range north and south we can easily comprehend that the greater number of rivers must flow eastward. In other parts of the State we have water wherever the mountains are sufficiently high to retain the snow and rain, and acting as a careful steward, dole it out in the necessary quantities and extend the operation over the required number of months. This latter source of supply, as may well be believed, is a precarious one; but the snows of the Sierras never fail. The next enquiry will naturally be, what becomes of all this water? None of these rivers are available as a means of communication, though there is abundance of water during the short rainy season. During this time the quantity which finds its level in the interior is immense, and we may well be pardoned if we are puzzled to account for its disappearance. It forms great lakes, which gradually disappear, partly by evaporation; but the greater part must sink through the sand, leaving in the centre a large quagmire or morass as a proof of its existence. Long before the annual fall, many of the lakes have totally disappeared, and we find large quantities of salt—in many instances pure—on their site. We may instance the cases of the Humboldt and Carson. The former rises in the Rocky Mountains, and after a course of between three and four hundred miles sinks in the heart of Nevada. In many places it is from two to three hundred yards wide, and not

Fordable; but the hungry desert and burning sun gradually reduces it till a "footy" pond, bordered by an impassable morass, contains it. About forty miles of arid desert lies between it and the sink of the Carson, which flows from an opposite direction. This river has its source in the snows of the Sierras, enters the valley bearing its name at its head, and after a course of one hundred and fifty miles, loses itself in like manner. All these streams are turbulent and rapid till they leave the main mountain ranges, and we may remark that the only good land is to be found on their banks. It has to be constantly irrigated to produce even a blade of grass.

Not even a hundredth part of the surface is arable. The greater part of it consists of broken and detached mountain ranges, attaining an elevation of from one to three or four thousand feet. It must be understood that they spring from a base at least six thousand feet above the sea level. These broken mountains are alternated with sandy wastes, covered with a scrubby furze called sage brush, or whitened with alkali; in the latter case impregnating the water with ingredients deleterious to man and deadly to all varieties of the brute creation. Cattle that are "alkalied" suffer extreme pain, and both before and after death swell to an enormous size. We find many expanses from ten to thirty miles in width and length, as level and hard as any floor, coated and whitened with this abominable compound. During the rainy season these flat expanses become perfect quagmires; but in summer the heat of the sun bakes them hard again. No rain falls during the entire summer; at least, if there is a shower, it is the exception and not the rule. Meat can be kept for an unlimited time without salt, by cutting it in strips, and then exposing it to the sun. All the moisture is evaporated: it becomes hard, and is then termed "jerked" meat. It is soaked in tepid water, and afterwards cooked in the usual manner; and I can testify that it is both good and wholesome.

This strange land is not more strange than the people who occupy it. Every nation has its representative, and each willing worker finds plenty to do, though in many cases the man and the employment are not altogether suited. We often find the lawyer, the finished scholar, the ex-gentleman, and the hardy son of toil occupying the same camp, and engaged at the same employment. The Chinaman, the Japanese, the Sandwich Islander, or "Kanaka," as he is called, and representatives of every nation of Europe have

each brought their national customs and language, and the jargon formed by a combination of these is something wonderful. The number of slang phrases in use, and these used without application or relevancy, makes the means of communication intricate and bewildering.

Let us now turn our attention to the cause of the gathering of this motley crew in this far-off land. The rugged, barren, and lava-strewn mountains and spurs which jut out and force themselves into such strange shapes and places, are the depositories of untold wealth. Nearly all the known minerals are to be found within their limits; but the principal attraction is the precious metals. This is essentially the land of silver, as it is found over nearly the entire State in a profusion unknown in Mexico or Peru. Less or more gold is also found in combination, and it is also procured pure and in large quantities in some lodes. These metals are only found in this State associated with quartz rock, and machinery in every case is used in its extraction. A salt mine of unknown extent has lately been found near the sink of the Carson, and is a fortune to the owners, as it is pure. Iron in solid mountains is to be found near the Humboldt River, and a mine of soap, or something which answers the same purpose, has been found north of the Carson River, and not far from Virginia City. Warm and boiling springs are to be found at intervals over the entire State, and deposits of lava and pumice stone show the unmistakable action of fire at no very remote date. When we come to add that this is the home of the scorpion, the rattlesnake, and the tarantula, —the latter like a huge spider, and the most deadly of American reptiles,—we think we have said enough about this delectable region, and so will conclude our brief sketch of the State of Nevada.

We will now suppose ourselves to be in Virginia City—the mining and commercial capital of Nevada; and that our object is to visit the Geysers of this State, known as Steamboat Springs, which we are informed lie some ten miles north of the city. A stage-coach starts every morning especially for the accommodation of such as are of an enquiring turn of mind, or are curious in the matter of developed or latent heat. We cannot, however, leave this unique city without a glance at its history and situation. The site takes in the Comstock lode, the prolific parent of many mines, and the reputed father of many more. No man would

attempt to hold a mine, or shares in one, which did not, in some undefined way, connect with it; and if the matter was doubted, any amount of proof was forthcoming in the shape of oaths and undefinable mining slang. It was as well to believe as to go to look for proof. I soon found that a good pedigree was as necessary for a mine as a horse that was being trained for the turf, with a view to his sale. We may mention such names as the Gould and Curry, Ophir, Chollar, Potosi and Savage, to show that the reputation of this mining region was almost world wide. These, and many more which are not mentioned, were at one time known under the general cognomen of the Washoe mines.

The situation of Virginia, if not agreeable, is at least romantic. It may be said with truth, to nestle amongst the mountains. The elevation is something like ten thousand feet above the sea level, and though warm in the day time, is decidedly cool each and every night in the year. The wind, whirling and circling amongst the mountain peaks, is sometimes very violent, and partakes of the character of the whirlwind frequently, and the absence of rain makes the dust often beyond endurance. The character of the water is also decidedly bad, owing to the admixture of divers minerals. The ground on which it is built slopes at an angle of sixteen or eighteen degrees, and the chief business streets run across the slope. The sidewalk of one street is on a level with the third story of the houses of the street below. The slope on which it is built ends a half a mile below in a steep and rocky canyon, which, lined by grim and precipitous mountains on both sides, finally ends at Carson Valley. To the north, in our immediate vicinity, we have Cedar Hill—lofty and steep, but not very rugged. The level ground to the south ends at Gold canyon, a mile distant, famous for its rich lode. Down this canyon three miles is the "Devil's Gate," where the mountain seems to have been separated by some tremendous force, leaving a perpendicular wall of more than a hundred feet on both sides of a passage about twelve feet in width. Truly, a wonderful gate. To the west we have as our immediate neighbour Mount Davidson, whose summit is three to four thousand feet above the city. Some sarcastic individual has said that the Virginians are very much given to visiting this elevation, as it is the point nearest heaven which they ever hope to attain. After a residence of four years here, and pronouncing calmly and dispassionately on the case, I

can only say that there are many grounds for fearing that our jocular friend had not made his assertion without a reasonable foundation. Whether we are affected by these remarks or not we leave to others to judge; but one thing is certain, we determine to visit the summit, the reason given being that thereby we will gain an extended view of the country. It takes us something like an hour and a half to reach the highest elevation, and by that time we are prepared to thoroughly enjoy a good rest. We naturally turn our face to the west, the part previously shut from our vision by father Davidson. The sight fairly takes our breath away; for we are totally unprepared for it. Directly before us, and almost at our feet, lie the mighty Sierras, clothed from the base to within three thousand feet of the summit with the densest and greenest of timber. This latter is a positive relief to the eye, for we confess we are getting tired of the brown sage brush and barren deserts, and, like the prodigal son, would fain dwell once more by the paternal green fields. We are eight miles from the mountains, but can hardly realize the fact. Have our eyes, on which we used to pride ourselves, become unreliable? The lake which lies at the mountain's base is three miles by eight, and it does not appear to be diminished by the distance. It is one of the loveliest sheets of water I have ever seen, surrounded on three sides by the main range, snow-capped and hoary with frost of ages, and on the third side, the mountain range on which we are standing slopes and breaks into detached ranges, spurs and groups, till finally it approaches the water at an elevation of three or four hundred feet. Some land of fair quality borders this lake, and it is turned to good account in the raising of vegetables, which are of excellent quality. Its name is Washoe Lake, called after a tribe of Indians who used to make it their headquarters, but who are now fast becoming a thing of the past. At the northeast a small stream debouches from the lake, and this is the only break in the mountain cordon. The Sierras are visible for nearly a hundred miles, presenting, from where we stand, a variety of scenery, unequalled, according to my humble opinion, by that of any portion of the globe of the same area. Bald peaks, rugged and grim in their outlines, seem to penetrate the clouds as far as the eye can pierce. While we are favoured with the finest sunshine and clear, bracing air, we notice that the presiding genius of these peaks is enveloped in storm. Drifts and small bodies of

snow are flying and whirling around with indescribable wildness, so we feel thankful that our aspirations have not led us to greater elevations. To the south our vision extends over and beyond Carson Valley, the Walker River range being our limit; and east, the Deserts of Carson and Humboldt, distant one hundred miles, are visible, with mountain ranges at least twice as far away. Owing to the absence of moisture, the air is perfectly clear, and we are thereby enabled to see an almost incredible distance. From the time our eye wanders from the main range, we do not see a green patch with the exception of a small strip on each side of the Carson, Washoe and Truckee Rivers, the latter being north of us, and the most extensive. We are forced by the limits which we assigned to this article to be brief, and will return to the city.

We are told by the natives (persons who have resided for one year in the city are so considered) over our cigars in the evening, about the rise and progress of this wonderful city. Previous to the "Washoe fever" of '59 there was not so much as a canvas roof on the site of the present city. Men rushed over from California, without money or provisions and everything eatable rose to a dollar a pound. Many returned broken down in body and thoroughly disheartened, but the wonderful richness of the mines soon attracted new adventurers, and these began to build, when the Indian war broke out and retarded operations. The Indians were beaten in a pitched battle on the Truckee, one half killed when the other half sued for peace. This was yielded reluctantly for they had been guilty of the most unheard of atrocities. We are told of things which fairly make our blood run cold and set us dreaming of scalped and burning victims, and of being served likewise in our turn, till we wake with a start and a scream, much relieved to find it is "only a dream." After the ending of this war, it grew as if by magic. A merchant would begin a two story brick house on the first of the month and by the fifteenth would be retailing his goods over the counter; and many large wooden buildings—of course mere shells—were erected in a single day. We are told how, in these days, fortunes were made and lost in a single week; how real estate—if anything could be called real here—rose and fell; how mining companies sold worthless shares—after declaring large dividends from imaginary funds—at a handsome figure; and lastly, how poor stockholders were "frozen out" of a good mine by their rich, but avaricious and

unprincipled brothers. This latter is rather an ingenious operation, and I purpose detailing it. Suppose I own a number of shares in the "Real Jink" mine. By judicious explorations this mine is found to contain large bodies of rich ore, and further developments show that the supply is almost inexhaustible. The proper way would then be, either to borrow from some capitalist, any of the building or loan societies who let money on easy terms, or the Banks, and erect a mill for reducing the ore; or send it to a custom mill, who reduce the ore for a stated sum per ton and take their pay out of the returns, and thus accumulate funds for the same purpose out of the proceeds of the mine itself. This, however, would not suit. The poor men would then be able to retain the shares, which would place themselves and families in affluence; but the others, having set their minds on possessing them, would be just that amount poorer. This, of course, would never do. Tons upon tons of good paying ore are hoisted to the surface and there left. A large and costly mill is erected, and heavy monthly assessments levied. By the time it is completed the greater part, or all of the shares of the small fry, are sold for the payment of these monthly levies. Should any of the doomed men be able to produce the funds required on the first of each month, up to the completion of the mill, it is only so much the worse for them. They are sending good money after the bad. Unheard-of inventions for the reduction of quartz are added by the dozen, until at last their "bottom" dollar is reached, when, to use an expressive phrase, especially when applied to mining operations, they are obliged to "cave in." The system is a most nefarious one, and, I am sorry to say, in too general use by the wealthy mining companies. If, in selling, they could only get the value, or nearly so, of their shares, the case would not be so bad; but this is far from being the case. When the "freeze out" game is completed, crushing is commenced, large dividends declared, and, in many cases, the value of the shares are quadrupled in as many months. I have known many such cases.

We can hardly pass by Old Comstock, the discoverer of this famous silver vein, without a slight notice. He was one of these restless adventurers—something like the bye-gone trapper in disposition, who must be somewhere far in advance of civilization, or life would be miserable. The whole surface of the site of Virginia will show much more than the "colour" of gold to the

pan, and in following this up he came to the lode and found the dirt to be much richer in its vicinity. 'He was greatly annoyed by some "blue stuff," which clogged his quicksilver and seriously retarded his operations. An examination of this by competent persons showed it to be silver, and on digging a few feet further, the now famous lode was laid bare, and the Washoe *furor* arose. As soon as the rush began, Comstock got uneasy and sold out—for an old horse and a bottle of whiskey—a claim which was worth millions, and started for the wilds of Idaho. Such a man was Comstock—good-hearted, courageous, and possessed of many fine and sterling qualities; but utterly indifferent to the possession of money and the socialties and amenities of civilized life. We may safely predict that he dies of hardship and exposure in some lonely mountain canyon; or still worse, by the scalping-knife of the pitiless Indian. Truly, a hard life and a hard death, not eased, in our estimation, by its being a voluntary one.

All through, and below the city we notice high dumps of whitish grey rock, and on enquiring learn that it is the refuse quartz, and such rock as has to be removed in driving inclines and tunnels to meet the quartz veins. This leads to further enquiry, and we learn with surprise that the ground under the street on which we stand; in fact, under the entire city is literally honeycombed. Tunnels, slopes and drifts ramify the ground in every possible direction, and, even while we are speaking, we hear the dull thud of a heavy blast in some gloomy recess not any further than we would wish from the place where we are standing. We feel positively insecure, and are not satisfied till we go and see the matter for ourselves but on this, our opinion will have to be deferred till some future time, or at least the making public thereof. The streets of this place are literally paved with gold. The refuse quartz before mentioned contains from ten to twenty-five dollars worth of the precious metals to the ton, but owing to the high price of the machinery, the cost of labour, and wood for raising the motive power—steam, this will not pay for reducing; it is consequently used for macadamizing the streets, and the wealth thus lying around, would, if it could be utilized, be something enormous. We visited the "institutions" of the city, such as the gambling saloons, here as open as dry goods stores, the Melodeon, a low species of theatre; dance houses, and theatres, but as a notice of them would bring this article far beyond the contemplated limits, we must, reluctantly we confess, pass them over.

Promptly at nine o'clock, a. m., the Steamboat Springs' stage hauls up before the International Hotel, B. street, and we, in company with two more of the male persuasion, take our seats. The stage is open on the sides, with an awning on the top, and this latter proves peculiarly useful as the day is hot. We take what is known as the Geiger grade; in fact, we have Hobson's choice, as there is no other. The road winds around Cedar Hill from six to eight hundred feet above Cedar Canyon, as the level at its base is called. This hill would pay for washing if there was only a sufficiency of water, and as there are several solid miles of earth composing it, there must be a vast quantity of wealth hid in its clayey folds. It is curious that no continuation of the Comstock has been found in this hill. By all the rules of geology and mining experience it ought to be. It has been traced almost to the ravine which separates the hill from the slope in which it is found. Does it dip, or are the parties right who say it has slid to its present position, that it will ultimately be worked out, and that the ledge proper lies at some unknown depth in the bosom of Mount Davidson? This latter theory, whatever bearing it may have on the future prosperity of the city, has many advocates, and many reasons can be and are adduced in support of it. Confound the lode, it has led me from my subject.

About a mile from the city we have described at least a third of a circle, and in many places we have only a couple of feet of leeway between us and one hundred and fifty feet of an involuntary descent. The prospects thus opened are anything but assuring to an old gentleman, who is on his way from Iowa to join his son in some farming valley. The driver is a wag, and takes in the situation at a glance. He piles on the agony. He kindly points out where a lager beer man and his mate, who incautiously or inadvertently tested Newton's theory of gravitation in an improper place, and with very imperfect light, had found the extreme of gravitation two hundred feet below the road bed. By way of soothing the visible agitation of the old gentleman, he kindly adds, "they couldn't have suffered much for the wolves and coyotes had one picked clean by morning." He points out the remains of many wagons far beneath us, and shows where men were robbed in the middle of the day on the highway. The latter is an undoubted fact. Every man involuntarily feels for his pistol, and then looks around with a reassured air.

The grade is an up-hill one for four miles ; but the road may be characterized as decidedly good. At the toll-house, seventy-five cents is demanded and paid for the use of nine miles of road. We pass by several "dead-falls" (taverns) on the road. This time-honoured, highly lucrative, and very honourable employment has as many representatives here as in any other part of the world, and seems to be united with every branch of trade and labour. From a deep and constant study of human nature, the representatives of the "bar" here acquire an air of self-abnegation unknown elsewhere. The dexterity and grace with which the bottle is passed is truly fascinating, and the benevolent appearance, which fairly illuminates every feature, naturally leads one to suppose they are a vendors of some grand and infallible panacea for the ills of humanity. This amply—partly I mean—compensates for the diabolical compound which they administer, and is familiarly known amongst the miners as "rot-gut," "dead-shot," "forty-rod-lightning," "strychnine," etc.

On reaching the summit, a sublime panorama is spread before us. The magnificent range of mountains, known as the Sierra Nevada, clothed with splendid trees of the ever-green species, and tipped with the snows of centuries, lies full before us. At a certain elevation the trees cease, and the huge peaks rise bare and glittering, seeming to penetrate the clouds. What a contrast between them and the mountains we are now traversing ! Here we have nothing green, except now and then a stunted nut-pine ; everything, even the rocks, having a scorched look. Our eye turns with a feeling of relief to the long and broad belt of timbered mountain so liberally spread before us, and we sigh as we consider that it is as impossible to combine the useful and the magnificent in Nature as in many other things. We have Washoe Valley before us, making no great pretensions to beauty or utility. This finally merges to the north into the Truckee Valley, noted, in a region as sterile as this, for its broad meadows and fertile fields, though from this distance we cannot determine anything in a satisfactory manner. Our vision is finally shut out by interminable ranges of mountains. I should say that the Sierra Nevadas range north and south, and that all the minor ranges run with more or less directness at right angles thereto. We are soon to get a sight of the famed Springs, so the driver says ; in the meantime, we will see and note what is in our vicinity.

We soon come to the head of the Gould and Curry Canyon—a huge gorge which makes up from Steamboat Valley. To our left the driver points out a grave, some thirty yards from the road. We ask for the history, and he is disposed to gratify us. It appears that a man, known by the name of Dutch Harry, was employed by the Gould and Curry Company cutting wood. He boarded at a hotel at the foot of the grade, and each day carried his dinner with him. He was a steady, industrious and saving man, and was reputed to have considerable money, which he was supposed to keep on his person. Well, one evening he did not return; next evening, the same; when finally, on the third day, search was made, and he was found where he had been working, *killed with his own axe*. It was never ascertained by whom the crime was committed; but it was evidently done by some acquaintance who had chatted pleasantly for a while, admired his axe and the setting or “hang” thereof, asked to examine it, and had then deliberately killed the poor man. Whatever money he might have carried was, as a matter of course, gone. His disposition was taciturn; he made no friends or confidants; and when he died, none knew from whence he came or anything in regard to his past life. There he lies in a nameless grave, with, may be, a fond mother or wife hoping against hope, that the loved one may return. We have since known many cases analagous to the one just narrated.

We now begin to descend the canyon—the mountains towering to our right, and the gorge on our left. We enter on one side, and have to travel around the head of it. At the end of a mile and a half, we are on the opposite side of the gorge, and about six hundred yards from where we entered. In many places the road is cut out of the solid rock, presenting a perpendicular face of twenty to thirty feet on the upper side. The grade is descending, say four hundred feet to the mile, and we fairly fly over the road, greatly to the discomposure of the old rural gentleman. He begs and entreats the driver to slacken his pace, holds on by everything that comes within his reach, and ever and anon casts a look of utter bewilderment and horror at the deep recesses of the insatiable canyon. We pity the old man, and ask as a particular favour that the pace be moderated; but the driver declares that just now it is impossible, and we soon see that such is the case. At the end of two miles the declivity becomes much less, and we bring the wagon

to a stand, greatly to the satisfaction of the aforesaid gentleman, and we may even include your humble servant. On emerging from the grade we come to a large hotel; but do not alight, as we are within two miles of the Springs. We notice on the shingle, "J. P. West, choice wines and liquors, 25 cents." Between the foot of the grade and the Springs we traverse a barren sage-brush flat, and ever and anon we see large lizards, called "swifts," and horned toads darting with amazing swiftness across our track. At some future time we may have something to say in regard to the latter reptile, which is a curiosity in its way. When within a short distance of our goal, we pass by a range of hills of no great elevation, and of a shelly, slaty formation, and soon after are favoured with a strong odour from the Springs. We haul up before the large hotel of Mr. Stowe, where we propose to refresh for a short time.

After a wash and a glass of "lager," we are ready for our explorations. On crossing the river we are on a stone platform of hard, smooth granite rock, which not only forms the bank, but also the bed of the stream. On this level, and close at hand, is the Hospital of Dr. Ellis, and a short distance further the bath-house where he sweats out all diseases incident to humanity. We proceed in a northerly direction, and soon pass the bath-house erected over one of the Springs, of which we may have something to say by and bye. The fumes of sulphur are strong, and we almost involuntarily draw back, but recollecting that we came to see these Springs, we determine, beginning as we do, to feel our "lager," that *we will*. The end of a huge rent or crack, which is presented to us from the sloping mound, at once claims our attention. From this lateral fissure comes, hissing, seething and foaming with a fierceness and wildness of motion perfectly indescribable, a body of water having the highest or greatest intensity of heat which water can attain. We look on with feelings of intense awe at the angry fluid. Ever and anon it comes with gushing and resistless force, boiling and foaming from the cavernous cauldron, and, like human passion which has exhausted itself, falling back with helpless and impotent wrath on the exhausted forces which had given it birth. We can feel at our feet the struggles of the angry giant, who is partially confined beneath, for his liberty. We can feel the beat of his huge heart as it strikes with a heavy thud against his gigantic frame, and his fiery breath comes quick and

hot; again, a mighty effort which makes the solid rock quiver, when, with a heavy and prolonged sigh, he falls back to gather energy for another struggle. It is useless. He has already accomplished all he can ever hope for. He has opened an aperture through the solid rock by his own unaided and mighty efforts. Through this he can breathe and give vent to his wrath; can make known to the world his power, his vexations and his troubles, and with this he will have to be contented. His deep and stentorian breathing, accompanied by the moving of large volumes of water so like the impression conveyed to the mind by the moving of a steamboat, has given him the name which he bears, and we can only add, that we think the name highly appropriate. From this place water is conveyed in spouts to tanks on the roof of the bath-house, where it is allowed to cool and is then used as a shower-bath. We follow along the crack, and notice that it occupies a long mound, or more properly a plateau, elevated some fifteen feet above the level of the creek. On approaching from the creek we first pass over a level meadow varying in width from fifty to two hundred yards, and notice that the greater part of the grass is frosted with the poisonous alkali. A rank odour fills the air, which we can compare to nothing except that on the sea-shore, when large quantities of seaweed and kelp are decaying, only it is more pungent. We see the long, grey mound extending from the bath-house northward for a mile, and can at once tell that the Springs occupy the entire length, not only by the uniform appearance of the embankment, for the numerous jets of steam leave us no doubt in the matter. The meadow gives place to white, scaly soft rock, which at once impressed us as being formed by deposits and incrustations from the Springs. The rise is gradual, and on nearing the edge of the mound we see various cauldron-shaped basins rising from eighteen to thirty inches above the common level. Some of these are filled with water, which boils fiercely, while more emit hot gusts of steam at short intervals. While taking a prolonged breath, we look down and see unoccupied space for at least thirty feet, and can hear the water hissing, roaring and surging under the mound. These cauldrons vary in diameter from thirty inches to seven feet, and it is evident that all were formed by deposits and incrustations from the water. It is certain that in those which we now find empty, the water, within a very recent date, has been as restless and noisy as in any cauldron on the

mound. We also find some large shallow springs with a steady **run** from them, and in no way differing in appearance from many **ordinary** springs we have seen except the steam. To be sure they **boil** fiercely, but do not many cold springs do the same? We **venture** the assertion that the water is not so hot as some of the **others** and John, who accompanies us, agrees with us and invites **us** to try. We do, and the raising of our epidermis which speedily **follows**, proves to us beyond a doubt that it lacks nothing of 212° **Fahrenheit.**

Within six feet of the latter, the Cold Spring is pointed out to us. We are, from our late experience, somewhat doubtful as to the existence of cold springs in this vicinity, and have no desire to be the means of proving the assertion. We ask the knight of the ribbons to try. He appears loth, and we are confirmed in our doubts, and to end the matter he walks coolly away. We can't afford to pass by without being certain in regard to the question, and he knows it. We approach cautiously, hold our already painful hand long and lovingly near the surface, and finding no great accession of heat, end by immersing a portion of the hand, but withdraw suddenly at an alarming yell from our companion, and feel that we are badly scalded. No such thing; it is all imagination, for the water is scarcely blood warm. We are jubilant, and feel amply compensated for any shaking which our nerves may have sustained.

We utterly fail to account for this strange phenomenon; in fact, we fail to account for anything in this strange region except our hotel bill. We follow the crevice for half a mile without seeing any water, though we can plainly hear its agitation beneath, and the steam is, every few yards, vented in dense bodies, or, we should say, masses; but we are not deserted by the small springs—all beneath seems to be a land of fire and fiery water. A sandy flat extends back from the springs; but the sand seems to be only a covering for a rocky bed, and this bed, cracked in many places, and sending forth steam at each crack, shows that the subterranean fire covers a much greater area than might at first be supposed. From this flat a low body of sandy and barren hills stretch to the base of the Sierra Nevadas, six or seven miles distant.

We are now joined by two Germans, and a single glance serves to tell us that they do not feel by any means secure. We can hardly venture the assertion that such was not perfectly natural.

We cannot be far from fire. We are in uncomfortable proximity to a quantity of boiling water, sufficient to scald every man in the army of Xerxes. The place on which we stand sounds hollow, and, worse than all, we know it to be such. Are we safe? May not water by the thousand hogsheads, scalding hot at that, at any moment be ejected on our devoted heads? Would not such be the just reward of our temerity, seeing we have tempted Providence by exposing ourselves to needless dangers? The Dutchmen think so. After stamping around for awhile, and listening to the hollow reverberations of their own footsteps, one of them quietly remarked, "Come away, Hans, come away; hell is not more than a mile from dis place." They then withdrew, and we could not positively say they were not right, and we could see that they looked on us with an eye of pity, intensified a hundred times by considering the awful fate which awaited us should we become the subjects of wrath to the deity of these regions. They did not "remember Lot's wife;" but looked often behind them, when they realized they had put a safe distance between them and the fire.

We have not seen all yet. The great Geyser is yet ahead of us. Ah, here it is! A cauldron of seven feet or thereabouts lies before us. It is raised about two feet above the surrounding parts, and slopes on the inside gradually to the throat which is about fifteen inches in diameter. As we approach one of his wrathful fits is coming on. The water rises gradually from the neck till the cauldron is about half filled, when it begins to boil fiercely, gradually increasing in intensity till it forces eight or ten hogsheads over the summit, when, decreasing in like manner, it subsides within the neck. It may be supposed we are deeply interested, and this supposition will be correct. The water rises and falls with clock-like regularity about every five minutes, and this continued as long as we chose to remain. We are, however, provided with something which will set him raving mad, so we are told. A pound of soap was, by advice tendered, brought for this maniac's especial benefit. The soap is sliced up and duly thrown in, when it sinks to the bottom, producing no visible effect. The monster rises and falls as before. We are about walking away, thoroughly disappointed, when a sudden agitation of the water shows us that the old programme is going to be varied. It is certainly rising before the usual time and with increased force. It boils over with a wildness perfectly indescribable, and shows no desire to retire

in the usual manner. A sudden shower of the boiling fluid, rather too close to be pleasant, warns us to give him more room. We do so, and none too soon. The medicine which we gave him has disagreed with his stomach, and we can see that he is imbued with the worst trait of humanity, we mean vindictiveness. We are no sooner removed than his wrath bursts forth in torrents, falling, seething and blistered with the impress of his fiery temper, in a perfect deluge, on the spot where we stood. We are inspired with awe, not unmixed with thankfulness, and resolve to give him abundance of room. No pen can paint the scene before us. Words utterly fail to give the remotest idea of the wild confusion of this mighty mass of water, at one time thrown wildly to the height of twenty-five or more feet, and the next moment sinking far within the recesses of its capacious throat and bosom. At times almost the entire mass is thrown far without the sides of the caldron, and at others the greater part falls back hissing, seething and roaring, to re-appear the next moment and enact the same scene over again. The steam thrown off is almost inconceivable, and the noise such as can be heard at least a mile. We notice that like an ill-tempered boy, the violence of its own passion is exhausting it. At each eruption it is getting more feeble, and each disappearance of the water is more frequent and prolonged. Sometimes it makes a mighty rush from far within the mound, and many feet beneath the level on which we are now standing. We can hear it as it first starts; we can feel the tremor as it dashes and surges upward and onward, and we feel that the eruption will be one of unusual magnificence. We are sadly disappointed, for its force is exhausted before it fills the basin, and it falls back with a hiss and roar of impotent wrath. This is our last view of the water. Vast volumes of steam are still sent forth, and the boiling fluid still makes vain attempts to rise, each one becoming more feeble. The steam ceases (or nearly so) to come forth. We peer down, but cannot discern much, for a time. After our eyes become accustomed to the gloom, we can see empty space for thirty or forty feet, but no water. We can, however, hear it surging and boiling with undiminished energy, fifty or sixty feet under the mound. We can see no more, and therefore leave for further explorations. We forgot to mention that this spring or geyser, is on the lower level adjoining the

meadows, and some ten or twelve feet below the level of the mound.

At a distance of a half a mile or more from where we started, we come to another large opening in the crack, where we see a large body of boiling water, of unknown depth. Although it extends the whole distance, the water is only visible here, and at the starting point already mentioned. The steady escape of steam over its entire length, shows us, however, that the water is there; and if there is yet any doubts on our mind, we have only to listen, and we will find that an immense body of it is boiling fiercely only a short distance below us. The last water noted boils in an easy manner, which we consider to be owing to its not being confined closely. A steady run escapes from it. The crack terminates here, and we come to different holes, springs and pools, of cold, tepid, and hot water. Some of these are from two to three feet in diameter, having no raised sides, and seem to be of great depth. We went into a pond of tepid water, and had a splendid bath. It is sunk about eight feet below the surface of the mound, I mean that the water stands at that level. On one side we get in by a kind of flight of natural stairs, and find the temperature just such as we would desire. It is about sixty feet long, and twenty broad, giving plenty of room for a good swim. In about half of it I could not get bottom, and in the other end got my foot slightly scalded, by setting it down where a small jet of boiling water was coming up. There is alkali and soda, as well as sulphur in the water, which give it extraordinary cleansing properties.

A few yards further down, we come to a pond of cold water of half an acre or so in extent. It is surrounded by the solid rock, and the water lies nearly level with the surface. There is no run from it, and it descends sheer down from the very edge. I dived down fifteen to twenty feet, but found no bottom.

We now begin to retrace our steps, and notice that on the sides of every spring and along the crack, the rock is coated with sulphur or brimstone, pure and unmixed, and the steam has a strong smell of it. We are not sure that the Dutchman's hypothesis is far from being correct.

These springs, like every other place in this State, have their tale of blood. A Frenchman was foolish enough to "jump" a portion of the Springs, the doctor and his partner claiming the

whole. He (the Frenchman) and some hired hands or associates, began to erect a "shanty" at the place now pointed out to us, and was, of course ordered to decamp. This he refused to do, when the partner aforesaid, went and raised a crew of drunken men, and one of the unfortunate Frenchmen was shot dead on the spot, and the balance ran for their lives, and have since given no further trouble. The partner, an ill-looking pock-marked scoundrel, found it convenient to absent himself for a while, and there was no action taken in the matter. This simple manner of settling the rights of property, is too often resorted to in these regions. Though we are not greatly prepossessed in favour of litigation, we confess we would sooner have our pocket bled by the lawyers, than our body by a gang of murderers. Nature now begins forcibly to remind us that we have not yet had dinner, and we accordingly hasten our footsteps, for it is long past the usual hour. We pass our first mentioned active friend and find him to be as busy as ever, but his mightiest efforts now look puny in comparison with those of our friend below. This is the way of the world. The hero of to-day is not always that of to-morrow.

After dinner, though by no means in need of it, we are determined to have one of the doctor's famous baths. We may mention that parties come from San Francisco, three hundred and fifty miles distant, to try them. They are said to excel, in an especial manner, in the cure of rheumatism, scrofula, mercurial disease and syphilitic affections, and we do not doubt it. We enter the bath-house, which is built over one of the most considerable springs. On being divested of our clothing, we are introduced into a small apartment, about four feet by six, floored with a kind of lattice-work, and have a comfortable seat if we wish to use it. We are instructed to stay in as long as we can possibly stand it, and this we feel will not be very long. The door is tightly closed, and the steam, regulated by some means unknown to us, comes up by the floor. We begin to sweat in a moment, at the end of a minute are melting, and at the end of three minutes, we feel the skin beginning to peel off us. We roar to be let out. No such thing; the doctor knows better than us, and we have to stand it. Finally, when we consider we are about cooked, we are released from the stew-pan, and are at once given a liberal shower-bath of warm and cold water, and rubbed and scrubbed with coarse towels, till we are flayed alive, and the damage being done,

we cease to protest. We have the satisfaction of knowing that we are clean; that if every pore in our skin was six inches in depth, it is thoroughly emptied, and for any outside impurities—well, we have ocular demonstration in regard to that, and are a good deal more than satisfied.

We are surprised and pleased, on putting on our clothes, to find that we do not experience the least soreness of the skin, and feel so buoyant that we have a notion to try a spring over the bath-house, but are dissuaded by our companion, who reminds us that it may be attributed by the ignorant to the "lager" which we have imbibed. We may say from experience that there are more cures in these springs, judiciously used, than in a wholesale drug store.

In conclusion, we may say that we have seen many of the notable sights of western America. We travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, before there was a mile of Railroad west of the Missouri river. We have viewed the Rocky Mountains from the plains; we have surmounted many of their most rugged and elevated ridges, and traversed many of their gloomy gorges and canyons, savage in their wildness, but having some regularity of stratification, which partially redeems them from the charge of chaos. We have looked with wonder and awe, on the frowning and precipitous grandeur of Echo Canyon, (the locality of Brigham's fortifications for the purpose of repelling the invaders of Mormondom in 1859,) with the culminating point in regard to rocky and pointed cones in our immediate vicinity. The wonders of Utah, from side to side, have been spread before us, and the extreme of wildness in precipice, mountain and waterfall, as exhibited in the Yosemite Valley. The big trees of Calaveras, have reared their giant trunks before us, stately in their altitude, their diameter of twelve to thirty odd feet giving us an idea of ponderousness which we found it exceedingly hard to realize, when applied to things which receive only yearly accessions to their bulk. We have seen many springs, warm, hot and boiling before to-day, but by nothing have we been impressed as by these Geysers. We are conscious of the fact that we are not everybody. The thing which might make a lasting impression on us, may be viewed by another with almost contempt. We have only described what we saw. We have exaggerated nothing, nor set aught down in malice, although we have some reason for the latter, considering the treacherous onslaught which the great Geyser made on our

life. Our readers are left from our necessarily imperfect sketch, to form their own opinion in regard to them, and we can only say, **that** we believe it will fall far short of the reality. Many of you **who** little expect such a thing, may see them yet, and if so, we **wish** you may have our description by you, for the sake of comparison. We can only hope you may have the same amount of enjoyment that we had. Reader, we trust you have been interested, and if so, we may at some future time, furnish a sketch of some other portion of the great West, which we consider notable. The driver shouts "all aboard," and we are forced to bid you good-bye.

S. S. 1873.

ERE long, ere long the flowers will blow,
 Upon the turf that o'er thee lies,
 And birds will sing as if of woe
 There were no dwelling 'neath the skies;
 Again to bloom the hills will wake,
 The meadow and the shadowy leas—
 The lilies dream on yon still lake,
 And murmur soft the summer Seas;
 But sweetest songs and brightest dyes,
 And days that come and days that go,
 And tides that ebb and tides that flow,
 To those that rest the turf below
 Bring naught of pleasure or surprise.

Thou hast escaped the din and care
 That vex the souls of pilgrims here;
 The fruitless struggle—the despair—
 The longing vague—the haunting fear;
 And yet we mourn since thou art not,
 Though, questionless, 'tis well with thee,
 And water with our tears the spot
 Where thou dost sleep so tranquilly:
 But anguished sighs and bitter tears,
 And days that come and days that go,
 And tides that ebb and tides that flow,
 Bring naught to thee of joy or woe,
 Beyond the clash of hastening Years.

H. L. S.

JOSIAH GARTH.

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONT.

CHAPTER I.

LET any one say as seemeth to him best, to the contrary, I feel there is a diffusible stimulation and *braciness*, about our Canadian Indian Summer, not felt in any other clime. There is also a unique gorgeousness in our bosky dells which strikes a stranger with admiration and surprise. The profusion of gandy colours in the leaves of the maple tree—the rich brown of the oaks—and the variegated foliage of all our woods seems to be nature's final efforts to do its prettiest, with the skill of a master, before old Boreas, with snell breath could have his revenge on those frail fabrics of expiring nature. Somebody sings, somewhere, of the glories of the season :—

"Grandly the autumn forests shine;
Rich as the gold in an Indian Mine;
A dreamy mist—a vapoury smoke
Hang over the arches of evergreen oak."

Such bracing weather stirs the sleepy, sluggish summer's blood to a healthier flow. It is worth all the doctors to be fanned with the pleasantly sharp breezes of October. The *wiltiness* induced by the heat of an almost tropical clime, needs a recuperative season, and were it not for this interjacent "spell" of kindly weather, our thews could never endure the *seroitic* desperation of an intense, savage, and relentless winter. But I do not intend to go into ecstasy, or savagery, over the weather. "Now is the day, and now is the hour," when a poetic frenzy might take possession of me, could my prosaic soul change the tenor of my routine, into a flux of warbling *nothingnesses*, which would startle Tennyson into admiration. In spite of the incentive of glowing landscapes, and all the *et ceteras* of the picturesque, I forbear to rhyme in the namby pamby style of the etherial Pegasian riders of to-day. I'll let that pass; now, to prose.

I am leaning over a garden gate, which has rickets in its hinges, and rheumatics in its joints. Both arms hang pendant,—because they could not hang otherwise—on the outside, with six feet of body "on end," and semi-circular, inside.

My straw hat of illustrious memory, and suggestive of hot and sweaty associations, has become attractive to a frolicsome kitten crouching in the grass, which finds the huge concavity of my *sombrero* a delightful receptacle for its furry *corpus*, and a good landing-place for acrobatic performances. The wood pile is in the lane, rotund and chippy, with the accumulations of half a century returning to their mould, and axes, logging-chains, wedges, notched logs, and two bob-sleighs in the foreground of the picture, as adjuncts to the domestic scenes of—never mind how many years ago. Behind me is a log-house, with slab roof, mud-bedaubed walls, both vertebrated and ventilated. Projecting logs support the roof of a primitive verandah. A cross-bar and buck-skin string do for a latch, and a stick chimney of capacious dimensions is vomiting out volumes of sparks and smoke, whose definite outlines are being formed into all sorts of fantastic shapes. The wooden and sooty pot-hook, which has suffered a sort of *Smithfieldian* martyrdom for many long years, supports a dignified kettle, with rotund abdomen of goodly pretensions, in whose crater is bubbling up savory mush, as yellow as gold. Two oxen are in the foreground, contemplative and ruminative. A huge wooden yoke is upon their necks, and rough bows are about their throats. Their noses impinge upon a rail fence, so crooked that Meander might envy it, in its erratic course, if rivers are capable of feeling emotions, as living things. But I am not a Hogarth nor a Wilkie drawing street scenes, or rural caricatures; I am only a rustic, in an attitude like that of the leaning tower of Pisa, “waiting for the waggon.”

I may as well tell the reader who I am, before that lumbering vehicle comes in sight. I'll conceal nothing, lest you might find out afterwards that I've kept back what was important, and hypocritically pretended to make a clean breast of it, when the fluid extract of my biography had been in the mean time locked up in the closet of my breast, where all secrets are supposed to be stowed away in some nook or cranny, and like first-class burglar and fire-proof safes, each chest depository has a key of its own, numbered, bored and indented to suit each patent lock, and no other. (That is a sentence of fearful elongation, but I can't boil it down satisfactorily.)

I suppose I was born somewhere, although were I called upon to give evidence in the matter, and syllogistically prove my identity

therefrom, the process of reasoning would leave me in a *maze* of perplexities and doubts, as to whether I exist at all or not; and the starting point of Descartes (who seemed to be puzzled, as well as myself, about his being in existence,) "*Cogito, ergo sum*" (I think, therefore I am,) is wrong-end foremost, and is as true in *conversity* as in diversity, if I may be allowed a little pedantry; "I am, therefore, I think." This leaves me in the same perplexity, that drunken Davie found himself, when he came to consciousness after a revel bout; "Am I, or am I not, and if it ain't I, who am I?" Well, we will not split hairs of metaphysical attenuation about such a small part of creation. Let us take for granted, I was born—cut teeth—salivalized—and was supremely conscious of having, in undisputed possession, colic, soothing syrup, measles, scarlatina, whooping-cough, castor oil, and paregoric. Mind, I am not sure of this, by mediate or immediate perception, as I have to trust to evidence, and it is too often deceptive, and what deceives us once we should never trust again. At any rate I can do no better in the way of proof as to my *here-a-bout*, but in regard to the reason why, that is a conundrum, whose solution I give up in despair. I remember trying to count my fingers in a primitive way, when I lay in a cradle with a semicircular head to it, and turned pillars at the corners, shining with the polish of the wear of many years. The rockers may have been round in primitive times, but I am prepared to solemnly asseverate on Ayer's Almanac, or any other equally truthful pamphlet, that the curvature, by friction, had assumed a parabolic, —or, with the aching reminiscences of a juvenile, let me have the satisfaction of writing —diabolical outline. Its irregular oscillations fairly churned into butter the lacteal fluid in my commissary department. Especially was this the case if a primitive lullaby of an extemporaneous character did not happen to put me to sleep within a reasonable time. The maternal "dander" arose quicker than the tide which irritated Mrs. Partington, and beat her in spite of a vigorous use of mop and slop-pail: then the gentle rock was succeeded by an intermittent series of jerks and shocks, exasperating to a naturally perverse infant mind. These were so violent at times, that a Kanaka, if not a "Kanuck," would have concluded, instinctively, that he was reclining on a Sandwich Island mountain subject to irruptions, and whose vulcan temper had got the better of its discretion. About this time, by some mental process, I became aware of having

a body. This was among the first pot-hooks, on the *Lockian* white paper account book of the mind, single entry. Philosophers tell us that our earthly tabernacle is part of the *not me*—the external world. I will not dispute it, because quarrelling with dissentients is their business; but, in humility, let me say, it is a part in which I take a deep interest, and on which I hold a registered chattel mortgage. It is needless to add that when poked in the ribs, flattened on the nose, “bunged” in the eyes, or its toes trodden upon, it takes a savage interest in me. Take me altogether, I am *something*.

The first ogre of my life was the dominie. What an epoch when the schoolmaster first came and “boarded round!” To us “greenies,” he was a disagreeable prodigy. “He came, he saw, he conquered,” as somebody says; from the elegance of the saying, and beauty of diction, I would asservate a Yankee was the author. He was ugly as sin, speaking metaphysically. A nose slightly deficient, and a face disfigured with scars; one eye gone, and the other looking every way at once, for its lost brother. The hair erect as bristles on an irate hog’s back, and the chin and cheeks were adorned with what appeared to be a transplanted portion of the cuticle from the *dorsum* of a male porcupine. One arm was gone, from the elbow downwards—of course—and the stump seemed to be endowed with perpetual motion, when the “angry passions rose.” This was a terrible fall to my *beau ideal* of what a schoolmaster should be. I had supposed that such an important personage should always be endowed with great personal beauty, and towering intellect, yet, in utter defiance of my fond imaginings, as regards the former, here was a lamentable specimen of utter mutilation. He walked straight as an arrow into the school-house on the first morning of his arrival, and at once became “monarch of all he surveyed.” He was severe but just. He was passionate, but repentant. The normal instrument of monitorial torture was a cat o’ four caudals, which lay carefully coiled up, like a boa constrictor, waiting and watching for its prey. It was oftentimes hurled with considerable *vim* at the head of an offending juvenile, who had to pick up the instrument of torture and carry it to the master, to receive the reward of his deeds. Did the “tawse” not happen to be near, and the temper red-hot, the end of the stump of an arm came down on the head of the culprit with a thud, the sound of which made all the school quake with terror.

Ofttimes as he passed me, I have shut my eyes, and clinched my teeth, and waited in horrible suspense for the expected blow. The Damocles' sword, which the gossips said hung by a single hair over the head of the ancient at meals, in order to save the victuals, was the only precedent known before this epoch. I could now solemnly assert, from my recollection of these past experiences, that the computation of that potent arm must have been bad; for the bone, with its incisive power, could be felt on many a scalp. In spite of all eccentricities and passions, and comparative ignorance, the school got to liking him, simply because of his genuineness. It leaked out that he had been a soldier, and had been disabled and disfigured, in the Highland regiment which so bravely assisted to keep out of the Chateau de Hougoumont, and orchard at Waterloo, the Corps of Jerome Bonaparte. No wonder his eyes glistened as our mimic snowball battles went on, and icy fortresses were carried by assault, or the storming party repulsed. The ebbing and flowing fortunes of the day were keenly watched through frosty window panes, and I can imagine how recollection would bring up to memory dear "the fell havoc of the day," at the "pounding match," on Morat Jean, and La Belle Alliance, and how the shouts without and cheers within, would remind him of the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of the terrible discords and symphonies of the Belgian conflict. Some of the more inquisitive had seen a pencil sketch of him, in uniform, and the youthful face and manly form were in sad contrast to this remnant of a man. There were no County Boards, nor Council of Public Instruction in those days, and although grammar, geography, and geometry were scarcely thought of in the log school-house, and to go through the rule of three was a Herculean feat for both teachers and scholars, yet, such schoolmasters in those days of rural simplicity, did much to lay foundations of learning, not broad and wide, and deep, but circumscribed and *thorough*, in which is more excellency and less useless latitude. He seemed to take a particular interest in me, and often helped me in my studies, after school hours. One evening as I was puzzling myself with an arithmetical problem, he was gazing at the setting sun. Old Sol was departing behind a glorious canopy of clouds, which were tinged with all the colours of the rainbow, and seemed to be the portals of the celestial city. Yonder were towers, minarets, battlements, glowing domes, iridescent ramparts,

and pearly gates. His face burned in the gorgeousness of the last rays of departing day; and his soul seemed to revel with delight at a scene so wondrous, and yet so common. On every human face are written hieroglyphics, which, when deciphered, read as a part of the history of every individual. "The heart of man changeth his countenance." Here was a face all aglow, with enthusiastic love of the beautiful, burning in every lineament. His blue eyes sparkled for a moment, and then filled with tears. The mysterious past had sprung up in panoramic vision, like a phantom, through some law of association, and the fountains overflowed adown the sallow cheeks. His eyes and mine met. "Well, pupil mine," he said in reverential tones, "she is beyond yon burning sky, and is waiting for me." We sat down on a bench and the flood-gates of his memory were opened. Let me relate his story in my own way, as if he spake it; for emotion made it broken and disjointed. It ran thus.

My youth was far from pleasant. My mother died in giving me birth. A step-mother followed in due time, and a second family. I became the Pariah of the family. Was any whipping to be done? I was the object of it. Did anything go wrong? I was the cause of it. My half-brothers and sisters were believed, in their tales of grievances. My word was never taken. This persistent course of treatment soured my temper. Young as I was, I practically hugged the fallacy, "from one, learn all," and turned into a misanthropist perforce and gradually. The young are always believers in humanity and its goodness, until undeceived by falsehood and deceit. So intolerant became my life, that oftentimes I prayed for death, when life should have been most sweet; but when alone in the woods my natural desires and hopes came uppermost, and longings for the good and beautiful became strong; then would I sing in fulness of joy. The sight of home roused to sullenness my untrained nature, and caused my heart to shut up, with triple locks, its doors of affection and love. My father was kind, but if he showed one favour openly, he was accused of partiality by the she-dragon of the household. The only susceptible part of my nature was in my desire to please him. I felt, however, that a crisis was inevitable. I was the Jonah in the domestic ship, and must be thrown overboard, to bring quiet, if not happiness, into the circle. The world was before me, but I knew little of its ways.

Money was an apocryphal thing—to be desired, but of doubtful usefulness—and if acquired was more ornamental than useful. I felt an innate ambition to excel in some indefinite way, and at the same time relieve my poor father from the scorchings of two fires, between which he stood. I knew not what a poor waif I would become, buffeted about on the resistless waves of a world full of unrest. Repeated acts of cruelty made me desperate. One night I determined to leave the scenes of my childhood, forever. At midnight, unheard and unseen, I rolled up my few pieces of clothing in a tattered handkerchief. Descending from the garret where I slept, I stood upon the threshold, and shed bitter tears. I thought of my aged father, and my only sister, whom I knew it was impossible to take with me. I could see in the moonlight the old red school-house, embowered among a clump of trees, where young associations had been formed. Carlo stood whining by my side as if instinct taught him something was wrong, and no head-pattings would allay his disquietude. My love of locality took hold of my better nature for a time, but the lashings, the heart-burnings and quarrels of past days crushed out all intentions of remaining, and with a scold, which had kindness implied in every word, at the faithful and following dog, I plunged into the unknown world beyond. Morning came, and hunger with it. A savory smell was carried on the morning air from a farmer's kitchen. Tired, footsore and abashed I crept up to the door and asked for food, which was kindly furnished. The good-hearted housewife at the same time directed me to St. John, N. B. There I shipped on board of a London vessel as cabin-boy. Strange as it may appear, what with sea-sickness, rough usage from the captain, and not by any means dainty fare, I was home-sick. O for a foot on solid ground! O for a "square" meal of fresh food! But as the weary days went past and the dreary fogs and weary watches on The Banks were succeeded by clear weather and an open sea, I not only become reconciled to my lot, but took a delight in crawling up to the crosstrees, and gazing in a sort of daze on the tumbling, "white-capped," restless sea. The world seemed so large to me. Morning, noon and night were nothing but sky and water, in seemingly eternal contact. The illimitable waste was in sympathy with myself, in restless, purposeless wanderings. At one time giving, in its lengthened swells, long suspirations and moanings, as if in pain; at other

times "lifting its crystal forehead, unwrinkled of any wind." This poetic frenzy and dreamy moods and morbid reveries got a rude awakening as we neared the British coast. The bald rocks and cloud-covered mountains of Albion were welcome sights; but in the Channel a fearful storm arose. Land-locked as we were, even our veteran sailors became panic-stricken. My fears grew as the wind increased, for I had never before seen such a boiling, foaming, raging sea. Fugitive pieces of Scripture texts, which I had picked up from stray leaves of the Bible, smoke-covered, yellow and isolated, now came fresh and clear as ever they did to my mind. It is wonderful how memory is quickened by approaching danger, and how the *phantasmata* of the past spring into existence, as if by magic. Many a night since, on the storm-tossed deck, or in the whirlwind of battle, have I felt conscious of a supporting presence, be it God, or be it one of the beatified—dare I say my saintly mother? These sudden and startling panorama in portentous hours, show something more than human mind can fathom. Let speculation pass. Everything about us, on the foam-flecked deck, and in the black wall of night, presented terrible forebodings. When the lurid lightnings flashed, I dared not look on the white crested waves, nor on the pale faces of my comrades. The rattling of ropes, the clanking of chains, the dripping yards, the splintered bulwarks, the hoarse hollow sounds of the working pumps, and the whisperings that the vessel had sprung a leak, brought me to my knees. With uplifted hands, I uttered a prayer of terror. At this time the ship became unmanageable; the rudder was smashed to pieces, and wrenched from its postern; the sails were flying in shreds through the air; and the spars were crashing through the rigging, fore and aft. The captain and crew now crouched around me on the deck, on the lee side of the binnacle, as if there were hope and safety near such a youthful suppliant. Some groaned in intense anguish; some in accents of bitter repentance bewailed the short comings of the past, and promised (if saved,) sincere devotion to their Maker for the future; others with clenched hands, and grinding teeth, and savage scowl, cursed in maniacal terror, the day they were born, and impugned, in this darkest hour, the mysterious ways of Providence. A thud against the vessel's side,—a blinding shower of spray, and a rushing wave over the deck, were ominously followed by a death-like silence of human voices.

One half of our little group was gone. A momentary shriek of agony mingled with the cry of the wild sea-mew, and the faint sobbings of the remnant came to my ears, like the spirit wail of a nether world. We dared not lift our heads, for a time. Every creak of our frail craft went in chilliness to our hearts, for it told in its reiteration, our approaching doom, and seemed to wail our requiem, over the seething, briny waters. A shock, which made the vessel shiver like a living thing, told us we had struck. A moment afterwards, my head reeled; stars danced before my eyes, and a coldness ran over my whole frame. I knew no more, until I awoke from my unconsciousness, on the rude bed of a fisherman, who had rescued me from a watery grave. I was the sole survivor of that stormy night. The kind-hearted host was a widower, and had two children. One of them was a sailor, away at sea. The other was my nurse—a maiden of twenty summers. She was not beautiful, so you need not expect me to go in raptures over her. She was not ugly, so it will not pain you to hear her described in a few words, in my own rough way. In stature she was small; the flesh covered the bones well, and left no angularities, like a bag filled with augers, as the outline of some is. The blue eyes were deep as the sky to gaze into, and as unfathomable. They spoke in every twinkle, and danced, instinct with life, passion and *funniness*, in sudden flashes, like “the merry dancers” of the northern sky. And what a laugh! It rippled, and echoed, and rolled to my ears like a well-beloved lyric of sweet melody. Every movement had decision, firmness and grace, which courtly dames might envy. Her truthfulness in word—genuineness in conduct—and unadulterated candour mesmerized. Any one who approached her felt that the casket contained a gem of unsullied honour and integrity. Yet, at first sight, her round face, and general *chubbiness* were not fascinating. It took time to show the worth and mettle of Helen Howe. A Grace Darling never faced perils by sea and land with more courage, and many human lives on that bleak coast were saved by herself and father, without ostentation or parade. Poor they were, as the surroundings could bear witness, and yet pride repulsed all pecuniary advances from many wealthy and grateful survivors. Did I fall in love with her? What a silly question. And silly, senseless moth that I was, I danced round the flame until my wings got thoroughly singed. Her kindness I took for

more than a tender regard. Her sympathy I vainly dreamed was kindling affection; and her pitying looks, my self-conceit took for love. What a rude shock my pride and feelings got, when, with queenly firmness, dignity and gentleness, Helen refused my offers, and restrained my advances. I was asked never to hope for a reversal of this verdict, for her heart was in the keeping of another. I did not rush to some solitary cave, or mountain glen, and rave out my despair to the winds of heaven. I did not assume theatricals, and threaten a tragedy to her and myself. I did not, like a goose, hiss defiance at her and her lover, and threaten to annihilate him if he ever crossed my path. I felt no revenge stir me, but I knew that an image had taken possession of my soul, and enshrined itself there, where there could be no usurper. I entered the army shortly afterwards. Our regiment was ordered to the Niagara frontier, under General Brock. The Americans were threatening several points for the invasion of Canada, between Lakes Erie and Ontario. Our videttes lay watching the roaring whirlpool, boiling like a mighty witch's caldron, within its rocky walls. The thundering Niagara was sending up on the evening breeze its hoarse roarings, and thunderings—nature's grand oratorios, anthems and hymnal choruses to heaven, as it had done throughout the cycles and myriad years, before even the days of pre-historic man. I was leaning over the bank of the river, with my musket by my side, in a sort of reverie, dreamily listening to the commingled sounds, and occasionally starting in a fancy race half round the globe, when the crackling brush arrested my attention. The sound came from a cedar thicket growing down on the face of the bank overlooking the river. I brought my gun to the present, and listened. "Hist!" came at last from underneath the ledge I was resting on.

"Advance and give the countersign!" I utter *sotto voce*, for I instinctively felt that the speaker was no enemy.

"I know the watchword of a week ago, but not that of to-night, for I am a scout," said the unseen.

"Advance," I said, covering the spot with my rifle. I was surprised to see, by the moonlight, a boy advance dressed in coarse grey clothes of home manufacture. I ordered him to sit on a rock a few feet away, and interrogated him as to his name, his regiment, and the enemy, but got for my pains laconic replies. When the guard came he was taken to head quarters, and in half an hour

the roll of the drums and bugle-calls, far in the woods, where the main body of our troops lay, told of unusual activity and of marshalling forces. I knew afterwards that the scout I had received into the lines had shown himself possessed of great courage, energy and sagacity. He had penetrated the enemy's camp; had won the confidence of the general officers; learned their plans; and escaped through woods, swamps and ravines to the river opposite Queenston. A canoe accidentally was found by him in the shelter of a rock, with which he made his way to the Canadian side. His information was invaluable, for the foe was at his heels, and preparing to cross when he reached General Brock's head-quarters. Our forces lay like a crouching lion, watching the enemy, eager for the dawn, and burning for the battle. The avenging hour came. The Americans had gained a footing on our soil. Their skirmishers were clambering, thick as flies, up the face of the plateau upon which we stood. The rest of the events of the day seemed like a dream. The pattering shots of the advanced pickets, like the first big drops of a coming storm; the yells of infuriated Indians on our flanks; the maddening shouts of an over-confident enemy; the wail of the dying; mingled with the shouts of our victorious forces. The powder-begrimed faces, contorted with the passions of furies; the roll of musketry, mingled with the boom of cannon; the noble stand of the raw militia, many of whom never heard a hostile shot before, nor saw, until that day, the mutilations, wounds and tragedies of a battle-field. Night came with its horrors, and with it the news of the death of Brock. The enemy, in wild dismay, had retreated, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands. Dozens of them had jumped over the cliffs, into the tops of trees and other inaccessible places. Patches of clothing, and the whitened bones of many of them, I saw a number of years afterwards, exposed to the wind, the rain, and sun of heaven. I was one of a fatigue party to bury the dead, and carry in the wounded. As far as I can remember now, it was about ten o'clock, and a cloudy night. As I was searching among the bushes, on the brow of the hill, a moan arrested my attention. I drew near and found—my God! how can I tell it? A wounded lad—the scout,—a torn breast—a woman—and Helen Howe. Near her lay the body of a volunteer, who was found afterwards to have been her lover. I do not know how, when, or why they came to Canada, nor do I know how the night passed; for in spite

of her undying attachment to the dead lover, in life and death, she was all the same to me. No love like that could ever again be kindled in my bosom for womankind. To be near the object of her affection she donned male attire and enlisted as a drummer. Her activity, honesty and sagacity won her friends, and on that day of her country's peril, when it was all important to know the enemy's designs, she penetrated their lines, learned the plans of the invaders, and doubtless saved much blood, not to speak of victory. Their common grave lies northwest of Brock's monument, a few yards outside of the enclosure, and on the brow of the hill which overlooks the village of Queenston. After this I led a sort of aimless life. Indifferent as to my fate, I drifted along the stream of life in a passive, mechanical way. My duties I performed as regularly as clock-work, to the satisfaction of my superiors, but the pith of existence was gone. I was sent with my regiment to assist the Iron Duke in Flanders and on the plains of Waterloo. I was in the orchard of Hougomont, behind a red-brick wall, firing through temporary loop-holes made in the wall, when my arm was carried away by a round shot. The artillery fire of the French made our position on the right a perfect volcano. We knew this heavy cannonade was the prelude to an assault, to carry this strong position. I saw the shattered arm by my side, the torn sleeve and mutilated stump, but only felt a sensation of numbness. My blood was up, and I savagely replied to the entreaties of my comrades to retire, that I must have my revenge out of the French. It was not long in coming, for through the sulphurous smoke I saw, only a few yards away, solid phalanxes of cuirassiers, with levelled bayonets, charging on our defences. A tier of scaffolding had been erected near the top of the wall, which was about eight feet in height, and a number of our men were firing *en barbette* on the advancing host. I felt the sting of a sabre-thrust in my face as I looked up to ascertain about the struggle going on above me, and was atonished to find that the French were climbing the wall, agile as cats. They were shot and stabbed and clubbed in hundreds, but still the swarms came on. An officer had complimented me with the sabre-cut, and I reciprocated by knocking him down with the only remaining fist I possessed. I seized him by the neck and choked him until the death-rattle was in his throat. I was shot in the face by a grenadier through the loop-hole, and my rage and misery were succeeding by temporary

oblivion. I awoke in Brussels. Victory was being shouted in the streets; the bells were ringing merry peals. Recollection took up the broken ends of its thread, and I knew that "Old Ironsides" had won a famous battle. With the Waterloo Medal and a pension I returned to my native land, and, boy, here you see me, in a humble way fulfilling my mission until the change comes, and I see that face again which I looked upon at the seaside, and which peered at me from under the Queenston cliffs, yet I didn't know her.

He rose from his seat suddenly, for the moon shone brightly in at a four-paned window, making silvery gossamer webs, festooned from the ceiling, and leaving a pathway of glory along the floor. As we reached the door his face was pale as ashes. The whip-poor-will was making the woods echo with his persistent notes. The fireflies were intermittently flashing phosphorescent lights from the swamp, flitting about as if in the mazy intricacies of a dance. Listening and looking, he exclaimed "Happy fellows!" and strode away without a "good-bye."

CHAPTER II.

I HAD almost forgotten that there is a good deal in a name, and that mine is Josiah Garth. It would have been more aristocratic to have had a prefix *De* or *Mont* or *Fitz* sandwiched in somewhere, and to have a sort of pre-emption right to a crest, motto, or arms, which came in with the Normans. Such was not to be, and it is satisfactory to know my parents were not to blame. I had often heard of "blue" blood in connection with the fine *fibred* folks, and was cruelly disappointed, when I pricked my arm to find vulgar red blood flow out. This I could not help, but I often had a sort of mania for "tapping" some of our neighbours, who boasted of high connections in the "Old Country," to see if the blood of such highly favoured mortals were a good standing colour of sky or indigo blue. At any rate, I trace my descent back to Noah, and his not very respectable family. I suppose it would not be presumption for me to call Adam and Eve my progenitors, but they also had a *bar sinister* on their escutcheon—that is, not a superfine respectability—and one of the sons went to the bad altogether. Unfortunately, I am not alone in being somewhat ashamed of the historic acts of some of my ancestors. There's where the bad blood comes into the circulation of the *ignobile*

vulgus, such as I am. The day of revenge for us country bumpkins came, when blue, *versus* red, came up for trial in the sharp competitions of our colleges and universities. The boys in homespun grey, cow-hide boots, woollen mitts, racoon-skin caps, and home-made flannels, carried off a majority of medals and diplomas. I then hurraed in the back-yard for the common, vulgar, red blood. When I attained my majority, I felt full of the buoyancy of spirits natural to a full fledged chicken. I had lived on a farm all my lifetime, and knew by experience what hard work was—in chopping, logging and cultivating land in a new section of Ontairo. The log-house had not yet been supplanted by brick or stone edifices of pretentious exterior. The capacious fire-place, with a gigantic back-log, and a younger log for a forestick, had not abdicated in favour of the stove abominations. The battened door was a model of compact architecture, fit to resist the kick of a horse or an Indian intruder, with native catapults, and on the hunt for scalps; but panels, polished steel and iron and silver mountings are its legitimate successors. Basswood logs, split with the convexities downwards, and legs of rustic outline and beauty, with protruding obtusiveness on the upper side, had no prospective *Darwinian* developments, into “canoe” couches and damask chairs. The buggy and “the one-horse shay” were ten days’ wonders, the turned bedstead a luxury, and a musical instrument more expensive than a jewsharp, an accordeon or a fiddle, was not to be thought of. If Carlyle’s “gigmanity” meant the possession of a gig, and consequently, respectability; to own a melodeon or a piano was judged to be extravagance, or the possession of unbounded wealth and lavish expenditure. Oysters, sardines, prunella, broadcloth, two-story hats, silk handkerchiefs, and all such imported rarities, involved a sort of ostracism, from us “to the manor born,” if a burlesque can be imagined on that *rare* quotation.

The *Montreal Pilot* reached the settlement twice a month, and five weeks after it was published. One number did for the whole settlement. The question of priority was decided by rotation, and a reader was appointed, in the busy season, to mount a stump on Saturday evenings, before the “Black Horse,” and read the news, advertisements and all, to those who did not know their letters. The postmaster of Hardscrabble carried Her Majesty’s Mail in his hat, or in his breeches pocket, and often had to be

"hunted up" to ascertain what letters, and to whom, had arrived in the "clearing," from the outside barbarians. A "local" did the preaching. He was earnest, loving, and well-meaning. Grammar, correct pronunciation, elegance of style, beauty of diction and consistent orthodoxy were not to be expected; but unction, vociferation, *poundativeness*, homely illustrations, startling metaphors and mixed figures passed as current coin, from the heavenly mint, "without note or comment." He had been a pugilist in younger days, before he changed the prize-ring for the church militant. The former bias of mind would crop out, for he often spoke of "getting the devil's head in Chancery and pounding it till it had an eternal headache." "Friends, we must not throw up the sponge, until the serpent, that pesky critter, is sent ridin' out on our hearts *horse do combat*." At one time he was describing in glowing colours, and burning words, the battle of Queenston Heights, and at last perorated with "we put them to an ig—ig—ig:—licked 'em like blazes." The word, "ignominious" passed into oblivion. He was a good man, and died, fulfilling his mission. Those were the days of doughnuts saturated in fat; of striated pork and sputtering gravy; of porous buckwheat pancakes piled into stratified mounds, piping hot; of salt-yeast bread, light as our consciences, and moulded into the shape of a circular bake-kettle, or the short-handled frying-pan or "spider;" and of butter, as yellow as gold of Ophir, without villainous compounds or chemicals, to put on a cloak of saffron hypocrisy, viz: to appear what it is not, and hide what it is: and composed of the *omnium gatherum* which necessity and experience know how to use to advantage. Books were few, and, like precious ointment, preserved with miserly care. A Pilgrim's Progress, which in the simplicity of budding manhood, I supposed contained a *bona fide* account of Mr. Christian and family. A Shakspeare, with "The Merry Wives of Windsor" badly dilapidated, and *shredy*, and leaf begrimmed with the chimney smoke of several years. A "Boston's Fourfold State;" (to which a fifth might have been added,) a "Pollok's Course of Time," and a "Paradise Lost," all of which are far from complimentary to much abused humanity. My study was a garret, whose cobwebbed walls, rough rafters, and clattering slab-roof could bear witness to the late hours of—not a pale student—but a brown sun-burned, swarthy youth in *dishabille*, sweltering in the heat of a

summer night, or up to the chin in bed-clothes, with the thermometer in temper hyperborean, and a tallow candle determinedly unning to wick, instead of the "midnight oil" somebody is ugubrious about. In summer when mosquitoes are in prime order, spirits, and high hopes, concentration of ideas was not to be thought of, when these cannibals were on a raid: although they might not, like crocodiles, weep tears of joy over their victims, yet they did what was far worse, tantalize to exasperation, by singing with great glee their triumphal choruses, and at the same time making first class efforts, according to ability, to bleed to death, plus torture, the objects of sanguinary attention. The frogs, jubilant and uproarious, with bass, tenor and falsetto, and the mosquitoes humming a battle cry, will yet be obliged to advertise for an impartial biographer to write their history, and a sublime bard to immortalize their exploits in Runic rhyme, or heroics. Were I able, or disposed to poetize, and in sad accents quote Ossian or McPherson, when either of those gentlemen sang vicariously, through a bard or hero, in comparison to whose muscle Goliath was a child in pinafore, I might sing "The days which are past—they come before me with all their deeds."

It seems but yesterday since I waddled over the *Pons Asinorum* by the side of log-heap fires in the back-field at the gloaming, and cut mathematical figures on beech trees with a jack-knife. The scars of this early devotion to Euclid remain as a shrine for me, a weary, spavined pilgrim, to visit *semi-occasionally*, and thus renew my acquaintance with the Dryads of that locality. Those log-heap fires seemed like the camp-fires of a mighty army. They were the work of spoilers and forest-conquerors, whose thirst for the life-blood of these giants of mountain and valley has impelled to sweeping away umbrageous glories unsparingly, which a century or more can scarce replace. The axe of the white man has swept them away. Our highways, our fields, our gardens, were ruthlessly denuded of trees and shrubs. Bubbling springs, that were thought to be perennial, dry up when the foliage no longer shelters the fountains; and musical brooks, which beautified the landscape, exhale away in the glare of the summer's sun. Cosy retreats of nature, in the glen or on the hill, where bowers were rich in flowery and leafy glory; and to which I often hied with delight, and saw in animated nature and in inanimate creation the different parts of a grand epic poem, in harmony with the world beyond, and in

sweet accord with a mind tuned to join in the grand rythm and jubilee of those matchless existences,—

"Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divina."

The mind, revelling in the richness of such scenes, and seeing design everywhere, revolts at the creed which sings:

"Infinity within, infinity without belis creation.
The inexterminal spirit it contains
Is Nature's only God."

(To be continued.)

MOSKOVA.

Pierre Jambel, on the third of May,*
Sat on the bench and smoked, cross-kneed,
Red-breeched, one-armed, gaunt, wiry and grey,
Beside the Hotel des Invalides,
And told to his comrades old, and me,
Long tales of the fights and sights he saw,
When the "Little Corporal" and he
Made their retreat from Moskova.

"My comrades," said he, "you've heard me tell—
Some once or twice,—it was snow, snow, snow,
That heavily, night and day, down fell
Till the heavens above and the earth below,
Were one universal winding sheet,—
Pouf for the Cossacks! 'twas not their host,
(A pack of wolves!) that hurried our feet,
But the black and the bitter frost.

"The breath fumed like to a furnace smoke,
The skin was tanned of a tropic brown,
The feet and fingers festered and broke,
Men chilled and stiffened and settled down

* Napoleon died at St. Helena, on the 3rd of May. His remains rest in the Invalides at Paris.

In their graves of snow and left no mark,
Or gazed at the passers with frozen eyes,
And dead men stood up stony and stark
Neath the bleak and pitiless skies.

“One night, on the halt, I staggered in,
Bearing a sous-lieutenant of ours,—
A weakly lad, and his cloak was thin,
And frozen stiff with the sleety showers,
For many a man lay down at night,
That never would wake at early morn,
So I brought him in,—his weight was light,—
And he was both wounded and worn.

“I laid him by a bivouac fire,
Where a group of officers there stood
And coaxed with slivers the sickly pyre,
And crouched for heat round the frozen wood,
So weary was I, I scarce took note,
That one spoke to me, was sitting by,
Who wore a little grey riding coat,
And that was”——“the EMPEROR?” “Aye!”

“‘Your name?’ ‘Jambel.’ ‘Corps?’ ‘Carabineers.’
‘Pray spare me a draught from your canteen;’
I gave it, and scarce could stem my tears
To note he was so haggard and lean;
Avaunt such memories! grim, unthawn,
Ill fortune had come to cry us quits,
The morrow brought Beresina’s dawn
And not the sun of Austerlitz.

“When once again, in the hundred days,
I stood on guard at the Tuileries,
Napoleon rede, in the brilliant blaze
Of France’s chivalry, grand to see,—
Army on army in armed parade
By princes marshalled, went marching by,
But he reined his charger near and said,
‘Jambel, *mon brave*?’ ‘Sire! it is I’

"Then with his own imperial hand
 This cross of honor he gave to me,
 And on my lapel he looped the band,
 Where, ever, it rests as you may see,
Saprr-remment, comrades! the eagle's flight
 Was soon to cleave through the darkening air,
 And the sword of France in her might and right,
 Was to rouse the foe in his lair.

"All Europe mustered in wild alarm—
 I brought off a sabre-slash or two,
 (*Bah!* they were nought—) and left an arm
 In front of the farm of Waterloo;—
 Comrades! some of *your* blood hath dyed
 St. Jean's red field, need I more to say,
 Save the prisoned eagle heavenward hied
 One sad third of the month of May.

"Once more, when returned from St. Helene,
 His vieux moustaches the coffin bore,
 And I, as one who had service seen,
His cross that he gave, on my bosom wore,
 And walked as a mourner all the way.
He rests in France: *I* have nought to need;
 But keep my watch with my comrades grey
 On guard beside the Invalides.

"And when the adjutant up on high
 Shall call my name on the muster-roll,
 The little corp'ral will know 'tis I.
 In glory as well as sorrow and dole
 I followed his fate, I wept his fall,
 I gave him my blood, I bore his bier,—
 And ready am I when Death shall call,
 'Sergeant Jambel!' to answer 'Here!'"

Lack-a-day! it is many a day,
 More, i'faith, than I care to heed,
 Since on that third of the month of May,
 I sat on the bench of the Invalides,

And was told this tale by the Carabinier ;
And I marvelled much at the curious chance
That the tomb of Napoleon I. was here,
And Napoleon III. on the throne of France.

HUNTER DUVAR.

THOUGHTS ON GREAT CITIES.

BY THE REV. M. HARVEY.

ONE of the most striking features of the age we live in is, that men are getting more and more massed in cities, and that these cities are rapidly enlarging, without any discoverable limits to their growth, and that, from these centres, mighty influences are going forth over the world. In these narrow bounds, where humanity is heaped together, vast social and moral forces are at work. Human nature, under outward influences, is here assuming a peculiar type and development ; the physical and moral man are moulded in a certain way, and thus the whole social fabric is shaped and influenced. True, indeed, that, in all ages, there have been great cities ; but it is only in modern times, with the advance of manufacturing industry, and the expansion of commerce, that their proportions have become gigantic. The application of steam-power to manufactures, and the consequent enormous increase of production, has given an immense impetus to the growth of cities and towns ; has drawn together from hamlet and village, hill and vale, millions of workers, to earn their daily bread in the factory, the forge, or the workshop ; and also attracted myriads to minister to the wants or pleasures of the toilers and traders.

What are we to think of these great sensoriums of our living humanity ? What ends are they subserving ? Are we to consider them curses or blessings ? Are they elevating or depressing, in their influences on the human family ? These smoke-covered spots, filled with a seething humanity from attic to cellar, resounding with the din of labour and traffic, where the battle of life is fought with such fierce intensity, where thought is so active and toil so terrible, and life, in all its forms, so swift and energetic, what a study they furnish to a thoughtful mind ? Amid the

roar of the crowded street, the clatter of machinery, and the blows falling fast and heavy on the anvil of labour, even a poet might find inspiration and materials for song, no less than in the flower-clad vale, or on the heaven-kissing mountain. For these multitudes, rushing along the stony arteries of our great cities, with all their "sins and sorrows," their surging passions, hopes and fears, amid their silks and tatters, and all their extremes of weal and woe, are a part of our humanity on its march onward and upward; and if the poet's imagination could but "body forth" the meaning of all this turmoil, and interpret aright the passions, forces, joys and woes which are urging on the living mass, what a noble poem, inspiring lyric or thrilling tragedy would be woven from such materials! Each of these fitting figures hurrying along the street is a distinct item of our humanity, carrying a world of its own within, and working out a distinct destiny. That sea of human faces, on each of which care, anxiety, calculation, disappointment, hope or joy are written, how they impress the thoughtful or poetic mind!—

"Let us move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

"How fast the fitting figures come,
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

"They pass—to toil, to strive, to rest;
To halls in which the feast is spread;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

"Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass and heed each other not;
There is who heeds, who holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought.

"These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end."

When we turn to consider the tendency of the great cities of the old world, with all their drawbacks, it must be admitted that their influence was largely productive of good. The best thinking of

the times was concentrated in these cities, where the most cultured minds were drawn together, where education was most advanced, and whence quickening influences went forth. They urged on the car of human progress, and gradually prepared the world for the dawning of a brighter day. More especially by their commercial relations did the great cities of the ancient world aid the progress of ideas and promote human intercourse. Phœnicia, the oldest of all trading communities, of whom we know anything, was long a bright spot amid the general gloom; and from its two queenly cities, Tyre and Sidon, civilizing influences went forth over the world. The commerce of Tyre reached almost every corner of the world, as then known. Her keels furrowed the blue waters of the Mediterranean in all directions, leaving no part of its coasts unexplored, no portion of its natural riches neglected, and rendering a sea, so feared and dreaded by others, a safe and useful watery way. Eastward the arms of her commerce reached the interior of Asia, and the dwellers on the Euphrates, the Tigris and the Indus sent their rich contributions to the stores of Tyrian merchants. From the African desert, the banks of the Nile, the south coast of Britain, the shores of the Baltic, the warehouses of this queen of the Mediterranean were filled with merchandize; and there was scarce a nation on the globe to whom the Phœnicians were not benefactors, and by whom the ships of Tyre and Sidon were not hailed as messengers of peace and good will. Afterwards Grecian power arose, and Athens and Corinth became rivals of Tyre and Sidon, but still benefiting the world by their rivalry and advancing the interests of civilization. But as these cities advanced in population, they found it necessary to plant colonies along the Mediterranean shores. In this way Carthage, an off-shoot of Tyre, rose to be the western queen of the Mediterranean, the great rival of Rome, and Syracuse became the greatest port in Sicily. Carthage, Corinth and Athens all fell beneath the powerful arm of Rome; but with all her tyranny and grim cruelty, old Rome did a mighty stroke of work in the world's progress. Roman armies were the pioneers of civilization, all over western Europe, piercing the forests and swamps of Germany, France and Britain, and laying down those gigantic roads which spread, as a great network, over the known world. Roman commerce, too, was world-wide. In the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean, merchant-ships of Rome covered the waters, and by the

ties thus established, Europe, Asia and Africa were linked together in mutual dependence. When the "star of empire" passed from Rome, other great cities arose and found a wider field than ever for their beneficial exercise. The Italian Republics of the middle ages appeared; and Florence, Genoa and Venice seemed to eclipse the old glories of Tyre, Corinth and Carthage. Civilization was travelling westward, and a young Europe was advancing with giant strides; and soon, on the very shores where once Tyrian merchants had purchased amber from barbarous tribes, the Free Cities of Germany arose, and far outshone old Tyre and Sidon in the skill of their manufactures and the vastness of their commercial speculations. But with the circumnavigation of Africa and the discovery of America, a new era was ushered in. The glory and importance of the Mediterranean were eclipsed, when once a watery highway to India was discovered. It had played its part in the world's history, but now the great human march took another direction. The Old World poured its teeming populations upon the shores of the New; and history opened a new page in her mystic volume.

Thus then the cities of the old world were most important agents in advancing the cause of civilization. They were mainly dependent on commerce for their prosperity; and by linking together continent and island, and distributing over the earth the productions of nature, art and industry, they at once promoted human brotherhood and aided powerfully in the circlution of new ideas. When we turn to the cities of the modern world, we find a marked contrast, in one respect, to those of former ages—we see that their origin may be traced mainly to the genius of labour. Take England as an illustration of this; and it is evident that Anglo-Saxon industry has built her great cities and given her the supremacy which she wields. Manufacturing skill and energy have covered the land with those vast structures which everywhere meet the eye. The Norman Conquest introduced the Feudal System into England, by which the vassals and retainers were grouped around the baron's castle for protection and employment. But very early, industry erected her pavilion and exchange here. The swarthy mechanic who was employed in constructing the proud baron's chain-mail, his casque, his banner and plume, and the trader who was bringing the rich argosies of the east to minister to the idleness and luxury of prince and noble, gradually

Grew up into a powerful and wealthy class—the burghers, the traders, mechanics, manufacturers and merchant-princes of England. These have been largely the founders of England's greatness, and the architects of her liberties. These "captains of industry," with their subjects, founded the manufacturing and commercial cities which have now grown into such huge dimensions. Gradually the vassals gathered to these seats of liberty, where labour met with its reward, and grew into independence. Union was found to be strength; and these industrial masses became powerful and wealthy, and able to wring charters, guilds, and protection from kings, and to cope with haughty barons, who despised their birth but were unable to curb their power. Thus freedom grew up on English soil. Every reign gave to its citizens a more commanding position. The power of king and nobles declined, until the town superseded the village, and trade gave the death-blow to feudalism, as the cities enlarged and improved, and were filled with wealthy traders, independent manufacturers, and sturdy workers and artisans.

The great cities of England, created in this way, were the birth places of freedom—the parents of those mighty liberties and institutions which have placed Britain in the van of the nations; and they were all the creations of industry. Where once stood the quiet village or the lonely hamlet, now a vast hive of industry has taken possession, and the whole scene resounds with the forges, the hammers and the looms of industrial prowess. The tall chimney of the factory, pours out its heavy volumes of smoke; the once limpid stream is dark with the impurities of a hundred mills, and the din of a busy swarm of toilers breaks upon the ear. Here is the great manufacturing city, one of the vertebrae of the nation—the stronghold of freedom, in whose condensed population a wondrous might is slumbering. Here thought becomes fearless and independent, and verdicts are given which determine the policy of the Empire. Wordsworth has drawn a fine picture of these social growths of the new era:—

"Meanwhile, at social industry's command,
How quick, how vast an increase—from the germ
Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced,
Here a huge town, continuous and compact
Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and there,
Where not a habitation stood before,
Abodes of men irregularly massed,

Like trees in forests, spread through spacious tracts
 O'er which the smoke of unrelenting fires
 Hangs permanent and plentiful as wreaths
 Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.
 Hence is the wide sea peopled—hence the shores
 Of Britain are resorted to by ships,
 Freight from every climate of the world,
 With the world's choicest produce. Hence that sum
 Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
 Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;

Finally,

Hence a dread arm of floating power, a voice
 Of thunder, daunting those who would approach
 With hostile purposes, the blessed isle,
 Truth's consecrated residence,—the seat
 Impregnable of liberty and peace."

In truth that social industry, as exhibited in her great manufacturing and commercial cities, is the basis of England's greatness and power, and affords the best of all pledges for the permanency of her civilization. It is the genius of industry that has achieved her mightiest triumphs, breathed into the heart of her sons a spirit of lofty independence, and made them strong both in doing and endurance. It is the same spirit that has made the power of England so dominant that forty millions of British stock rule, at this moment, more than two hundred millions of souls, or a sixth of the world's population. To the same indomitable industry it is owing that in Britain, at this moment, the power of machinery in mills is equal to six hundred millions of men—one man being able, by the aid of steam, to do the work which required two hundred and fifty men to accomplish fifty years ago. This has given to Britain fifty thousand ships, more than a thousand millions of pounds sterling as the floating capital of her commerce, and enabled her to expend, in four years, three hundred millions in railways alone. Had England's supremacy been gained by conquest alone—by a nation of warriors—her civilization would decline and vanish like that of all conquering races, because fighting must come to a close, and can never be a permanent source of greatness. But England's greatness has been achieved by honest toil, in conformity with the great law of Providence, and to this there is no natural limit, and in this civilization there is a pledge of future action. The conquests of labour in subduing the earth, and ministering to human wants, and advancing human happiness, have no bounds, for there never can be a want of more worlds to conquer.

Thus in the world's great economy, in the progress of humanity, great cities have played an indispensable and beneficial part. Wanting them, it is difficult to conceive how the world could have reached its present stage of advance, or how the future is to surpass the present. Without these social ganglia how could thought be concentrated, and opinions be made to show their consequences, and ideas be transmitted with due rapidity? For good or ill, the city is as a mighty electric battery, from which come those shocks that determine the line of action. Here men can promptly meet together and discharge their thoughts. The preacher has not to travel far for his audience, nor have the people to wander weary miles in search of their teacher. All intellectual and moral appliances are here collected and stored, ready for use, and are, by combination, cheapened and brought within the reach of the masses. For good and noble ends the city is a mighty agency; and from it go forth much that tends to elevate and purify our race.

The good, however, is far from being unmixed with evil. The city presents the most glaring contrasts of grandeur and debasement, of glory and gloom, of extreme majesty and extreme misery. What contrasts and conflicts,—what heroisms and failures! The rustle of silk, the flashing of jewels, the pomp and pride of wealth, and close by these, the fluttering of rags, the pallid cheek of famine, the saddened home, the blight and curse of drunkenness, crime and vice. Into the great city all the glory and ghastliness of the nation seem to have poured their tributary streams. You walk through its parks, its galleries, its museums, its saloons, thronged by fashion and respectability, and you are gladdened by the sights of what refined taste and wealth have done to beautify human existence, and diffuse the means of enjoyment. But you have only to step a few yards from the fashionable thoroughfare, and sights will meet your eye which make the heart ache, and raise terrible problems over which philanthropy and religion are almost rendered despondent. In the back lane, in the foul court are savages worse than any in the far-off islands of the sea—dark souls whose objects of idolatry are the bottle or the dice-box, sunk in vice and animality. Humanity, in its most debased and hideous types, is here. The moan of wretchedness, the cry of distress, the stunted form, the pinched features,—what a contrast they present to the glitter and pride which are rushing by so

carelessly! What is a walk through the excavated chambers of Pompeii or Nineveh, compared with an exploration of a great city filled with the stern and awful life of the present! Gaunt and famished poverty side by side with the magnificence of wealth; innocence and purity robed in their loveliest form, and, at hand, shame and depravity in their most hideous shapes; the princely mansion flanked by the filthy den in the noisome court—all meet here in sharp contrast. True, there are churches, colleges, lyceums, schools, asylums for the helpless, hospitals for the diseased, refuges for the destitute, ragged schools and reformatories, but also lanes and streets which are lazar-houses, temptations that are death, dens of riot and infamy where all the foulness of the human heart finds vent, in full-blown luxuriance. In fact all forms of human corruption are, in this centre of human activity, encircled by splendours and contrasted with purities and kindly charities, and sweet domestic affections. The great city is an epitome of man in his greatness and vileness, in his nobleness and depravity, in his fierce passions and tender sympathies—in the strangely mingled good and evil, of this “beast-god.” In this great wilderness of brick and mortar, you may meet with the most frightful embodiments of depravity, but also with the noblest and tenderest heroism,—the most beautiful family affections, and amid all the guilt of the city, proofs of beautiful immortal love. Here womanhood toils on patiently, face to face with death, yet preserves its purity; and there poverty shares its crust ungrudgingly with wretchedness still more extreme. Here is youth cheerfully struggling under heavy burdens, that an aged father and mother may be kept from poverty’s last resource. The true greatness of our nature shines out here. If the great city has furnished the sad materials for “The Song of the Shirt” and “The Bridge of Sighs” and “The Work House Clock,” it produced, too, a Hood, with his gentle heart and tender pity, to plead for the unfortunate in their misery. If these hard, selfish streets, where Mammon grinds and toils, year by year, witness some of the greatest miseries and degradations of humanity, they exhibit, too, instances of the noblest tenderness and benevolence, yearning over misery to relieve it and want to supply its need. Thus a little divine light falls upon “The City—its Sins and its Sorrows,” and we feel that there is an eye of love watching over all—and that divine wisdom is at the helm:

"Thy Spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this external sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng,
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest speaks of Thee.

"And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast,—
The quiet of that moment too is thine,—
It breathes of him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps."

It has ever been in the city that the moralist, the satirist and the humorist have found their best materials, and gathered their most pointed lessons. For the great city, while it awakens at times "thoughts too deep for tears," as all genuine life does, also moves our smiles. Happily the oppressive realities of life are blended with its ludicrous aspects; and the vanities, the follies and crimes of our poor dear humanity, which might otherwise drive us to misanthropy, are relieved by presenting occasionally their comic aspect. Suppose that we were gifted with the wizard power of flying over the city and, at pleasure, lifting off the roofs, and peeping within,—or like Mephistopheles, could enter every dwelling unseen—what strange, laughter-moving revelations we should find shrouded within these walls of stone! If we could strip off the masks which hide us from one another, and under cover of which we are walking about, would not the difference between the reality and the semblance produce effects too tragic, if not possessed of a ludicrous side as a relief? For, in truth, as Thackeray has said, "We are all marked,—a distinct universe is under every hat and bonnet, and in every house is a closet with a skeleton in it," on which the key is carefully turned. Thus, then, the great multitude enclosed in the city, formed of so many discordant elements, rushes along, restless, toiling, striving, and over all the everlasting skies. Let us hear the great *litterateur*, in his "Sartor Resartus," discoursing from his watch-tower, on the city, as it sleeps beneath, at the midnight hour:—"Oh under that hideous coverlet of vapours and putrefactions and unimaginable gases, what a fermenting vat lies simmering and hidden. The joyful and sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born, men are praying—on the other side of a brick partition

men are cursing; and all around them is the vast void night. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but in the condemned cell the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and blood-shot eyes look out through the darkness which is around and within for the light of a stern last morning. Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie around in horizontal position, their heads all in night-caps and full of the foolishhest dreams. All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them—crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel, or sweltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others, such work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!"

One thought is cheering amid all that is painful and discouraging in the aspects of the great city:—If there be regions, as there are, where the grimmest poverty, and the most brutal ignorance, and the most awful moral depravity ferment, destroying both soul and body; if there are whole areas in which the honest poor are forced to dwell in houses destructive of health, and breathing an atmosphere reeking with abominations, deprived of pure water and almost of the very light of heaven; if villainy and crime and unnameable horrors stalk about without a blush, and childhood itself is trained in iniquity; still these evils are now at least fully recognized; and some of the most benevolent minds are working at the vast problem—how to meet the poverty, ignorance and moral pestilences which pervade these centres of a living humanity. That it will require years of patient toil and energy and self-sacrifice to make an impression on the terrible evils that oppress us, no one can doubt; but at least the work of reformation is begun. And thus the great city, with its toils, sins and sorrows, still whispers hope for our dear humanity;—

"Sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrong the eternal right;
And step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man,—
That all of good the past hath had,
Remains to make our own time glad;—
And still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold:—
Slaves rise up men,—the olive waves
With roots deep-set in battle graves.

Through the harsh voices of our day,
A low sweet prelude finds its way,
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.
That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star;
That light, the breaking day which tips
The golden-spired Apocalypse."

SONNET.

UPON the beach I walked at eve alone,
And listened to the moaning of the Sea,
And watched the sails that in the moonlight shone
At the horizon.

Unto me

There came a voice, as from below the waves,
"The shimmering sails will soon be seen no more,
And as we sweep thy footprints from the shore,
Time mosses o'er a world of unknown graves:
And it is well. If men could not forget,
With phantoms all the earth would peopled be—
The ghosts of buried joys their hearts would fret,
A flood of tears, like blood, would drown the Sea.
Rail not at Time, the healer of thy woes—
Like those thou hast forgotten shalt thou at last repose."
ENYLLA ALLYNE.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE
SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

III.

AT the outskirts of this village, a *gawce* maiden presented me with several fine specimens of sweet potatoes, baked, saying, "Farewell, young sir,—think you can tote these yer taters?" I received the gift with many thanks, assuring her that my heart was swollen with gratitude.

"It is all I have to offer you, Johnny," spoke the lassie, in a musical voice, "for Jeff's boys stole all dad's hogs, and we aint got no bacon, but dad says dog on the hogs, all he wants is to see our chaps whop the Yanks."

I laughed heartily at the remarks of this rural belle. Her dark flashing eyes sparkled with kindly glances as I bade her adieu, and she tripped away, with a gentle smile playing over her winsome countenance. I had a sandy road to travel, with a valise strapped on my back after the fashion of a knapsack. The few people I met in these wilds followed me with their eyes afar off. Darkness soon fell, and on either side rose a dense forest of pine. The hoot-owls screeched superlatively, serenading me along. A shot from my pistol, fired in their direction, caused the carnivorous birds to cease their disagreeable *clish-clash*, and its echoes resounded, bang! bang! through the woods. A fox bound answered with a "bow wow," and darted searchingly among the trees. No habitation was nearer than five miles away, and I was surprised to meet this animal in these solitudes. I coaxed him up to me, and after several futile efforts, was permitted to pat his handsome head. The famished dog ravenously devoured a big "tater" thrown from my hands; lifting his tail proudly he licked my fingers, and followed me, much to my delight, for the slaves had informed me that "right smart of bars and wild-cat war 'bout de woods." Now and then I would pass a plantation or a village of dilapidated log huts. Two nights I found shelter in the cabin homes of negroes. On another occasion I slept under the lee of a huge log, and gladdened the eyes of snakes and raccoons by making a grand fire. On its hissing embers I broiled a salt mullet, *Bonne bouche*. My canine friend gazed wistfully into my face, seeming to say: "Halves now, Johnny." We both lunched to our hearts content. I poured a *nip* of peach-brandy into a tin mug, and drank "good appetite" to my new acquaintance. The dog sniffed at the empty can and turned his nose quickly away—sneezing. I christened him *Bonnie*; he proved to be a most faithful creature, and quite likely had been the property of some Southern sportsman, who had marched to the battle-field months before, never to return. Bonnie was about the size of a harrier; was handsomely marked black and white, with a long nose, broad chest, and graceful limbs. Among dog-fanciers he would have been considered a beautiful animal.

My journey was exceedingly fatiguing. It was the month of June. Peach trees were adorned with their golden fruit. I sampled a few. The sun's fiery beams almost scorched my face; my poor feet were sore and galled.

A thunder shower would often drench me thoroughly. Sol could then shine forth, and dry me in half an hour. The air was oppressively hot, like the sultry and heating solano breezes of the Mediterranean. On my way I shot a rattle-snake. It was coiled in the road; I considered its length about five feet. A ugly wanderer he was, and his rattles I bore off as a trophy. They are now within the reach of my pen, and number seven and half horny joints. This ornament I cut off, after severing his body with my keen dagger. At a branch of the Cape Fear River, I took boat and crossed over a wide inky stream. Alligators found home in its depths. My oarsman, who was blacker than a polished boot-heel, told me "de alligator knock pig off bank wid he tail, den gush um in he mouf."

The darkey was so delighted with a new song he had learned, that I could get few answers to questions.

"How far now to Wilmington?" I would enquire.

"Right smart massa,"—

"Oh I am a Richmond soldier,
I belong to the Richmond blues;
Some one's stole me knapsack,
And some Yankee's stole me shoes,
I'll lay ten dollars down,
And count them one by one,
That the next time that we meet them,
The Yankees they will run,
Eh-wow, heigh-ho."

I was landed on *Green Swamp*, about four miles from Wilmington. The scenery was of a most hideous character. As far as the eye could reach was one expanse of muddy, slimy pools, and the atmosphere was impregnated with the effluvia. This swamp was one living world, as it were, of snakes, a hundred varieties, sizes and colours. I walked or waded all the distance in from one to four inches of foul water, through which long black snakes darted in advance of me, as if leading the way to perdition. Sometimes the back of a sluggish young alligator would sink out of view at my approach. There was no want of animation here; occasionally a tortoise or two would lazily flop aside to let the

"lord of creation" by. Reptiles on either side of the highway or rather lowway, beheld me with astonishment, dodging their shining heads up and down like the natives of Siam, prostrating themselves before *their* white elephant. I amused myself firing my revolver at random among them.

Two hours' walk, under a sweltering sun, found me near a railway depôt. On the opposite side of the river stood the city of Wilmington, on a rising ground, prettily situated and handsomely built. A kind of foggy smoke hovered over the house-tops, and on the river's shining bosom were gracefully moored a number of beautiful blockade-running steamers, some of which bore the English ensign, and others flew the *stars and bars*. A steam ferry-boat carried me to the city, and I took up lodgings at the Palmetto Hotel, kept by a good-hearted old Englishman named Bailey. Having letters to the host from Longfellow, I was very kindly received. The contents of my valise, like the clothes on my back, were more useful than elegant. My shabby "fit out" was not noticed, for many of the guests, who were army officers of all grades, wore threadbare grey and sorry looking shoes.

Wilmington and its surroundings appeared decidedly warlike. Thousands of cavalry and infantry were marching through day after day, their bands generally playing "Dixie's Land," or "The Bonnie Blue Flag." These troops were not gaudily attired, and they lacked the dignified step of English soldiers; yet they were as handsome a body of men as ever I had seen in Europe or America.

The draft of \$400 that I had received from Longfellow was very slightly valued by me. I felt almost certain that the *Sunbury* would be "cut out" or destroyed, as Yankee blockaders were hovering about Little River with a vigilant eye. I expected that Longfellow would become bankrupt eventually, and had no belief whatever that the New York house—on whom the bill was drawn—would accept it, or become liable for the amount; therefore I wasted few thoughts concerning this asset, and charged it in my mind to *Suspense Account*. My purse contained about \$600 of Confederate bank-notes, which were fundable in stocks or bonds of the Confederate States two years after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the *Confederate* and the *United States*. I could not exchange this currency for gold or silver, and it was worthless out of the South. I therefore determined to circulate it in the land of its birth, so I "went through" the "little pile." *A tort et a travers.*

A carriage waited upon me at my hotel door. A saddle-horse was at my call every morning at sunrise, penniless soldiers saluted me most respectfully, whispering in my ears, as a *great secret*, where the *Eau de vie* might be obtained. With my sporting dog Bonnie at my heels, and an umbrella handle for a cane, I was looked upon as a rustic "blood," or, as Captain Shellback would express it, "a heavy swell on a lee shore."

The Mayor of the city examined my passport, informing me that my chances of getting out of the country were few. With a broiling sun overhead, I pushed along through dusty streets—among swarms of soldiers and negroes going from one pedant in authority to another, in order to procure passes to leave the South. I was referred by one to another, until I almost lost hope. As a last trial, I repaired to the head-quarters of General Whiting, the commander-in-chief of the forces of North Carolina. Hat in hand I was ushered into the presence of this gentleman, after anxiously waiting half a day for admittance. To him I briefly stated my wishes. His reply was short, hinting that he had no power to grant my request. He further remarked that Wilmington was under martial law, and appeared to be surprised that I had not been arrested as a straggler. Several officers of high rank entered the apartment. They were smoking cigars, and talking in undertones about *yesterday's* battle. After a long parley with the general they took hasty leave, and this gentleman told me that he had travelled through the Maritime Provinces, and had not a doubt but that I was a *Bluenose* and British subject. I was bound by many solemn oaths "Not to take up arms against the Confederacy, or inform any one out of the country of what I might know concerning the weakness of the points I had visited." General Whiting then presented to my joyful gaze the priceless pass out of *the South*. Several months after this I was informed that the General had been killed at the battle of Fort Fisher, having received eleven wounds.

A few days subsequent found me and Bonnie on board of the steamer *Ruby*. We had carefully made our way twenty miles down the Cape Fear River, through a channel only wide enough for two ships to pass. On either side of this marine highway, hundreds of triangular-shaped instruments of iron were sunk for the purpose of intercepting the enemy, should they advance up stream. Heavy chains were strung out from the shores on immense buoys. Under

the shady banks of the river were anchored large flat-boats, in which were coiled reserved lengths of cable, so that one hour's warning from Fort Fisher or Fort Caswell might see the powerful barriers connected in a dozen spans. The *Ruby* was anchored under the guns of a masked battery near the sea. Darkness spread over the surroundings. The ground mound or "right arm" of Fort Fisher loomed grimly before us—a "young Gibraltar" of sand. The great guns on its towering heights pointed seaward, towards a numerous fleet of Yankee gunboats and frigates that were moored *hull down* off the coast. All was silent save the murmuring waters that licked the sides of our long snake-like craft, flowing musically by with rippling sounds, so familiar to the sailor's ear. Slipping our moorings, we steamed slowly ocean-ward. After running outside the forts, our lights were extinguished and all hands ordered below, the captain, pilot, and helmsman only remaining on deck. We crept outward with great caution, and after gaining certain soundings, headed up coast for a few leagues, and then directing our course broad off shore opened up all steam. Away we flew through the fleet of war-ships, on, on, how handsomely we clipped the waves! The night was quite dark, and a freshening breeze brought with it a drizzling rain. "Hard-a-port! hard down your helm; steady; wheel amidships; all right again; keep your course." We had narrowly escaped colliding with a frigate on our larboard bow. "Halloo! the Yankees have seen us." Up rises a dozen screeching rockets; darkness, for a moment, gives place to dazzling light; lanterns flash simultaneously over the black waters; volleys from small arms fall harmlessly short of us; round shot and shell scream high over head. Our vessel was exceedingly low in the water. All hands were now piped on deck, for we were past danger, at least for the present, and three cheers rang merrily from the *Ruby's* crew. A good offering being made, the people were served with grog, after which watches were set, the wheel relieved, and we plowed with trembling velocity through the snow-crested billows. The sandy shores of North Carolina vanished from my gaze, and overjoyed at gaining my liberty I whistled and danced half the night. I was on deck, sipping my coffee, at the dawn of morning. The glorious sun rose—

"Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

Nothing was to be seen in the distance, but a boundless waste of cerulean waters. On the second morning out, we sighted the Bahamas. Numerous little silvery clusters, apparently a long way off, suddenly rose before us, from the blue ocean, as if just born from the sparkling and peaceful sea. Charming was the scene; beaches and little coves of marble whiteness, abounding with shells which some *Norther* had hurled above high water mark. On the summit of these isles grew thickly, the shady *thatch*, and among its pithy branches, exquisitely coloured lizards played; chasing each other through the scentless shrubbery, now and then scrambling up the slender trunks of iron-wood trees.

Steaming proudly into Green Turtle Bay, we anchored for a few hours. We expected to meet Yankee cruisers in these waters, but were agreeably disappointed. Again we unmoored, and ran at full speed for Nassau, New Providence. At this city of white, chalky houses, Jalousie balconies, and shady groves, we safely arrived. The sun was sinking in the western horizon, beckoning onward the sable face of darkness. Twilight is unknown in these latitudes. The fragrance of ripened fruit, wafted off shore by the breezes, combined with the air of freedom around, caused my soul to rejoice, and I thanked the pretty little goddess, *Fortuna*. I built castles in the clouds. My future seemed a vast hunting-ground of green hills, pleasant paths, and highways of flowers. I looked upon the world as "my oyster,"—but its shell I have not yet opened—the *pearl* I have not found. *Secundum artem*, I was on deck at the first coming of *Aurora*. Her majestic groom, arrayed in purple robes, appeared above the eastern landscape, his wonderful countenance, peeping through groves of bananas and sapodillas, caused their verdant leaves to glisten like a fairy forest. Tall cocoanut trees rose above the house tops, and orange blossoms wafted their delicious perfumes, reminding me of the odoriferous may-flower. We were anchored opposite Fort Charlotte. Near by was H. B. M.'s ship *Bulldog*. How proudly she rested on the roadstead. In full view, on shore, were ranged a fine structure of stone barracks, trimmed, as it were, with piazzas of iron lacework. Soldiers, blacker than the coals of Pennsylvania, promenaded about. The bugle-boy sounded cheerily his trumpet, the call for the morning meal. The war-ships piped their blue-jackets to breakfast, and the *Ruby's* boatswain whistled loudly, while our bell struck eight—the signal to "knock off for grub."

The day was hot, the thermometer standing at about ninety degrees in the shade. After sipping a mug of *Rio*, and dining on fried groupa and boiled hominy, I sought my toilet. My "good clothes" were as follows, viz.: a long tailed white coat, that had been given me by Longfellow, a pair of very fair dark broadcloth pants, and a sad looking linen shirt. I also was the proprietor of a black Kossuth hat, and a couple of canvas shoes, of my own manufacture. I was soon fully arrayed, and my entire wardrobe was on my person. After tossing my dilapidated carpet-bag overboard, I said good-bye to the *Ruby's* jolly crew, and was soon on *terra firma*.

Bonnie barked and flew wildly about, casting scornful glances at the low-bred curs of this tropic city. My cash capital was in the neighbourhood of \$8, and consisted of old silver coins I had purchased from Southern slaves. I was no stranger in Nassau, having resided there several months, two years previous to this visit. After walking about the wharves and piers, I bent my steps up town, where I met an old acquaintance or two, who appeared relieved to get away from my shabby appearance. Several blithe-some damsels passed me and tittered loudly—I suppose at my attire. Perceiving their "innocent mirth," I laughed heartily in return. So poor and penniless seemed my condition, that not a negro approached me to beg a check—three cent silver coin. I felt rather chilled at being, as it were, avoided by those I had of yore mingled with pleasantly; yet I consoled myself with the idea that I had found out the deceitfulness of their pretended friendship, and consequently would shun their contemptible society forever. Notwithstanding my chagrin, I longed for a suit of the "latest cut."

"*Comfort for three cents!*" I observed on a sign-board over a shop-door. I entered, enquiring its meaning. "Pure Havana Cigars" roared an Irishman, who stood behind the counter. I purchased a couple, lighted one, and took a seat under the friendly shade of an awning. I patted Bonnie's handsome back, and his friendly countenance expressed almost in words, that he was a "grateful fellow, and would not turn up his nose at my beef or broadcloth, if both *were* a little 'rusty.' " I strutted up and down the well-paved sidewalks, gazing at superb carriages that conveyed the ladies from store to store. Before their smiling faces danced little fans, which beat violently, without cessation, ninety-nine strokes to the minute.

Bonnie was admired by many of the fair ones. A goodly-sized old dame alighted from her *cabriolet*, and petted my canine companion. Touching his sleek fur with her parasol, she said he was "perfectly splendid." "Oh! my dear Mrs. Bigbug," cried another, "how perfectly awful for you to admire that great brute." Nevertheless Mrs. Bigbug wanted to purchase my four-legged friend, who cast on her a disdainful glance, and I walked away. Entering the lively market-place, I invested in a luscious pine-apple, which was handed me by a *Dame de la Halle*.

"Why, Massa Johnny!" shouted the well-fed old negress, "Why, whar you come from?"

"Well, Copia," I replied, recognizing her, "how do you do?"

"Oh, young Massa, me jess so so, chile, me berry glad to see you."

I found that my father was here, carrying on a multifarious business. I had left his employ in one of the Bahamas, and we had parted somewhat coldly—that is to say, he had condescended to grant me some advice previous to my dismissal from his "parental embrace," and I had considered his views on this occasion as, perhaps, more truthful than pleasant to my sensitive nature. As near as I can remember, he said: "Boy; you had better go now and hoe your own row. You are of no more use to me than two tails to a cat." He then extended me his blessing in corporeal form, to wit: a five dollar gold piece. Again I returned to his "kind protection," after a two years' absence—his only *Adonis*, with a coat on my back that would puzzle all the tailors in London to reconstruct suitable to my dimensions, eight dollars in my pocket, and a sporting dog at my heels. With doubts and fears I hastened to his domicile, which proved to be a large mansion, near the eastern esplanade, or suburbs of the town. The house was adorned by a great veranda of open lattice-work, from which extended a cheerful prospect. Little coral islands rose close by, the sea flowing along their iron shores, surging softly and sorrowfully. Sponging-sloops and wrecking-crafts floated carefully, at anchor, and under sail. Numerous lighters, bumboats and turtle-smacks moved leisurely over the waters. My paternal ancestor did not rise to welcome me. He was lounging sleepily in a huge easy chair, languidly smoking a black pipe. He received my hand. No "robe" was brought forth for me, neither was there a "ring" put on my finger, nor a calf killed that we

might "eat and be merry;" but the hostess—a curly-headed octoroon—presented me with a glass salvar, on which was a goodly slice of rosy water-melon, and a silver goblet of Spanish aquadent.

The Nassau darkeys styled my father "Massa Captain," and henceforth, to the end of this sketch, I shall give him the same title. The conversation that passed between us during this interview was laconic. He smiled at the "build" of my shoes, and advised me to "reef" the waist of my coat. He did not enquire if my financial position was sound, and hinted nothing concerning my future intentions, but with powerful emphasis recommended me to give away my dog, holding forth as a reason that "*it* not being acclimated, *rabies* would most certainly seize the animal, which would cause him to seize some nigger, then the nigger would go mad, and seize with his teeth some screaming wench or mule, or both, and then the whole Island would be seized with hydrophobia."

I assured "Massa Captain" that the *fauces* of my dog's mouth wore a very healthy appearance, and that he was no more likely to go out of his mind than was a soldier-crab to go out of his shell. I vouchsafed him my opinion that any *man* would go mad if he was not fed, and that my proper safeguard would be to give Bonnie wholesome diet, and that this would keep his organs of vision clear and bright.

Massa Captain re-filled his pipe, remarking that the "cur was as useless to me as five wheels would be to a coach, besides," he argued, "you will find trouble enough here to feed yourself."

I felt the correctness of these expressions, yet I was determined not to part with Bonnie. At this moment we were startled by a tremendous uproar in the dining-hall, where my dog was receiving a charge of cats; for the landlady, who was childless, kept seven of these four-legged thieves. Grass mats were tossed in the air like 'false hair in a whirlwind.' A large china spittoon was demolished, a heavy vessel of ice-water was capsized, and the hostess fainted in the arms of "Massa Captain." As the old saying is, here was "a pretty kettle of fish," and more noise and confusion than would proceed from a "hen-house in a hurricane." The engagement was soon decided in favour of the cats. Bonnie was severely wounded about the "head gear," and several of the enemy "ranged out of fire" badly "hulled" and otherwise "cut up." I left this house *sans ceremonie*, administering several kicks to my hound.

A brisk walk of half an hour found me near the western glacis of the city. I had intended to seek lodgings at a fourth-class hotel called the Matanzas House ; but the music of a brass band drew me past this building, and I strolled into a little park or parade-ground, fronting the barracks and officers' quarters, at which place were assembled a dense crowd of blacks and a few whites, of both sexes. I was soon in their midst, and stood listening to the band of the First West India Coloured Regiment. The musicians were tall blacks. The bandmaster was an Englishman. Several fine selections were rendered, and one familiar old tune reminded me of "departed joys." It was *Auld Lang Syne*.

"Halloo! young Johnny—why—why—where did you come from?" I heard shouted, as my hand was grasped. "Donald Kailbrose! old fellow!" I exclaimed, much delighted. We locked arms, walking slowly away. I found that my friend now held a purser's berth on board of the blockade-running steamer, *Little Scotia*. He had been left on shore *this* trip for the purpose of arranging some private business matters concerning his ship. Donald and I had pledged warm friendship for each other—almost a *prima vista*—from our rather romantic meeting on board his vessel at Little River Inlet. My companion would not accept *no* as an answer, and compelled me to room with him. I soon found myself well housed in first-class private lodgings.

(To be continued.)

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

Sabbata pango ; Funera plango ; Solemnia clango.

—INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL.

WITH deep affection and recollection
 I often think of those Shandon bells,
 Whose sound so wild would, in the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
 On this I ponder where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee ;
 With thy bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in Cathedral shrine,
 While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate—
 But all their music spoke naught like thine;
 For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
 And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
 But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly;—
 Oh! the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow; while on tower and kiosko!
 In St. Sophia the Turkoman gets,
 And loud in air calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
 But there's an anthem more dear to me,—
 'Tis the bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

FATHER PROUT.

MAURICE WENTWORTH'S CHARGE.

BY CORINNE.

I.

IT was a great day in K——, the last day of July. The little town, usually so quiet and sleepy, seemed all astir. More babies in long clothes were carried through the streets that day than had ever been seen out before. The centre of attraction was soon found to be the house of a young tradesman, whose only

daughter was to receive her name, and he received by baptism into the church, on that cloudless morning; and with whom boarded the young clergyman, Maurice Wentworth, who, though but a few weeks ordained, was apparently giving up his charge at a call more imperative than that of duty, and fading quietly away from earth to join the invisible church above. He had been boarding with Henry Deane ever since the latter's marriage, nearly two years, and when, after a short but severe illness, the doctor had pronounced his lungs unsound, and declared that he would never be fit for work again, and that, in all probability, a few months would end his earthly career, the first thought that suggested itself to the young couple, after the poignancy of their grief had subsided, was that their little four months old baby should be baptized by their friend.

He gladly consented, and still more gladly received similar requests from others in the town; and it was with something of his old, merry, pleasant manner that had so endeared him to his friends, that he informed Mrs. Deane, a day or two before the one decided on for the christening, that no fewer than fourteen others were to be baptized by him, and asked her permission to have them all there on the same day. "You know, Mrs. Deane," he said, "Dr. Sterndale forbids my going to the church, and I think it would be so pretty to receive all these lambs into the fold together. And who knows," he added, in a dreamy manner, "how it may affect their future lives and their relations to one another."

Mrs. Deane demurred. "I am afraid it will be too much for you," she said tenderly; "you will get excited and tired, and throw yourself back, and pay for your pretty scheme with pain and weakness and sleepless nights again."

"No, I think not," he said quietly. "I will keep calm, and rest now and then, and my nights are almost sleepless now, so that will be no change, and indeed I think it will be something pleasant to think about in the long night watches both before and after."

He won her over finally, and then set to work preparing for the important day, by earnest prayer and thought, while Mrs. Deane was preparing for it by making her house, herself and baby, as pretty as possible.

The doctor's approval was hardest to win, but the entreaties of

his young wife whose baby boy was not yet christened, added to the earnest pleadings of Maurice, and the fear that disappointment would be more hurtful to him than anything else now, won from him at length a grumpy consent.

The little sitting-room looked sweet and lovely in the freshness of the perfect summer morning. The spotlessness of the neat plain furniture, the white curtains pure and fresh, and the sweet abundance of flowers made it charming of itself, and when all the company had assembled that the room could hold, and the beloved young clergyman walked in and with a kindly glance and bow moved at once to his place at the farther end of the room, and the fair hostess, with her husband and baby, rose and stood before him, the scene was impressive in its repose and simplicity.

Maurice's voice was low and tremulous at first, but gained strength as he went on with the simple service. Little Lucy Deane was the first to receive her name and the blessing of the Church, and as he took her in his arms and looked down at the sweet little dimpled face, the liquid blue eyes and golden hair, he smiled at the infantine beauty he saw there, and before giving her back to her father's arms he pressed his lips to the rose-tinted cheek and whispered fervently "God bless little Lucy."

Next came the doctor with his great sturdy boy, "George Maurice." Then the doctor's cousin and guest, Mrs. Muller, a young bride of a few weeks, brought the baby-sister, confided to her care not many months before by her dying mother, to receive the stately name of "Katherine." Then followed others, boys and girls, of ages ranging from three weeks up to two years. The last and youngest of all was the child of a poor little widow, whose husband had died from the effects of a carriage accident two months before, and whose broken heart was soon, very soon, to cease its fitful throbbings. The frail little one was brought by her aunt, and amid a sympathizing group of friends was named "Edith." There was a special gravity and tenderness in Maurice's voice and manner in naming this little child of sorrow, and the silent prayer that accompanied it was fervent and sincere.

And now, after a general hand-shaking, hearty though quiet, Maurice is left to the rest he so sorely needs, with the parting injunction from the doctor not to move again all day, a command that he was not fated to obey.

Scarcely half an hour after the last guest had departed, as Mrs.

Deane was crossing the hall, she saw an odd-looking, elderly man, with a child in his arms, coming to the door. "Good-day ma'am," he said, in a gruff voice, "christenin's all over?"

"Oh, is it you Mr. Smith," she said, as she recognized in her visitor an eccentric old man who lived with his equally eccentric wife in a little cottage just outside the town, "yes, they are all over. Did you want to get the poor little orphan christened?" she added, looking pityingly at the little boy, that rumour said had been left at the old couple's door a year ago.

"Well, yes, ma'am, I do, if you think the parson wouldn't object."

"I wish you had come earlier. You see Mr. Wentworth is very weak, and he has gone through so much to-day that I don't think he ought to be disturbed again. But come in and I'll see," she added, seeing the disappointed look on the old man's face. "You have adopted the poor little fellow altogether, I suppose, as you are going to have him christened."

"Why, yes ma'am," he answered, with a strange look on his hard, wooden-looking face, "since his own kin don't seem to own him we hold on to him ourselves."

A few minutes later Mrs. Deane softly entered the shady parlour where Maurice was resting in a low easy chair. "How do you feel now, Mr. Wentworth?" she asked anxiously, "very tired?"

"I feel very happy," he answered, smiling, "yes, I think I am rather tired, but I am easy and resting so nicely."

"Yes, that was what I thought, and I hated to disturb you," she said, hesitatingly, "but I didn't know how to refuse, especially after feeling so happy about little Lucy. There's Old Man Smith out in the hall and he wants you to christen his child. If it had been any one else I should have sent them away at once, but this poor child seems to belong to nobody, and I thought it was hard if he couldn't bring it and present it to the Lord. Of course he could take it to some other minister, but it wouldn't seem just the same," she said, with the tears standing in her gentle eyes.

"Oh send him in," said Maurice quickly, "I should like to talk to him very much."

"Old Man Smith" came in softly and reverently, and took a chair near the minister's.

"So you want me to baptize your little boy, my friend?" asked Maurice, looking kindly at the little pale, shy boy who sat so still

on his adopted father's knee. "Is it true that he was left at your door, as people say?"

"Well, no sir; I don't mind telling *you*, but I mostly let people think as they please, and especially now, as I shouldn't like 'em to know who the poor misguided young mother was; she was well known here, and them that were nearest to her least suspect. I happened to find it out by accident, being away from home; and when she went down on her knees to me, what could I do but promise to do all I could to hide her shame, if she would promise me not to destroy herself, as she seemed bent on doing. Well, sir, she kept her promise, and I kept mine. I sent her away to a place where she wasn't known, and went and gave up her engagement for her at the school where she was teaching, and I told her what to write home, and I posted her letters for her, so that they couldn't find out from them where she was; and when all was over I sent her away to another place, and got her a situation there, and not long after she had the desire of her heart and died—miles and miles away from where it all happened—far away, too, from the child that caused all her misery. And her people came and looked upon her dead face and buried her, and went away again knowin' nothing. Poor young creatur'! it was hard, and she so young and pretty. 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' the Bible says, don't it, sir?"

"Yes!" said Maurice gently, and looking with a new interest at this rough-looking old man who had such a tender heart; "and what are you going to name him?"

"I wanted to speak to you about that, sir; my wife fixed a name for him, but I don't want to give him one that don't belong to anybody, just because he's no right to a name at all."

"But, I suppose, every name belongs to somebody," said Maurice, smiling.

"Yes, sir; but how do we know what sort of a somebody, and, any way, giving him a chance name seems doin' a thing without reason; or so it seems to *me*, and I thought to give him mine. He's welcome to it as far as I'm concerned, but my old woman don't seem to like it, much as she loves him."

"What is is your Christian name, my friend?"

"Job."

Maurice turned away with a half-suppressed smile at the brevity of the answer, and then sat looking thoughtfully out of the window

For some minutes, the long fingers of his half-transparent hand playing mechanically with the thick clusters of brown hair that adorned the head of the little boy, who had slipped down from the old man's knee, and was standing by his chair.

"Mr. Smith," he said, suddenly turning to his companion, "let me give him my name. I shall not want it much longer, and there is no one to object—no one in this country at any rate. Let him have my name, and who knows but he may live to do the work that my Master has seen fit to take from me."

The old man looked earnestly at the young face with its unearthly expression of mingled hope and love, and said tremblingly: "It's because He knows you are too good for this world that He's taking you from it. You're only fit for heaven; he shall never forget you while I live. God bless you Mr. Wentworth."

Maurice pressed the horny brown hand held out to him and said faintly: "Will you call Mrs. Deane in now, and we will do it at once."

"Maurice Wentworth," the words pronounced so solemnly sent a thrill through each heart present. There was something so impressive, so saddening, and at the same time so hopeful in the thought conveyed by this act, and in the tone of the young minister, that gentle Mrs. Deane felt a choking sob rising in her throat as she bent and kissed the poor little quiet boy. Of all the baptisms that had taken place that day, none, not even her own Lucy's nor little orphan Edith's, had been so touching or significant as this one, and her motherly heart swelled with pity for the unknown mother who had never seen this day, and for the little waif to whom was being fulfilled the promise, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, *then the Lord* will take thee up."

This day's work was looked upon by his friends as the closing scene of Maurice Wentworth's labours. Of his public ministrations it was the last, his successor having already arrived and taken possession of the modest parsonage that was to have been his home; but his life was prolonged beyond the most sanguine expectations, and each day was filled with a labour of love. Five successive autumns found him bidding a solemn farewell to his friends in K——, ere he took his journey to the sunny South to spend the winter months, and each farewell he, and they,

thought was the last, but five springs saw him back again, and it was not until preparations were being made for the sixth autumn flitting, that he was sent for to take that other journey, so lonely, so solemn, so awful in its silence and mystery.

There was no terror to him in the summons. The years of waiting had not clogged his spirit's wings with earthly dust; they had been ready for flight from the first, and as the mortal frame weakened, the light within burned brighter, clearer. Many times his spirit had fainted within him at the long delay, and he had prayed to be released, yet from the trembling lips and weary heart had risen no murmur; but his prayer was always followed by the words learned from his Master: "Not my will but Thine be done."

And he had not sat with folded hands waiting, but in happy labour. What was more natural than to do all he possibly could for little Maurice? Many would have asked what there was he could do for so young a child; and his answer to such would have been: "At least I can love him and teach him to love me, and that will be something." And, indeed, it was a great deal. The little life, so barren of earthly love, was warmed and filled by the outpourings of a heart naturally warm and tender; and the little sensitive spirit was not broken or warped as it might otherwise have been, not by coldness or neglect, but by what is almost as bad, being misunderstood. Every day, by Maurice's request, he was brought to him; and when he was old enough to be left, he spent the whole long day at Mrs. Deane's, sometimes playing with Lucy, and sometimes with Maurice, who invented numberless little amusements for him, and taught him at the same time precious lessons not to be learned from books.

The eccentric old couple who had adopted him still provided for his physical wants without interference, even to the extent of bringing a can of milk and a little basket of substantials with him every day. Sometimes the basket contained, in addition to the little one's lunch, a couple of fresh eggs, a cup of rich cream, or a delicate little cake for the invalid; and, on these occasions, little Maurice would march straight up stairs with it at the imminent risk of breaking all that it contained, and present it proudly to his friend.

Maurice was careful to avoid anything that seemed like setting aside the claim of the Smiths upon the child, and tried to strengthen it by his gentle lessons on love and obedience. Obedient and

Loving the little one certainly was, but his childish troubles were confided, not to "Grandpa and Grandma," but to "Uncle Maurice."

"I do love you, Uncle Maurice," he would say, after telling one of his little griefs, or confessing some childish fault, and receiving comfort or forgiveness, as the case required; and Maurice was never tired of hearing the sincere avowal, and by unreservedly showing his pleasure in it, he taught the child the value of true love.

One day, when baby Lucy was just learning to talk, little Maurice, standing at Mrs. Deane's knee, repeated after her "Mamma," and a few minutes later, in asking for something, said again, "Mamma." Mrs. Deane turned to him in some annoyance, and said in such a tone as she had never used to him before, "Yes, Maurice, you may have it, but I am not your mamma."

The child looked at her wonderingly for a moment, and then, with a quiver of his poor little lips, turned away. The tears rushed to Mrs. Deane's eyes, and stooping over him, she kissed him hastily and left the room. A few minutes later she heard his laughing shout, "Uncle Maurice," and she said to herself: "How could I be so wickedly proud; if that dear saint allows him to call him uncle, why should I forbid him to give me the name that ought to be dearest to him. It's just a foolish dread of what people might say, as if one who was as near heaven as Mr. Wentworth wouldn't know best what was right. His opinion and Henry's ought to be enough for me, and Henry thinks nothing is too good for little Maurice." From that time her manner to the little boy was more tender than ever, and though he never again called her mamma, he loved her very dearly.

Every winter the Smiths went South with Maurice and his little namesake, so the child was never long separated from his beloved uncle, and his little life, instead of being hard, and dreary, and lonely, as it would have been with two old people, who had lived so long alone that they had forgotten what it was like to feel young, was full of love and interest. The influence of one man who lived in such near and constant intercourse with Christ as Maurice Wentworth, of another who possessed enough common-sense to see that there was good material, that ought not to be wasted, in little Maurice, and who had had one sharp lesson on, slighting any freely offered affection in the loss of his sister Lucy, who had missed the love, or the expression of it, that should have

come from her only near relative, and had left him to make her own way in the world, and died among strangers, as Henry Deane; of a refined christian woman as his wife; and last, but perhaps not least, of another child, who taught him the sharp but useful lesson of self-denial by her constant demands upon his generosity, Maurice's character was formed, or at least a good foundation was laid upon which to build a character. In the love he bore his uncle a great point was gained. He could not well forget the one who had made him happiest, and in remembering him he remembered much that he had learned from him, and tried with all his might to keep ever in mind the words he had so often heard from his lips: "Remember, Maurice, the thing I wish for most of all things is to have you grow up a *good man*."

II.

ONE stormy evening in early spring, about fifteen years after Maurice Wentworth's death, a group of five young people were sitting or standing round the fire in a comfortable sitting-room in one of the largest cities of Canada. The only other occupant of the room was a handsome woman of about forty, who was seated at the piano playing softly, as if to pass away the time, and leave the others to enjoy their conversation freely. Four of the number were evidently old friends from their familiar use of Christian names and the ease with which they conversed. The fifth was a young lady who had lately arrived and had not yet found her depth, and the others were endeavouring to sit her at her ease.

"You know we are not strangers," said one that they called Katie, kneeling down on the rug and laying her arm on the young girl's lap, "you have met us all before."

"Yes, so I have, all but Mr. Wentworth," she said smiling, and raising her dark eyes to his face, "you know he was—"

"My dear child," interrupted Katie in a mock-serious tone, "nobody is Mr. or Miss here; you are Edith and I am Katie, and that very proper young lady over there is Lucy, otherwise Sister Placidia; this is Maurice and that boy is George, who, I may as well inform you, is the one that does all the mischief in this house."

"Oh Katie!" said the lady at the piano, in a tone of quiet amusement.

"Oh, I should have told you too, that Sister is the only one who gets her title because it's necessary to remind her that she isn't a young girl now, and mustn't 'carry on' any more."

"So now you are introduced properly," said Maurice after the laugh that Katie's last remark raised had subsided, "and how strange it seems to think of our meeting again after so long. I always forget that I was not present through it all, I only remember that I was one of the sixteen baptized that day. I wonder what is become of the other eleven. What interesting stories we should be able to tell each other if we ever all met."

"What a queer-looking lot we must have been that day," said George Sterndale. "I can just fancy myself dressed in a long white gown, or whatever you call it, with a very red face, a cast in my eye, and no hair to speak of."

"Well, you are not so very beautiful now," said Katie, looking as if she thought he had cherished a belief that he was, and that it was her duty, as his friend and cousin, to undeceive him.

"You are none of you at all like what I pictured to myself," said Edith, "except Mrs. Miller; she is something like what I fancied she would be, but perhaps that is because Auntie described her to me so often. We used to talk of you all, and wonder about you many times; but I little thought we should meet again, even so many of us, as we are."

Edith's subdued tone in speaking of her aunt, and her black dress, speak for themselves. She is now trebly orphaned by the death of her aunt, who had, in a measure, supplied the place of her mother for so many years. On her death great changes took place in the family, and Edith felt that she had no longer a home with her cousin, and having sufficient means of her own, she decided on coming to the city and gratifying a long-cherished ambition to perfect herself in music and singing. Before putting it into practice, she paid a visit to her native place, and there heard of Mrs. Miller as a highly esteemed music teacher. She immediately decided on going to her, and looked forward with greater pleasure to her sojourn in the city, on hearing that Lucy Deane, Maurice Wentworth and George Sterndale were all boarding with Mrs. Miller, while they pursued their various studies; and a week later found her domiciled beneath the same roof.

A few words will be sufficient to define the position of the other four. Maurice, in whose heart the seed sown in early childhood,

and fostered by loving care and faithful prayers, had sprung up a strong and vigorous plant, was studying for the work his dearest earthly friend had left to him as his legacy, the ministry. Poor old Job Smith and his wife had been dead several years. They had tenderly cared for him to the last, and had bequeathed to him a sufficient sum of money to carry him well through his studies. If Maurice Wentworth could see from his spirit home the boy he had helped to train, his heart must have rejoiced in the fruits of his labours. It seemed as if he had left him something of himself besides the name. There was the same delicacy of perception, the same tender consideration for all suffering and misguided humanity, and above all, and at the root of all, was the same living, unquenchable faith, the faith in a righteous Judge, an all-sufficient Saviour, and a loving Father.

But, happily, in the younger Maurice there was a stronger organization, and a greater natural fitness for the arduous task he had chosen. In appearance he was attractive, without being decidedly handsome. There was more the idea of strength than beauty conveyed to a casual observer in his well-built frame and manly, sensible face; but there were both strength and beauty in his frank, beaming smile and his dark hazel eyes; and at any rate no one who knew him well ever thought it worth while to raise the question whether he was handsome or not.

George Sterndale, his friend and room-mate, was what is generally called a "real jolly fellow," full of life and fun, kind-hearted too, but to all who took an anxious interest in his future, exceedingly unsatisfactory. He had either not decided or would not tell what profession he was studying for, and there was nothing but his love of drawing to induce the belief that he would choose art. Katie prophesied a brilliant future for him—she said that if he honestly followed the natural bent of his mind and chose the career he was most calculated to shine in, he would be travelling showman of a circus and menagerie.

Lucy Deane, who had fulfilled the promise of her infancy, in appearance, and had grown into a fair, pretty, placid girl, an industrious girl too, and very fond of order and good management, had taken it into her head to be a teacher of music, and by steady application had mastered all that Mrs. Miller could teach her, and was now attending classes and choral societies, and taking lessons of a celebrated professor of vocal and instrumental music.

If any one had asked Katie what she was, and what she hoped to be in the future, when she was in a serious mood, she would have answered at once to both questions, "Nothing." Mr. or Mrs. Miller, if asked the same question, would have said (in her absence) that she filled the place of a daughter to them, they having no children, and that she was the sunbeam of the house. She was a tall, slight girl, not handsome, like her sister, but with something of the same grace, and a winning manner that was worth more than mere beauty. She was her sister's pupil, too, and a very refractory one, not at all likely to create a sensation by her musical abilities, but bidding fair to make a decidedly attractive member of society without any accomplishments at all.

"Well," said Mrs. Miller, rising from the piano late in the evening, when the snatches of talk at the fireside had died away gradually into silence, "Mr. Miller won't be home to-night. He said we were not to wait after ten, as it was very probable he should stay until morning; so we may as well prepare to go to bed. Lucy, will you choose a hymn and play for us?"

Lucy rose, and going to the piano chose a favourite hymn, and softly played it over. All the circle joined in singing it, and then they knelt down and Maurice prayed.

Edith thought she had never heard such a prayer before. With the opening words he seemed to lead them all straight into the presence of his Father, to whom he spoke as if face to face, as he commended them to His care. Katie often said that it would be impossible for one's thoughts to wander when Maurice was praying, for one felt that every bit of it was for one's self; and Edith felt, before she rose from her knees, that the Everlasting arms that seemed to encircle them all, had been opened and extended afresh to her. She was glad, when they arose, that they immediately began to separate for the night.

"Good night, dear," whispered Katie, kissing her warmly. "I wish we were going to have the same room; but Lucy seemed so lonely when she first came, that I asked her to sleep with me, and I can assure you she is raising quite a bump on my head."

"A bump!" said Edith, looking up at her head in some wonder.

"Oh, yes!" said Katie, shaking it solemnly; "the bump of order, or whatever means that in phrenology. I am getting so neat, you can't think, sister had given me up in despair long ago,

and now I nearly always know where to look for anything I want. Oh, Lucy's an awful pattern girl! I hope you'll be afraid of her, that I may have a companion in misery."

"Good night!" said Lucy, in her perfectly composed and lady-like voice, simply shaking hands, as she followed Katie out of the room.

"Well my dear," said Mrs. Miller when she had accompanied Edith to her cheerful little bedroom, and was taking leave of her for the night, "do you think you will like us well enough to feel at home?"

"I am not given to sudden affections Mrs. Miller," said Edith putting one hand on her new friend's shoulder, "but I am sure I shall love you, and I seem to have known and loved Katie all my life."

It took Edith but a few days to fit into the "family circle" for such it seemed to be, at Mrs. Miller's. All the household "took to her" at once, Lucy only excepted. She seemed unable to make room in her heart for another friend, and could not love though she was constrained to admire her. Katie found to her great delight that Edith was every whit as orderly as Lucy without seeming the least bit of an "awful pattern girl," and at the same time there was an endless store of fun hidden under the quiet, modest exterior. It soon got to be very well known that when Katie and Edith got their heads together there was mischief brewing, and before the latter had been in the house three weeks both Katie and George had exclaimed twenty times, "I wonder what we did with ourselves before Edith came, for fun."

And the studies for which she came to the city were by no means neglected. So far from that, indeed, she soon became the delight of her teacher. Though Lucy kept the palm for correctness of detail and rapid acquisition, Edith soon became the favourite for household music. She seemed to interpret the composer's very thoughts, and Mrs. Miller soon began to notice that though Lucy could spend half the evening playing her most exquisite pieces, and every one would go on with their reading or sewing just the same, yet the moment Edith sat down to the piano, every one seemed to grow tired of their own occupations, and to feel that the time had come for them to enjoy music and nothing else, and two or three at least of the party would be leaning over the instrument, eagerly drinking in every note; and

that Lucy became very dissatisfied with her own pieces and songs, and was constantly changing, while if Edith played and sang the same, every evening for a week, neither she nor her listeners were the least bit tired of them. All this did not tend to make Lucy love her. No matter how she might try to conceal it from herself, she was jealous of Edith, and, but that she would not leave her undisputed mistress of the field, she would have gone away long before the end of the summer.

The autumn brought changes to the young students. Late in September it became necessary for Maurice to pay a visit to the States. He went away one stormy day at noon, and about an hour before he started, he was standing at the hall window looking out at the rain, when Edith came down the stairs singing softly to herself. He turned from the window, and meeting her at the stair-foot, drew her silently into the library, and shut the door.

"Edith," he said, speaking eagerly and unlike his usual manner, "I have received a pressing invitation from the people in K—— to come there next summer. It would be a pleasant field to work in, a much more profitable one than I expected to get, or than I should have chosen for myself, but I want you to come with me."

He stopped abruptly, and, holding her hand tightly between both of his, stood breathlessly waiting for her to speak, half frightened at having said so much in so few words.

"Me, Maurice!" said Edith, in a bewildered way.

"Yes, Edith, you. Can you? If I could tell you how I love you—but that would make no difference, unless you could love me. And love my work, too," he added.

"Oh, Maurice!" said Edith, in a low voice, after a long pause, "I am not good enough."

"Not good enough for what, dearest?" asked Maurice, drawing her close to him, and turning her blushing face towards his, tell "If you mean for the work, why no one is good enough, if it is their own goodness they had to depend upon."

"But I am not good enough for you, Maurice," she waited no

"Is that the best answer you can give me?" he said and bending his face down to hers. "I cannot go without Edith, with that, because I cannot, in the least, see the truth half indignant must give me something more. Come, love."

"I will try," she said, with a great effort. "I'll try with the fondest Maurice." And then there was a softer whisper that she

scarcely enough to stir the air, sent an electric thrill through Maurice's frame, and tightened the clasp of his strong arms around her.

"I was going to write to you, Edith," he said, when, after a long silence, she gently drew herself away from his embrace, and wiped the happy tears from her eyes. "I thought I could tell you better that way, but I am glad I changed my mind. I would not have missed that little whisper for a great deal."

A few more happy moments followed, and then Maurice was gone; and Edith ran up to her room, and locking the door, fell on her knees, murmuring to herself, "Oh, what happiness; can it possibly be real?" and praying by turns for Maurice, that he might be brought back safely, and for herself, that she might be made worthy of him. It was getting on in the afternoon before she appeared in the parlour. Mrs. Miller was sitting there alone sewing, and after peeping cautiously around, Edith knelt down on the rug beside her, exclaiming, "I am so glad you are alone; I want to tell you something. Oh, Mrs. Miller, you don't know what a beautiful thing has happened."

"Don't I!" said Mrs. Miller, laying her hand caressingly on the pretty head that was laid down on her lap. "Perhaps I can guess. Isn't it that some one thinks Edith Arden would make a dear little minister's wife, and wants her to go to K—— with him next summer?"

"Oh, how did you know? But oh, you can't think what beautiful words he said to me."

"How do you know I can't," said Mrs. Miller, with a look of sweet recollection coming over her face, "perhaps I heard words most as beautiful, long ago."

del: Yes, I think you did," said Edith, raising her head, "and I corré: that was why I wanted to tell you first. But how did you favou Mrs. Miller?"

compos: didn't *know*, my dear, but I could see how things were likely that thowecially when Maurice told me about the invitation he exquisite p. to K——, and I saw the look of mingled hope and sewing just: face, I felt sure then that you had the power in your piano, every ding that question for him."

and to feel that Lucy will feel badly about it."

nothing else, anu?"

leaning over the inbe will think me good enough for Maurice."

"Well, my dear, if Lucy feels badly, and I think you are right in supposing she will, you cannot help it. This is a case where it is right that you should consult your own happiness first of all. Yes, first of all," she repeated thoughtfully, "for if you were not happy, you could not make him so."

Edith was right in supposing that Lucy would "feel badly" about her engagement to Maurice. She felt it bitterly. Long after Katie was asleep that night, she lay turning it over and over in her mind.

"What can Maurice see in her!" she wondered; "he must be bewitched. I might have guessed it from the way he watched her, and listened to her, all the summer, only I never imagined that she, a stranger, could come between two who had known each other from infancy. What can she do that I cannot do just as well? except, perhaps, convey ideas that I should never see, in some of her songs and pieces of music; and if it is her face, well! there's no accounting for taste, people say, for I am sure no one could truthfully say that her face is as pretty as mine. There is no use in pretending not to know what people have told me so often. Well, whatever it is that has attracted him, he will soon find that Edith is very unfit for a minister's wife, and, I dare say, she will change her mind before long."

Edith's studies were very much broken into a day or two later by the arrival of her first love-letter. It was a beautiful letter—so full of the joy with which the writer had received this precious gift of a woman's love. There was but one thing in it that Edith did not like to read: it was the self-reproach that Maurice expressed at having declared his love before he clearly made her acquainted with his history.

"I feel sure now, dearest," he said, "that it would not have changed your answer; but I did intend asking Mrs. Miller to tell you the story of my life as far as I know it myself, and then writing to you to ask if you would make the future of it very happy, but when you came down stairs that day, I felt that I could wait no longer."

"I know that he is the noblest man on earth," thought Edith, "and what more do I want to know?" And she felt half indignant with Maurice himself for his half-expressed acknowledgment of inequality between them. The letter concluded with the fondest expressions of his love, and the happy girl felt thankful that she

was alone and undisturbed in the enjoyment of it. She was so long shut up in her room, that Katie came at last to call her to luncheon, and when Edith opened the door to her the two loving girls threw their arms around each other, and after a hearty embrace went down to the dining-room, feeling very happy indeed.

"Edith," said Katie, bursting into the parlour one afternoon, a week or two after Maurice went away, "I want your help. That abominable George has tormented me so all the week, that I can stand it no longer. Every bit of forbearance I possessed is used up, and I must pay back some of his impudence or else I shall go crazy. What can I do? Come up to his room and help me. He's out now, and won't be back for an hour at least."

"What do you think he did to me this afternoon," she went on, as they ran upstairs to the little study George shared with Maurice. "You know I lay down on the sofa in the dining-room, and went to sleep, I was so tired, and when I woke I remembered something I ought to have done in the kitchen, and jumped up and ran out, and the first thing I knew Louisa screamed out, 'Oh Miss Katie what *have* you done to yourself,' and laughed until she nearly went into a fit, and when I looked in the glass, there was my face painted all the colours of the rainbow, and the most elaborate devices you can imagine. Now that's unbearable you know."

"Yes, I should think it was," said Edith in a sympathizing tone, "but you shall have your revenge my long-suffering Katie. Come, we must fasten the door and light a lamp, and then proceed to action."

"The thing is what to do," said Katie after slowly surveying the room, "I have sewed up the sleeves of his coat, and stuffed the toes of his slippers so many times."

"Oh yes, I think he is always prepared for such things as those," said Edith thoughtfully. "But there's the very thing Katie. Let us finish his picture for him," she exclaimed as her eye fell on one that stood on the easel.

It was the pencilled head of some celebrated old divine of benevolent and saintly aspect. The head was partially bald with a fringe of silvery hair falling on the shoulders.

"How can we do it?" asked Katie in a half-breathless whisper, as Edith took up a pencil.

"I'll show you," she said.

She was rather clever at drawing, and in a short time had adorned the good man's upper lip with a small black moustache, that curled wickedly up on his cheeks, and this, with a few touches about his eyes, imparted a Mephistophelean expression to his venerable countenance. The work was scarcely done when George was heard trying to open the door. Finding that this was impossible, and that he received no answer to vigorous knocks, he went away, and the girls thought he was awaiting their pleasure until the window, which opened on the flat-roof of the back drawing-room, was suddenly raised, and he sprang in. Then, what a screaming and scampering ensued.

(To be continued.)

ELSWITHA.

BY MARY BARRY.

I.

ELSWITHA knitteth the stocking blue,
In the flickering firelight's glow ;
Dyed are her hands in its ruddy hue,
And it glints on the shining needles too,
And flushes her cap of snow.

II.

Elswitha dreameth a waking dream,
As busy her fingers ply ;
And it lights her eye with its olden gleam,
For the world seems now as it used to seem,
And the things far off are nigh !

III.

The things far off in the lapse of years,
Dead faces and loves outgrown ;
Oh, many a form at her side appears,
And many a voice in her soul she hears,
And many a long hushed tone.

IV.

For Memory walks through her halls to-night,
 A torch in her lifted hand;
 And lo! at the sound of her footsteps light,
 They shake them free from the dust and blight,
 And trooping around her stand.

V.

Bright curls of auburn and braids of brown,
 With the sunlight sifted through,
 And foreheads white as the hawthorn's crown,
 And garlands fresh as when last thrown down,
 Ay, fresher in scent and hue!

VI.

They come from aisles of the buried past,
 From the faded long ago,
 From sepulchres old and dim and vast,
 They come, with their grave-clothes from them cast,
 To stand in the firelight glow.

VII.

And weird is the charm they weave, I trow—
 Elswitha is young and fair,
 Gone are the furrows and tear-stains now,
 Gone are the wrinkles from hand and brow,
 The silver from shining hair.

VIII.

Gone are the years with their heavy weight,
 (And heavy the years had grown)
 For Love hath entered the lists with Fate,
 And Memory needeth nor name nor date,
 For Memory knoweth her own!

IX.

*"Now hasts thee, Dame, for the fire is low,
 And the good man waits his tea;"*
*Back to their tombs do the phantoms go,
 And dark and deep do the shadows grow,
 But Elswitha smileth -- her dream to know,*
 NOT A DREAM — BUT A PROPHECY!

Scrapiana.

MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

A GOOD many years ago, when I was a shade taller than our big kitchen-table, after the tea things were all removed, an old time-worn arm-chair, that had borne the weight of three successive generations, with my grandfather seated cosily on its faded cushions, would be rolled up before a cheerful fire, that shed a ruddy glow on many faces long since vanished. Before his stories he used to enjoy the soothing influence of a pipe, grown black and dry from constant use: if the whiffs were long and of great volume, the coming tale would be of very serious and marvellous character, but if they came in quick and rapid succession the subject would be very amusing and provocative of great mirth. He was thus sitting one evening—his body bent slightly forward, his elbow resting on his knee, and his eyes fixed thoughtfully on the fire. After leisurely knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and looking around on the expectant faces with a patronizing smile, he began a story, to which I have attempted to do justice in the following:

Some few months after his marriage, affairs of a very pressing nature called him to the adjoining town. Early on the morning of his departure, he was astir; and long before his usual hour of rising, he had left the paternal acres miles behind. The rain, which threatened to fall during the greater part of his journey, now, on his approach to the town, came down in good earnest, and with a doggedness and determination that promised to continue all day. Towards evening, having finished his business, he adjourned to a neighbouring public house to wait a favourable change in the weather. In the tap-room he met a number of old friends, who wouldn't hear a refusal, so drew him by force into a private parlour, where the rest of the party were assembled, whose smiling faces and hearty greetings soon drove all thoughts of home out of his head. On a circular table, in the centre of the room, stood a punch-bowl of capacious dimensions, from which a rich steam, fragrant with the mellow odour of a peculiar concoction, was floating slowly to the ceiling. A large turf fire on the wide, open hearth, making the oaken panels shine and glitter brightly, roared

and crackled and vied for mastery with the wind that howled drearily without. Here he remained, the punch-bowl was emptied and re-filled, the wind shrieked, the fire burned with a brighter glare, the rain pelted incessantly against the windows, and still the carouse knew no abatement. At this stage of the proceedings my esteemed grandsire began to grow uneasy, and to think how anxious his young wife would feel at his delay. At length, taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, while the rest of the party were engaged in a noisy discussion about some trivial matter, he slipped noiselessly from the room, hastily donned his great coat in the hall, issued from the house, and was some distance on his way home before the noisy revellers within were aware of his departure. Buttoning his coat closely about him, he kept the middle of the road, and walked rapidly as if to keep pace with the excited feelings that surged through him, while the hot blood swelled his veins and tingled at his very finger ends. These unusual symptoms he attributed to the rapid manner in which he left the house, and the brisk way he moved along the road, but when I reflect on it, the deep potations of hot punch had a great deal to do with it. The rain had now ceased, and the moon was shining brightly as he gained the summit of a hill that commanded a distant prospect of the town, though thick black, heavy clouds were scudding overhead, at their wildest rate. The tombstones away down in the valley, in the uncertain moonlight seemed like unearthly shadows flitting through the trees; further on stood the grim old Abbey, throwing out its irregular shadow across the moonlight sward. All this state of things my grandfather paused to notice, though he was familiar with the same from infancy, and as he passed the burying ground muttering a hasty prayer, and whistling, no doubt to keep his courage up, he could see the very tree under whose peaceful shade reposed the venerable remains of his forefathers for generations back.

After abruptly turning an angle of the road that led by the Abbey, my grandfather, feeling a little fatigued, and rendered somewhat unsteady, no doubt by the high wind blowing at the time, turned off the road and stepped inside the Abbey grounds through a broken fissure, and took a seat on a large stone that was formerly part of the wall, from which he could see, though indistinctly, frightful emblems of mortality scattered about. The longer he sat, the more his thoughts wandered to bygone days,

when the Abbey walls resounded with the midnight chants of the monks, when travel-stained pilgrims from distant countries came to pray at the shrines, when the holy men who dwelt there were noted for their great piety, and their cloisters were the sacred founts of literature. He had heard how the Abbey was the favourite burial-place of the inhabitants for miles around, not from its peculiar sanctity but from the general desire of the people to have their remains deposited amongst the friendly dust of their kindred—in this way it became one vast store-house of the dead. Of the sparkling eyes, noble forms and busy brains that once teemed with thoughts as various and ambitious as those then living, naught remained but the gaping sockets, bleached bones, and the ghastly semblance of skulls, as they lay piled in one undistinguishable heap, with rotten boards, that once were coffins, strewn around.

From dwelling on these reminiscences of departed glory, the unnatural stillness, by impreceptible degrees, captivated his senses and lulled him to repose. How long he remained in this condition he could not say, but when he awoke, what a transformation! The rank grass, creeping ivy, and even the very ruin itself had disappeared. Before him stood the Abbey in all its ancient splendour. The whole building was alive with twinkling lights, flashing out in illumined colours through the stained windows, and relieving the darkness of its sombre hue. Old people, people of all ages, were springing up on all sides, and pouring in through the wide portals of the Abbey, whence streamed a flood of light of supernatural brilliancy, while the deep tones of the organ, together with the low and measured psalms of the monks, mingling with the sonorous clang of the large bell in one of the turrets, were wafted over the calm surface of the lake, awakening the silent echoes of the hills, and summoning the pious devotees to prayer. My grandfather was often shouldered, jostled, and pushed aside by crowds, every moment increasing, and at length carried with a rush bodily in. Here the ceaseless hum of prayer floated in harmonious whispers through the high and spacious arches. Prelates on the high altar wore vestments that shone resplendent with brilliants of the purest water; assistant monks were flitting about, preserving a religious silence; incense was floating from burning censurs upwards to the vaulted ceiling, and hanging like a canopy, seemed, through the intensity of the light, tinged with a golden hue, like clouds at

sunset. But what now drew his attention was the mode and variety of costume, as, like wave after wave, generation succeeded generation, entered, knelt down, and vanished. He remained standing near the entrance, amazed and undetermined what to do. Leaning against a pillar a few paces distant stood an old man of a benevolent and commanding appearance: his face, though deeply furrowed by time, bore unmistakable signs of former fire and vigour; a long and very gray beard flowed half way down his waist, which he stroked from time to time in a very patriarchal manner; his tall form was clothed in garments of a cut entirely unknown to any fashion of gentlemen's wear in these days, and from his whole bearing one would take him to be some old Hebrew prophet, attending in person to review this long array of ghostly shadows. My grandfather was never remarkable for his modesty, so calling up all the reverence and awe of his features, and with a prefatory cough to attract the old man's attention, he thus accosted him:

"Reverend father, for such I take you to be, permit a trembling mortal to ask what means this extraordinary gathering; my senses are so bewildered that I scarce know where I stand."

"My son," replied the old man in a voice merely audible above the swelling notes of the organ, "My son, your curiosity is very natural though out of place in a sacred edifice like this. I am not at all surprised at the astonishment this scene has occasioned; few mortals have been permitted to be present on such a night as this. Think not, vain creature of a breath, that your presence is purely accidental: far from it, you were brought here to avoid certain death in your path. If you had gone much further, this night would have been your last on earth. Some bad men, tempted by the large sum of money in your possession, determined to murder you and throw your body in the lake: my son, beware how you remain again in the company of sottish companions."

As he was thus speaking, the cocks in a neighboring barn-yard struck up a babel of sounds. With a startled look of terror on his countenance, the old man suddenly ceased; immediately his flowing beard and whole person faded into a hazy outline and floated away into the darkness now made by the fast dying lights. The tread of feet on the paved floor became less and less distinct, and my grandfather relapsed into unconsciousness, from which he was aroused by falling off the large stone he slept on all night, and he could hardly realize that his experience of a few hours was a

dream. He expected every moment to see the old man of his vision, but everything around was as when he fell asleep, while the skulls and bones, whitened by exposure to the storms and sunshine of centuries, were sending forth clouds of steam, as the rain and moisture of the previous night were drying in the morning's sun. †

IN "Canada on the Pacific," Mr. Charles Horetzky gives an account of his journey from Edmonton to the Pacific by the Peace River Valley, and of a winter voyage along the western coast of the Dominion. It will be remembered that Mr. Horetzky organized and conducted the Sandford Fleming Expedition from Fort Garry to Edmonton. Here the party separated—Mr. Fleming proceeding west by the Jasper House and Thompson River to Bute Inlet, while Mr. Horetzky and Mr. Macoun journeyed via Fort Assiniboine, Lesser Slave Lake, Dunvegan, Fort St. John and Naas, to Fort Simpson on the Pacific, and thence down the coast to San Francisco. These expeditions were undertaken with a view to determine the best railway route to the Pacific, and Mr. Horetzky decidedly favours that by the Peace River on account of the vast and fertile territory which it would open to settlers, with an abundance of wood and coal, plenty of fresh water, and a salubrious climate. Mr. Horetzky makes no attempt at fine writing—still his book is very readable, and supplies a large amount of information concerning a portion of the country hitherto almost unknown. We quote:

"Kitlatamox is a large village, situated on the banks of the Naas, and about twenty-five miles from tide-water. It has a population of about three hundred, who subsist entirely on the salmon and other fish which frequent this river in myriads. Muskeeboo's house, unlike *all* the others, was passably clean, and his family—a large one—bestirred themselves to make things comfortable for my accommodation. The house was what we would call, in the civilized world, a tenement, there being another distinct family on the ground floor, while Muskeeboo occupied the upper portion, to which access was obtained from the outside by stairs. Muskeeboo's portion consisted of one large room, forty feet by sixty, in the centre of which was a large square space, covered

with earth, on which some blazing logs barely sufficed to give the necessary warmth, and to light up the immediate neighbourhood of the fireplace, around which were grouped about a dozen specimens of aborigines. Sundry chests of rendered 'ublihan' grease, and dried salmon in great quantities, were piled up against the walls, which were boarded with hewn pine planks thirty inches wide. Enormous beams supported the low flat roof, open above the fireplace, to allow the acrid smoke to escape. In addition to his ordinary avocations, Muskeeboo did a small business in groceries, which he disposed of to the other Indians, in consideration of certain furs, such as martens, foxes, etc., etc.,—a barrel or two of biscuits and Sandwich Island sugar being his stock-in-trade.

"Nine miles below the village, and on the same side of the river, there is another large ranche called Kitwanshelt, for which we started on the 16th, having been detained by bad weather; snow and rain having fallen without intermission during the whole of the day before. There were three or four miners at Kitlatamox, then on their way to the Forks of Skeena. They had recently arrived from Fort Simpson, and were awaiting the return of the Indians from Kitwancole in order to benefit by their trail. One of them proposed to accompany me to McNeil's, at the mouth of the Naas, so he and I, together with Muskeeboo, left the village at noon, and after following the ice for the greater part of the way, reached Kitwanshelt at half-past three, in the midst of a fearful down-pour of rain. During the greater part of this distance the banks were rather low, and four miles below the upper village on the left bank we passed a small river coming from the eastward. This stream flowed through a fine open valley, walled in on the south by the Cascade range, which we were now entering. This valley, Muskeeboo informed me, afforded an excellent route to the Skeena, upon which it debouches above the Kitsellasse Canon. The bottom of this valley, as also that of an immense flat extending for several miles below the outlet of the little stream, was composed of scoriæ, probably the result of ancient volcanic disturbance. The mountains about here were extremely rugged, and densely timbered for a long way up, but were much obscured by the heavy mists which hung over them. On reaching the village, Muskeeboo conducted me to a large house owned by a friend of his, where I found my men already quartered, they having preceded me by a few hours. This village is situated upon a rocky point overhanging the river, and consists of, probably, a score of houses.

"During the course of the evening, and after supper, we were entertained by the exhibition of a native dance, in which some fifty men and women participated. They came trooping in, nearly all masked and dressed in the most curious attire; the men divested of their nether garments, and the women rather scantily arrayed, considering the time of the year. To describe the dance

would be impossible. The motions were vigorous; and if not graceful, were, at any rate, whimsical, and rather free; the men and women dancing alternately. There seemed to be a leader on each side, who did his or her utmost to execute the most fantastic steps, which were accompanied by frightful facial contortions, and a monotonous chant, with which they kept excellent time. After an hour's exhibition they desisted, and retired to their respective habitations, completely worn out, as indeed they well might be, their antics having been more like those of a band of escaped lunatics than of rational beings. During the intervals of the dance I examined some of the masks, which were beautifully made. They were of all styles, and represented the faces of different animals. I was much struck with one, a delicately carved wooden imitation of an eagle's head, with a rather exaggerated beak and movable eyes, which, during the most vigorous part of the dance, rolled about in a manner fearful to contemplate."

"Canada on the Pacific" is published by Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal, to whom its mechanical execution does much credit.

OUR contributor, Dr. Clark, has recently published "Pen Photographs" of celebrated men and noted places, ghosts and their relations, tales, sketches, essays, etc., and a very pleasant volume he makes—one which the desultory reader will thank him for writing. Dr. Clark's papers overflow with genuine humour and sound common sense—he is pathetic, philosophical, metaphysical, always genial, and often brilliant. By the fireside, on the rail-car, or on the steamer, "Pen Photographs" cannot fail to be an entertaining companion. We transfer to these pages a photograph of

AULD LANG SYNE:

"The room where the wide and deep chimney stands has no foul, pestiferous vapors lingering within its precincts, and no 'blues' afflicting humanity, near its cleanly swept hearth. The stove in its heated blackness, produces sleepiness, fretfulness, and hence domestic scenes of hot strife; and the sable, uncouth fire-fiend is, if not the cause, the occasion of it. I believe such changes of domestic arrangement affect the patriotism of a people. The thoughts of a cheery home brace up the heart, and nerve the arm. We are ready to fight for our 'altars and hearths,' but stoves have no hearths worth fighting for, and it takes the poetry out of the thing to speak of 'getting our backs up' about our altars and our stoves. The associations of a family circle gathered around a roaring fire, in winter, are potent for good. The harmless jests of the teemed youngsters—the tales of scenes, on

flood and field, of the white-haired sire or matron, so intensely real as to make the listeners cower in mortal terror, even at the chirp of a mouse—the popping of nuts, and their sudden collisions or divorces, suggestive of life's episodes—the dreamy gaze into glowing coals, and the 'bigging castles in the air,' seeing towers, minarets, gorgeous halls peopled with soldiers in scarlet, or weird beings in gossamer garments, with 'world's wombling up and down, bleezing in a flare,' and then being brought back to the real, by a punch in the ribs, of the most vigorous kind, from a fun-loving member of the group, are panoramas not to be forgotten. A cheering sight it is to peer through the window of an old-fashioned log cabin, in a wintry night, on such a circle, near Christmas time. It may be a re-union of the family. The big back-log lies like a sleeping giant in the back-ground, with a fiery, red abdomen, prominent and retund. The forestick crackles, sputters, and shoots in sportive glee its scintillations up the wide-mouthed chimney, or impudently on the laps of the watchers. The well-polished and brass-headed andirons patiently suffer, year after year, their hot and hissing loads. The tongues of flame, like coy maidens, come up intermittently and bashfully retire; each lambent spire becoming more daring than its predecessor, always hungry and devouring as a Theban sphinx, first licking up the palatable combustibles of the centre, and then savagely attacking, with a withering fire, the enemy in front and rear. Like a victorious army, they march triumphantly onward, bringing up reserves, until sparks, smoke, fuel, and laughing groups disappear in the darkness. I used to watch, with great interest an 'auld Auntie Kate,' in an old arm chair, smoking a short clay pipe, black and strong. Its receptacle when not in use, was a worn out cavity in the wall of the chimney. She would put her right elbow on the arm of the chair, and seize, daintily, the 'nib' of the bowl between the forefinger and thumb. I see her yet, in memory, as the eyes are dreamily gazing, as if they gazed not, into the fiery embers. Puff, puff, mechanically goes the white curling smoke over her clean and well-starched 'mutch,' in fantastic columns, pyramids, and canopies; but other scenes, other days, and other figures, than those I conjured up, were in her day dreams. Nothing but a fireside could be an appropriate back-ground to the picture, which would have put a Wilkie or a Hogarth, full of thoughts of domestic and street scenes, into ecstasy. The walls were adorned with the trophies of the chase, and with well-burnished implements of culinary use. The bedsteads knew not the turners' or the carvers' art. The wind, in dancing weird reels down the yawning mouth of the chimney made as doleful music as the wizard's dying song. But no happier days could be seen in lordly halls, or courtly palaces, than in the cabin, and its blazing ruddy light of home. Uncle John never could argue on points of theology unless he had the

giant tongs in his hand, wheeling them in the ashes, first on one leg and then on another; and as each section made its circle, you would almost see the arguments laid down one by one, in the furrow; but when he nailed his antagonist with some potent argument, down came the biped instrument with a thud on the forestick, which made the sparks fly in all directions, like routed enemies."

WEE PATIE BRYDIE.

EVERY person at all conversant with Scottish song, must feel less or more interested in the name and fame of Robt. Tannahill, the weaver poet of Paisley, whose lyrics are surpassed only by those of Burns. The celebrity which he has attained naturally attaches a degree of interest to the characters he has celebrated, conspicuous among whom is "Wee Patie Brydie," thus noticed by the bard in his highly humorous song, "The Kebbuckstone Wedding":

"Wee Patie Brydie will say the grace,
The body's aye ready at draidgies and weddings."

The following particulars we received many years ago from the poet's brother, Mr. Matthew Tannahill, an aged gentleman, whose character for truthfulness, even slander could not dare to impeach. He died nearly twenty years ago at the advanced age of four score years:

"Wee PATIE, or rather ROBIN Brydie—the poet having thought proper to alter the name a little, as he was still living when the song was written—was the son of Hugh BRYDIE, or BRODIE, of the 'Lang Craft' farm, in the parish of Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire. Old Hugh was a respectable, intelligent man in his day and generation, and, to boot, a poet of no mean reputation in his native parish; in proof of which, he was one year appointed President of the Renfrewshire Agricultural Society. At that time it was customary for the President to deliver an Essay on Agriculture at the annual meeting, but as old Hugh, though a poet, was no orator, the intended honour had anything but a soothing effect on the mind of the honest farmer. The very idea of being, as it were, compelled to make an oratorical display before so many 'braw and learned gentlemen,' reduced him to a state of tremour in no way enviable. One day, as the time of meeting drew near,

he *happed* his head with his best blue bonnet, and arming himself with a 'wally cane,' he trudged all the way from Lochwinnoch to Paisley, a distance of ten miles, for the purpose of consulting his friend and relative, old Mr. Tannahill, father of the poet, on what was to be done. After he had unbosomed himself to his friend, by laying all his *sair* trials and mental afflictions before him, clothed in the most pathetic language, and accompanied by the most rueful looks, old Mr. Tannahill, looking him earnestly in the face, asked, 'Is that a' ye're makin' sic an ado about?' adding: 'Man, Hugh, naithing's easier; just write a poem and read it to them.' The old farmer's face brightened at the suggestion, and, snapping his fingers in his exuberance of joy, exclaimed: 'That'll do, that'll do!' and parting with his friend, went on his way rejoicing."

The poem made its appearance in due time, and was read at the meeting, where it was received with such enthusiasm that the committee ordered it to be printed. It was afterwards published in Semple's History of Renfrewshire, where it is still to be found. Old Hugh had two sons, the youngest of whom was ROBIN; but, as his wife died while they were yet in their infancy, the services of his sister's eldest daughter, JANET POLLOCK, mother of the poet, were brought into requisition to superintend his domestic affairs; consequently, the duty of bringing up the children devolved upon her. While residing with her uncle, she conducted herself in such a manner towards the children as satisfied the farmer, and so filled the bosoms of the two boys with love for herself, that, till death intervened, they always looked upon her as their mother. By-and-by she got married, and the boys grew up to be men—no very difficult task for ROBIN, by-the-by, as he never reached many inches over four feet, while his brother was nearly six feet in height, stout and good looking. The intimacy which existed between the two families brought ROBIN often about old Mr. Tannahill's house, and consequently, in good time, as he was rather an odd character, he and the poet became very intimate. ROBIN, as we have already stated, was a very little man. His knees were mutually so affectionate, that to pass each other without kissing, was a natural impossibility. His legs were of that peculiar formation commonly designated *pudding*, and had a rather grotesque appearance when stuck through a pair of tightly buttoned knee-breeches. To make amends, however, for personal

formity, Nature had supplied him with a good head, and a better heart. Somewhere about the year 1775 or 1776, his father sent him into Paisley to learn the weaving of silk gauze, and while there he made the house of his foster-mother, old Mrs. Tannahill, his home. After working at the loom for some years in Paisley, he removed to Saltcoats, where he became a linen-yarn merchant, and succeeded in accumulating some money. Afterwards, "with reverence be it spoken," he became an elder of the kirk. Like his father, he was *auld-fashioned* in everything, and a poet. He was the author of a goodly number of songs, all of which have long since been forgotten. He could likewise pray like a parson, and, on account of that qualification, was regularly invited to all the "*draidgies* and weddings" which took place in the locality where he resided. About the year 1820, our informant, Mr. T., and his wife resolved to pay a visit to the Island of Arran. In executing their design, they took advantage of the stage-coach conveyance between Paisley and Saltcoats. On arriving safe and sound of limb and limb at this once-famous salt-watering depôt, they resolved to visit and spend the evening with ROBIN, who received them with all the affection and warm-heartedness of a brother. After they had all done justice to a substantial supper, they were summoned to attend family worship, which he conducted in the following manner: First, he gave out a few verses of a psalm, which he led off with a clear, girlish voice, all of the company joining in and singing along with him till the psalm was ended. Next, he produced what our friend declared to be the largest Bible he had ever seen, and he was *then three score and fifteen*. It had annotations between every verse. Placing the Bible reverentially upon the table, their worthy host rose to his feet, standing with his back to the fire, and although in an erect position, his chin was only a few inches above the Bible. He first read the verse, and then the annotations upon it. Occasionally he would stop, and with all the gravity and self-complacency of one who had worn the *red gown* for the legitimate term of years, remark: "I think this annotation throws *nae licht* on the subject; let us pass on to the next verse," and so on till the chapter was done. After the reading was over, all the company kneeled down, when our worthy hero poured out his soul in prayer in a manner, as our friend remarked, "that would done credit to *ony minister*." Next morning, after breakfast, he informed his guests "that as the

hour would soon be on when the steamer would leave Ardrossan for Arran, they would not have time to observe the ordinance of family worship, but that they would part with a short prayer," and, in the language of our friend, "It would *has done onybody's* heart *guid* to have heard that short prayer." He then accompanied them down to Ardrossan, where our friend gratified one of his carnal inclinations by treating him to a "wee drappie o' it." In a short time the bell summoned them to the boat, and as the best of friends must part, so did they, and never met again. Here ends all our knowledge of "Wee Patie Brydie."

LIGHTING BY WOOD-GAS.

THE coal generally used for the fabrication of gas becoming every year more expensive, and being in many places difficult to procure, the question if wood can be used with advantage for the same purpose, must be one of peculiar interest in this country, where it is more plentiful and cheaper than anywhere else in the world. Wood was the first substance used, in the beginning of this century, to obtain gas for lighting purposes, but coal was soon substituted, on account of the gas thus produced not having sufficient lighting powers. In 1870, a German chemist took up the idea again, and after a long series of experiments came to the following interesting results: If carbonization of the wood is produced at a relatively low temperature, the gas obtained thereby being poor in hydrocarbons, possesses only a small amount of lighting power; but if the decomposition is produced at red heat, and the gas obtained is afterwards purified, it lights better than coal-gas, the relative lighting power being as six to five.

It has been also recognized that all kinds of wood are equally good for the purpose, one hundred pounds weight of wood producing about seven hundred cubic feet of gas; but the dryness of the wood has great influence over the quality of the gas obtained, for if, during the distillation, steam produced by the humidity of the wood comes in contact with the heated charcoal, hydrogen is produced, which, added in too great quantity to the gaseous mixture, deducts considerably from its lighting power. Therefore, the wood, before being used, should be thoroughly dried. In leaving the retorts the gas passes in a drum in which it forms a deposit of

and pyrolignic acid, after which it proceeds to the refrigerating apparatus. The purification is obtained by slacked lime, which absorbs the carbonic acid, forming from one fifth to one quarter of the gaseous mixture. The great quantity of lime necessary for the purification of wood-gas (one hundred weight for each two thousand cubic feet of gas) is the principal inconvenience of this fabrication.

Wood-gas is of nearly the same composition as coal-gas, but does not contain any sulphurous gases like the last, which occasion a disagreeable odour and other nuisances. Another advantage of wood-gas is that the apparatus necessary for its preparation are much less voluminous than those required in the fabrication of coal-gas. This comes from the greater rapidity with which the distillation is performed, one hour and a half being sufficient for the whole operation. The retorts used for the distillation being of the same form as those used for coal, and their dimensions allowing them to contain from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds weight of wood, could produce from five thousand to eight thousand cubic feet of gas daily. Other available products of this fabrication would be tar and charcoal, as well as acetate of lime, a substance of some value. **

WE gratefully acknowledge the kindly notices of the press which come to us from every section of the country. The *Boston Transcript* says: "The MARITIME MONTHLY is a Magazine of Literature, Science and Art, published by a club of gentlemen of St. John, N. B. The contents of the March number, the first we have seen, are of excellent quality. Naturalists will find Mr. Harvey's account of the Devil-fish particularly interesting."

AMONG Mr. Sumner's valued books is the Bible used by Bunyan when he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress," in which is the autograph of Bunyan; while the margin is full of notes also in his handwriting. There is also the manuscript of Burns's "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," given to Mr. Sumner by an eminent Englishman, to whom it was given by Burns.

WE publish the following advertisement without hope for the customary reward, the thread of Tommy Bodkin's life having been long since cut by the shears of Death :

TOMMY BODKIN.

I Tommy Bodkin, with your leave,
 Here fain would make my bow, sirs,
 With all sincerity and truth
 To let the world know how, sirs,
 I am a tailor thorough-bred
 From famous Glasgow town, sirs,
 Where long I cut and measured too,
 With credit and renown, sirs.
 Bow, wow, wow,
 Fal al de diddle, ady wady,
 Bow, wow, wow.

All kinds of tailor work I do,
 Tip-top in cut and shape, sirs,
 Coats, pantaloons and fancy vests
 Are measured by my tape, sirs,
 And warrant while the cloth endures,
 My stitching won't give in, sirs,
 And every article I make
 Will fit neat as your skin, sirs.
 Bow, wow, wow, etc.

All those who choose may find their cloth
 And trust me without fear, sirs,
 My cabbage-bag long since I burned
 To keep my conscience clear, sirs,
 And now all fragments I return
 To those who give me work, sirs,
 To patch the old, as new is dear
 And so is flour and pork, sirs.
 Bow, wow, wow, etc.

Now having told you who I am
 And what's the work I do, sirs,
 I'll don my hat, and for a time
 Evanish from your view, sirs,
 In hot-goose lane my shop you'll find,
 My tape-string and my shears, sirs,
 God save the queen and grant me health
 To serve you many years, sirs.
 Bow, wow, wow, etc.

WM. MURDOCH.

THOUGH very creditable to the heart of the writer, the verses entitled "Charlie" are hardly adapted to the pages of this Magazine :

I oft sit sad and lonely,
 And life seems dark to me,
 For I've laid my first-born boy to sleep,
 Down in the deep blue sea :
 He was my pet, my darling,
 My hope, my pride, my joy ;
 Bright sunshine on my path he shed,
 My lost, my angel boy
 * * * * *

His eyes were blue forget-me-nots,
His forehead broad and fair;
His mouth a tiny rosebud,
Like golden threads his hair.

* * * * *

And, waking in the still night,
I stretch my hands and sigh;
They clasp, alas, the empty air—
I call—but no reply.

THERE is art in this rhyming "parrowgraff":

Said a great Congregational preacher
To a hen: "You're a beautiful creature!"
The hen just for that
Laid two eggs in his hat,—
And thus did the Hen-re-ward Beecher!

A CRITIC says of Ralph Waldo Emerson: "It makes no difference whether you begin at the last paragraph of one of his essays and read backward, or begin at what he intended for the beginning, you will always find, if you search, the thread on which he strings his pearls."

THE Parliament Library—about 72,550 volumes.

PERMIT me to inform you, my friends, what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory:—Taxes—upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth, on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home—taxes upon the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride—at bed or board, we must pay taxes.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the

arms of an apothecary, who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

—*Lord Brougham.*

IN HOC SIGNO.

"Take thou this cross"—and on her fair white breast
He placed the glittering symbol, with its chain
Of pendant gold—"sign that earth's loveliest
I crucify. We ne'er will meet again.

"I love thee. Never, dearest, as this hour
Felt I how all, except thy love, is dross.
Yet to relinquish thee I feel a pow'r
New born within my bosom. Wear the cross:

"Emblem of self-denial, sign of love
Triumphant over all; ay, over death—
Love that shall 'dure until we soar above,
And leave behind this life of earthly breath.

"They will not let me love thee. This fond heart
I offer thee they deem not gain, but loss—
I bring a shadow on thy path. We part
To meet no more. Then, dearest, take this cross.

"Yet memory sometimes backward will go straying
To olden times, when, on bright days like this,
We sat, thy tresses on my cheek thus playing,
Our lips, as now, joined in the frequent kiss.

"But take the cross; and let its teaching be
That hereupon each human joy and sorrow
We sacrifice, as on some Calvary,
To deathless love. We'll meet again to-morrow.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow. Fate may frown,
But naught this happy teaching now may gloss,
Till on the golden shore we lay it down,
Hard by the glassy sea, bear we love's cross."

—*Times's Magazine.*

"THE Bells of Shandon," "In hoc signo," a Sonnet, by the late Enylla Allyne, and a few paragraphs from a speech by Lord Brougham, are re-published in this number of the MARITIME MONTHLY.

THE
MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1874.

No. 6.

JOSIAH GARTH.

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONT.

CHAPTER III.

THE waggon I was waiting for had come long ago, and if I hang much longer about the garden gate, a cold of unsatisfactory intensity will be the result. I know what you are thinking about, in regard to this long-looked for vehicle, and its discharged cargo. You suppose there must be a young lady in connection therewith, and that "as sure as fate" I must fall in love with her. You have the synopsis of our joint biographies in your plotting noddle. I will propose in stereotyped "honest Saxon phrases," or in nature's pantomime. She will either reject my overtures, and supplications, with supreme feminine scorn, or, with hereditary cunning, hang me, for an indefinite time, on the hook of jealousy, baited, barbed, and cast, with all the skill of a cunning angler. The signs and symptoms will be as pronounced as those of measles or small-pox. We will act silly; talk "spooney;" gaze at the moon in *Cupidical* reverie; no sleep for the *pleasure* of the *pain*; threats of suicide when clouds lowered; being fools generally, and particularly; having a few hair-breadth escapes; and at last get married; do as well as could be expected; drop languishing sentimentalism for prose and porridge; see a dozen photographs, "be the same more or less," *kickative* and jubilant, and coloured, in the back-yard; get, in the last stage of our eventful history, hoary-headed, sober, sage, senile, and sickly savage; (the alliteration was not intentional,) drop through the trap-doored

bridge into the river, and be forgotten as completely as if we had never been. This is an interesting programme of proceedings, and possible in daily life, but highly probable in fiction. Read and Wilkie Collins will be truly thankful for the original suggestions therein contained, and to which these red-hot, itchy fictionists may apply, seeing they are not "entered in the office of the Minister of Agriculture" as patents. This desultory narrative is a life picture, and curbs a free fancy by fruitful facts. Cast-iron rules of truthful incidents have a "pent up Utica." To have stirring and impossible scenes in field and flood, with a horror or two thrown in, will pass a dull story; to preserve a hero, hanging by the heels, in a worse position than Tantalus, from one week's end to another, and his friends also in suspensory torture, seven days at a time, as to his fate, with "to be continued" for a *solatium*; to keep the *denouement* carefully covered up in the creel of generalities and mythical lore, until page 180 is reached, and then, without any regard to the reader's feelings, "pop goes the weasel," is not life, but ideality gone mad, with "emotional insanity" for a reader, and a *claqueur*. I make this charge deliberately, with the prospect of being publicly guillotined for my pains. The waggon had in it a young lady,—from the city? (keep cool, now, and don't be in a hurry); not at all, but from a neighbouring settlement. Is she pretty? That is a matter for discussion. We are told by sages that there is an ideal model of beauty which priest and pagan, Jew and Christian, man and woman, wise and ignorant, must accept, by intuition, as angelic and perfect. If our minds are unwarped by habit or custom, the verdict must be universally unanimous, just as all bushel measures must, in strict honesty, contain only as many cubic inches as the patriarchal measure in the British Museum. I enter a demurrer against this view, and may argue it out at some future time. The Scot was full of "soft sawder" as well as "human nature," not to say a spice of philosophy, when he said "Gin ye wis a' o' my way o' thinkin, ye wid a' be gane clean daft after my Maggie." This young lady whom we have neglected so long had beauty, no doubt. To me she had the face and figure of a true *Raphaelitic* Madonna. I don't ask you to endorse this ebullition of sentiment, because you never saw her, and possibly you would not then; but I'll thrust the matter home to you, and ask you to sit down under the apple-tree, "'tween the gloamin' and the mirk," and construct out of the imagery of your

brain--you see I am assuming a good deal--the most handsome young lady the material at your command can produce, and that artistic design is a model of Power's Greek Slave, or Molly Perkins. I am sorry her name is not Angelina, or Felicia, for they sound so euphonious, metrical and aristocratic in a story. My excuse is, I was not at the christening, nor anywhere else, at the time; so I'm not to blame. Molly is my aunt, and at least twenty years old. Evidence went to show that she was four months, three hours, and--never mind the fractions--old when I made my *debut* into this cantankerous world. That is the prime reason why I don't like her, because I have to look up to my elders for advice, instruction, and warning, not to add, with respect. This was not to be thought of, when I say that Molly was the very quintessence of mischief, and kept the house in a maelstrom of confusion, peculiar to herself, ever since she came. The imperative mood in elect tenses was her creed, and when postulated meant, "I command, you obey." This sort of governmental assumption was looked upon by quiet seniors as an optimism, not unpleasant "to be, to do, and to suffer." It was not peremptory and incisive as a cannon-ball, but honeyed, and *coaxitive*, yet resistless as flowing water, which may be checked for a time, but conquers in the end. This *petty*-coat tyranny over men by this enchantress culminated in my revenge vicariously, by seeing her caught in Cupid's meshes as fast as mare, Fan, is tethered in the back gully. I should not have told you this so soon, dear and patient reader, but revenge is sweet, and it was too good to keep. Mind you, I would not have a hair of her head injured for the world, but if her heart could be occasionally squeezed into unrest with a first instalment of pain, by way of discipline, it is not for me to interfere, *pro tem*. The animal spirits overflowed, and in all which a well developed right arm found to do was honest endeavour and energy. She was "some" at housekeeping. Like the Yankees on Independence Day, she was possessed of "all-fired" brag, but, like them too, she could do all she promised, or, at any rate, was not afraid to try. Pies, twist cake, salt-rising bread, pancakes light as sponge, meat that wasn't burned to a cinder, and biscuit with downy tops soft and white as a maiden's brow, were only love's labour for her to make, cook, and inwardly digest. To ride a horse, without a bridle or halter, over logs, brush-heaps, cradle-knolls, and ravines, in a sort of impromptu hurdle-race, was

a kind of *happyfying* gymnastics to our Amazon. To break a pickle-bottle on top of a stump, with a pistol, at thirty paces, was a daily pastime. To bring down black squirrels, in bleak October, with an old Queen Bess flint-lock, as material for a meat-pie, was a matter of course—and, as a matter of fact, was often all the *courses*. She was not a giantess, but a blow or slap given from the shoulder was equal to a mild kick, and a head “in chancery” was subject to a service of *habeus corpus* of a pleasurable kind when released from “durance vile.” I speak feelingly, and from experience. The fiddle spoke music beneath her fingers, but she never saw a piano; could make or darn a stocking, but knew nothing of crochet work, feather-flowers, or crystal painting; could chop firewood, in a pinch, but never mauled croquet balls during fits of *ennui*. Was Molly a coarse, rough-grained, vulgar “Tom-boy?” Not a bit of it, for these and other varied accomplishments were not obtrusive, but only exhibited in emergencies. She was Nature’s handiwork in its entirety, without compression, pruning, or artificial appendages to make the lovely hideous, and the symmetrical deformed. I always felt that it was necessary for me to be on my proprieties in her presence, as if she were a Queen. There was a “Wha dare meddle wi’ me?” manner about her that we, untutored savages, felt and admired. But the story must proceed, although I feel an itching propensity at the ends of my dexter fingers to plunge into praises of all kinds, with a sort of poetic license, on behalf of the rustic maiden, while Molly is

“Straining the milk in the dairy,
And putting the pans away.”

I may as well introduce into our select circle a comrade of mine, rejoicing in the name of Levi Junka, (I could not help this name either,) and he was my avenging Leander. He was a good natured, thoughtless, vegetative young man, athletic in body, ruddy in countenance, and sluggish in brain. Levi knew next to nothing beyond the affairs of every day life, with no regrets nor joys in his biographical retrospects, and no particular hopes or wishes for the future. To be content, in an easy way, and to suffer in phlegmatic indifference was the sum total of his creed, if he ever formulated aught appertaining to his existence. Were it necessary to maintain a strict inertia, from lack of stimulants in external circumstances, he seemed to be prepared to allow the nails in the heels of his boots to rust for want of friction, or

patiently permit spiders to make cobwebs between his nose and the ground, before he would move. Did the occasion arise, and the public current run that way, I am sure he would have deliberately marched on serried ranks of steel, or the black mouths of cannon, in cool blood, alone or with the multitude, and could see no heroism in daring deeds, or enduring martyrdom. He was not, however, a log on the stream of time. The magazine of power was there, but it needed the occasion of a spark of burning life to rouse the latent into startling and sudden activity. Molly and he were at the antipodes in almost every particular; but with human perversity, and natural love of differences, she had a palpitating feeling for Levi not conducive to her peace of mind. As usual in such cases, she could not help it. Chemists tell us that parts electrically negative, or positive, will repel each other, but opposite conditions will lead to strong attractions. This is the general law of humanity, as the statute book of marriage doth testify. There may be a show of I don't see you; I don't hear you; I don't understand you; I don't cleave to you; but an argus-eyed Paul Pry will shrug his shoulders, wink both eyes intermittently, put fingers and thumb in position, like the hum-drum offshoots of Highland bagpipes, with the bridge of the nose for a fulcrum, and incline a light head to the starboard side, at an angle of 60° from the long diameter of the spine; but, however contradictory the statement may be, the attraction is at first repulsive. Do you say *apparent*? So be it; you possibly know. Molly was evidently struck, somewhere between the fifth and seventh ribs, with a sensation of "affinity" for this stolid man. She seemed to learn by instinct what I knew by experience—that Levi was not so stupid and unobservant as he seemed; that he was not devoid of feeling, kindness, and sympathy. His nature was like a volcanic mountain, with an extinct crater far down, hidden in the recesses of his heart, where were sunken fires he never dreamed of, until the occasion came which displayed the fury of pent up, latent passion. We shall see that the magic wand of a woman's influence and beauty played the mischief with both of them. The time of which I speak was in the rebellion year of 1837. Molly one evening was spinning with the old-fashioned wheel. She had of late been very taciturn; cheerful, but not boisterous; dreamy and absent-minded, but not stupid. My old uncle, with whom we were stopping, noticed it, and said to his wife, with a significant

shrug: "She's not herself." The object of this remark, which denied her identity, did not hear it. She stepped backwards and forwards to the birr of the big, revolving wheel, with a timid, nervous gait. The yarn seemed to twist and knot more than usual, and irritated the spinner, who seemed to be in a not-to-be-trifled-with mood. As the slender thread slipped through her fingers, from the spindle-point to the roll end, there was a jerkiness in the arm, and a shakiness of the hand, which annoyed herself, because involuntary. A click of the garden latch, a solid footstep, a free and independent knock, followed by others in rapid succession, made her start as if a ghost were expected to enter; but the opened door revealed Levi, nodding a recognition. He took his seat on a bench in the corner, at the end of the sputtering back log; drove down with a savage extension his elbows upon his knees, and buried his chin in his hands. After a few minutes silence, he bluntly said: "The rebels are up Yonge street, gathering for a fight, and I'm off in the morning, as a volunteer, to snuff 'em out."

Molly had a choking in the throat, and a moisture about the nostrils which needed attending to; but, as the old folks didn't reply, she managed to say, with something of former coolness:

"Why, Levi; did you think that they may shoot you, if you go?"

"Well," said he, "that's all right, if its to be so, and if it ain't, I'll maybe live to be hanged. You see, I believe what *is* to be *will* be, so I'm unconcerned."

Then followed a painful silence, except the hum of the wheel, which seemed to become more spiteful than ever in its buzz.

"If what you say is true, Levi," said old Uncle Maynard, "there's no use doin' nothing, for it will be if it is to be, and we may be like a sheep that a dog's got hold on—give it right up at onct."

"Do you mean to say, Uncle Joe," said Levi, "that what is to be *won't* be?" The fallacy was not *comeatable*: there was a skein to unravel somewhere, but, like many wiser heads, none could see the ends of the threads.

"What's all this fuss of rebels about?" asks Molly, who was not well versed in Canadian history. This was said half in query, and half in soliloquy.

"I don't know," replied the taciturn on the bench; "but our captain says 'the McKenzie men want to turn us over to the Yan-

kees—make disheloths of the old flag—tear the throne into bits, and murder everybody that didn't agree with them. 'They had picked out farms they wanted, and would give a short shrift to all the young ones and women when the men were away.'

"Nobody can say I like the rebels, or any of their doings," says Uncle Joe; "but they was awfully provoked, as well as the rest on us. You see we hain't got what the big spouters call Responsible Government. The Governor doesn't say 'by your leave' to the backbone and sinew of the country when he picks up advisers. He can pick up any striplings he likes to ask advice from, just for appearance sake, (and them upstarts is called the Privy Council,) to ride rough-shod, with cast-iron laws that they made to suit themselves, over the likes of you or me. Them that they didn't like, they wouldn't let sit in Parliament; it was no matter if they was elected unanimously by the county. McKenzie was politely driven out of the house more than once for standin' up for a free Government. He was peppery, and hot-headed, and sharp-tongued, and got his friends fermented up to boilin' over at the outrage of the family compact, and then they lost their heads, thinkin' they could do over on a small scale the work o' '76 on the other side o' the lines; but McKenzie wasn't a Washington, and his madness will stretch many a rebel neck before the rebellion is ended. I don't think they're disloyal to the Queen, but kick in the traces agin' them fellows that run the machine, collect taxes, pay money to favourites, put friends in fat offices, and in a general way snap their fingers at us 'vulgar clodhoppers,' as they call us. I'm a true blue Tory, and its not in my blood to be a rebel; was I young again—but I like fair play and no favours;—and if no blood is shed I hope they'll make it lively for them fellows that have possession in the ugly red brick squat of a Parliament House, on Front street, Toronto, like putting salt on the backs of gorged leeches till they'd let go their hold. I'd put them in the sausage machine o' agitation, and turn the crank till their bones would ache and crack, and 'enough' would come out o' every crack like the screech of a scared rooster. It's healthy for the country to take sometimes a white hickory broom and sweep the dirt out o' the corners, behind cupboards and beds away into the back-yard. I'd treat them like old Dr. Curmudgeon did my rheumatiz t'other day. I goes into his office, and sees him a lookin' into a box with wheels, and ileing it. 'What's that?' says I. 'O,' said he,

'this is a music box,' says he. 'I'd like to hear it play,' says I. 'Well, then, you hold on to them handles till I fix it,' says old physic; 'spit on your hands.' 'All right, now play 'Rule Britannia.' A dirlin' went up my arms as if 40,000 pins was playin' a jig on them; then they got stiff, and felt as if all the neuralgiz in the York District had a tearin' apple bee in me from top to toe. My hands drew up on my wrists, my elbows doubled like a jack-knife on my shoulders; I danced a jig, as if I was on a hot grid-iron. My face was goin' like as if I had teethin' fits, and I couldn't stop its jumpin', twistin and drawin'. I was madder than a colt with a bob-tail in fly-time. I couldn't let go, and yelled till the windows rattled, and Coroner Hardscrabble across the street began to make papers out for an inquest, as he knew from the noise somebody was being murdered. Take your slate down, Molly, and put down 'toothache' and multiply it by 1374, three quarters, and you've got my sufferin'. There sot old pills, turnin' a handle, and laughin' till the tears run down his nose, in a creek most strong enough to turn Deacon Reid's saw-mill. Wasn't I tearing mad? Didn't I swear some? Says he, 'is your rheumatiz gone?' 'Yes,' says I, with a roar that would rouse the Seven Sleepers your school books read about. 'Will you go to prayer meetin'?' says he. 'Yes.' 'Will you give \$300 to build the Hard-shell meetin' house?' 'Yes.' 'Will you join the patriots in their struggle for liberty?' Will you believe it, I'd a'most said 'yes' to that imperial question, when Carlo, here, comes in, and howls in fear. I hisses out, 'Sick him, Carlo,' and the way that crank-man skedaddled out at the back-door was a caution to sinners. Carlo didn't like the taste of him, for he *haucked* and coughed out on his mouth, with disgust on every wrinkle of his honest face, a bit o' trousers and bacon. That thunder and lightnin' machine should be in the House, and used freely for the rheumatiz of our jint diseased Canada law-makers, and after a dance or two, and a yell or so, they'd cave in. Levi, you go; but don't be hard on the poor misguided fellows."

The occupant of the corner got up, and twirled his hat, as if he would like to say something in criticism of the speech; but not seeing his way clear, he thought it wisdom's part to turn his face homeward. He was loth to go and not bid the members of the family good-by, from whom he had received, from to time, great kindness. A sinking came over him at the thought of leaving the

spinning lassie for the dangers of rebellion, which seemed to be the prelude to civil war. This feeling was new and startling.

Molly had stopped the wheel while Uncle Joe was expatiating in this unusual manner, and looked into the glowing embers, as if she expected to see a horoscope of the future in the starry scintillations, fiery lanes, and glowing caves, under the forestick; at the same time her tightly folded arms, compressed lips, and knowing glances, indicated to a keen observer some mental plan or programme for the future, or puzzling enigma, and reminiscence of what would be no more forever. To tell her love to that passive specimen of humanity in the corner would not be becoming or maidenly. Did he not reciprocate this passion, strangely incubated, it were madness for her to woo him by 'ways and means' only known to, and intuitive in, the gentler sex. If he should love in return, it seemed that nothing short of eternity could unfold it out of his consciousness, as to effect, occasion, or cause. While thus the maiden suffered and sighed, the object of her reflection was surveying the huge stick chimney, with its alternate layers of wood and clay, using it as a telescope to survey a parallelogram of the starry heavens. His hands were clasped over his knees, and his thumbs were alternately making semi-circles over one another, slowly and laboriously, in sympathy with his dreamy brain. The whole picture would have put Hogarth, or Wilkie, into ecstasy at the natural, plain, unadorned group. All at once, as if by one accord, and by previous consent, their eyes met. Volumes of history and biography, in the personal worlds, were read in a minute by both—title pages, prefaces, indices, and contents. He saw, and felt; she felt, and saw. These were the logical *sequents*, and chronological consequence. Talk about the celerity of telegraphic signs! There are none so swiftly sent, nor so naturally read, as the flashes of light from soul-filled orbits:—

"Soul interpreters, the eyes
Mock all restraint, and scorn disguise."

This discovery startled into unwonted activity the mind of the lover, and covered her with confusion, lest she were too forward in her actions, and aggressive in her approaches. The secret was out, however, and in a sort of re-action they studiously avoided noticing each other.

Molly would have given a kingdom for the possibility of a decent retreat from the house. Levi felt that something momen-

tous had happened of a pleasurable kind, and that he not only loved, but had it returned. The sensation of reciprocal regard thrilled him in every nervous filament. He was mentally, passionately regenerated—born again, and felt himself roused from his lethargy into high resolve and resolution. Rising from his seat, he shook himself like a great mastiff, surveyed his toes in momentary abstraction, and then gave several determined strides towards the door, as if he had forgotten some urgent business; then, remembering his manners, turned round suddenly and jerked out in *staccato* notes: "I'll think that over, Uncle Joe," and disappeared in the darkness.

Next morning the news spread like an electric shock of the rising of rebels everywhere. Each was afraid of his neighbour; none were free from suspicion, except those who were active in defense of the Government. A tide of invasion was threatened at the same time from over the lines. All the horrors of a fratricidal strife were imminent. Fearful rumors, more swift than the flights of Ariel, flew hither and thither, until each one felt as if he was standing on a powder magazine, to which a slow match had been applied. Old men recounted the heroic deeds of '76 and 1812, against the American rebels and invaders. The young men were eager to emulate the veterans of these eventful periods. I was among that number, and 'boiled over' with superabundant loyalty, not very clear, at the time, as to its meaning. I supposed that a Government could do no wrong, and that to oppose it was treason, forgetting the aphorism—

"What is treason? None can tell the reason,
For if it prospers, none dare call it treason."

Old shot guns were in requisition; rusty sabres were burnished into respectable brilliancy, and company drill instituted among awkward squads. There could have been nothing more ludicrous than our attempts at training. The officers, generally speaking, were as ignorant as the men, in the manual of arms and company drill. When an old soldier could be pounced upon, he was instantly made drill sergeant. The commissioned militia officers had little control of the men, on account of lack of the power of discipline and command inherent in some men, and also because of that democratic spirit which virtually says: "All men are equal; I am as good as my officer, and in fact *better* than he." This graduated scale of merit, which each applied for himself, made unity a myth,

training a farce, and military order a theory, but far from being a practice. We felt, however, that something had to be done to organize, and bring together friends, not only to support the Government, but also to put down anarchy, which threatened to utterly demolish our social fabric, as well as overthrow our political system. The ties of relationship were broken up, and the status of every man was determined by the aphorism—

“He that is not for us, is against us.”

CHAPTER IV.

It is advantageous in many ways to be able to close a chapter when you please. Should the subject matter be running away with the writer, and threaten to launch him on the *mare magnum* of prolixity, he can bring down the guillotine knife and decapitate the subject at once, or postpone discussion until after a “breathing spell” has been indulged in. Then a new chapter can be begun anywhere, and a sort of *abandon* is allowed, as a prologue to taking up the thread of the discourse. This is a prosaic license not to be despised. If too many characters are crowded upon the stage, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, cut their acquaintance for at least a chapter or two, or make them perform *hari kari* in the backyard, and never even introduce their bodies into respectable society. This treatment is not classic, for a dead Cæsar and a living Anthony would expect better treatment from “honorable men;” but, although the 19th century scribblers have “gone to wind,” or are heaping up “guano mountains of cant and rubbish,” yet are they too practical to allow any of their friends the doubtful privilege of *lying*, over the dead, in funeral orations. If the *dramatis personæ* prove incorrigible bores, and won’t keep out of the way, a facetious writer suggests a cure more radical than a cold shoulder, viz.: to get up a railroad accident, and kill them off *en bloc*. This is effectual and final. The chronicler of an “over true tale” cannot do this, unless he should be inclined to fly into romance, and sandwich together fact and fiction in unequal proportions.

Years had gone by, and the school-master was faithfully labouring at his post. He had been, for several weeks, an invalid. The scholars noticed a blanched and haggard appearance in the master. The quick, nervous step, and positive gait of the old soldier had been superseded by the weary drag and languid air of a sick man

with indomitable will. The querulousness and hot temper seemed mellowed down to a submissive and tender manner. Each successive generation of scholars knew that his heart was in the right place, but its pulsations of well-meaning were often muffled by the bluff ways and peremptory tones of an apparently tyrannical pedagogue. The intuitions of children to read character are wonderfully correct, and it never took a long time for the juveniles to know that inside the crust was affection and real friendship to them.

One morning he was absent when the school hour had arrived. This was unprecedented in the history of the community. His soldier-like punctuality remained with him to the last. Ten o'clock came, and no master; not even had he been seen about the premises of his home. This location was only about one hundred yards away from the school-house. Near as it was, no scholar had ever entered its precincts, by invitation, or otherwise. No ascetic recluse could have been more self-ostracised from society than he was in his bachelor home. My companionship, close as it was, never went so far as to be invited to this retreat. As the hours sped on, the puzzling question arose as to going to the house, and enquiring about his absence. All felt something was wrong, and had that undefined dread of the mysterious and unknown which is not confined to youth and timidity. No one could be prevailed upon to go, except a little girl of ten summers, who seemed at all times not to be possessed of fear, and knew not the feelings of awe or danger. The scholars stood in groups at the corners of the school-house, according to the law of selection, and watched with admiration this *avant courier*, as a forlorn hope, walking, with firm step, to the dreaded domicile. When the door was reached, they heard the knock of the tiny fist, and listened with bated breath for the response. The knock was repeated with increased persistency and fortitude, but they heard no reply. At last the curly head went to the window; then they saw her looking into the room, and then, as if her courage had suddenly failed her, she fled towards them.

"What is the matter?"

"What did you see?"

"Is the master there, and alive?" were questions hurled without stint at the panting girl, as she drew near.

"O!" said she, squatting down on the ground, and holding her

sides ; " the door is fastened on the inside, and I can't open it, and master doesn't open it. I looked in at the window, and saw him lying in bed, and he won't mind me when I talk to him."

Now that the ice was broken, as it were, and no ogre expected to come out of the cabin, the scholars advanced in a body, with the muscles on the *qui vive* for a retreat at a moment's notice. Curiosity seeking faces peered in at the window, and saw him, with his face turned to the wall, still as death. A large boy, in a sort of thoughtless recklessness, shouted so suddenly as to send an unpleasant thrill through every nerve in our bodies : " Master, its past school-time." Then there was a flattening of noses, and a pressing of faces against the window-panes, to watch the effect of this noisy demonstration. Such profound silence had prevailed that it seemed like a sort of sacrilege to shout a matter-of-fact statement into this silent habitation. The master moved at the sound, and turned his face to the window. They scarcely knew him ; he was sallow, shrivelled, and sunken in orbits and cheeks. The glassy eye, quivering lips, and anxious expression were to the trembling group such an unusual sight that all fled aghast, but little curly head. She said :

" Master, do you want anything?"

All she heard was a hollow voice, as if it came from a deep cave, saying " Garth." Little Ellie knew what that meant, and came as fast as her feet could carry her across the field to where I was working, partly swinging and partly dragging her sun-bonnet after her, by an invisible string. I stopped my plough, and waited for her to come up.

" O, Josiah," she said, " schoolmaster is sick, and wants you right away."

When I reached the cabin, I saw that the invalid was not able to rise and open the door. After considerable manipulation, I got in at the window, and shot back from its socket the wooden bar which held the door. With timid steps all the school entered, and in solemn silence drew near the bed. As I approached him, he held out his hand to me ; it was clammy and cold, with a feeble grip. I knew his days were few, and numbered. He tried to articulate words, but the dry tongue and parched throat forbade it. A little eager group, vieing the one with the other, went in not haste to the bubbling spring for fresh cool water. He drank ravenously, and even clung with tenacity to the empty cup, as if

he expected a fountain to spring from its bottom. Doubtless during the weary hours of a long night and a tardy forenoon he had been choking for water, and was not able to reach it, and with so many willing hands and loving hearts so near. At last, with his old manner, he raised his solitary hand, and extended his forefinger in the direction of his scholars, who were ranged round the wall, awe-stricken, and said in weak, yet distinct words: "Scholars, children, attention; didn't I tell you that death would knock at all our doors, and when we opened them we would wonder why he came so soon, and so suddenly. I have heard his calls for thousands of others; and last night the old familiar sounds came to me, and were music in my ears. Mind, he comes like a thief: watch and prepare for him, by loving all men, fearing God, and honouring the Queen. Forgive my angry moods of peevishness, and crossness, for I loved all, and do love you. Come here—shake hands—good-bye—Christ bless and save you."

One by one, the sobbing throng shook hands and withdrew, with sad hearts, from the presence of him who was standing on the threshold of the unseen and eternal, near the farther edge of the dark valley, with scintillations of heavenly light shooting athwart the gloom. He and I were alone.

"Josiah," he said, "you know my history, my trials, my temptations. She, whom you know of, is either now here, or hanging, in eager expectation, over the battlements of heaven; and with longing eyes keeps watching for me, and will welcome the fluttering spirit, whose eternal love for her was pure as a sunbeam, and about to be disenthralled from the pavillion of the shadow of death. I have felt her presence, as an angel of the Lord, since the fatal day on Queenstown Heights. This influence has been ever present, at morning, at noon, and at night; in the storm of battle, on the tempestuous sea, and during the weary hours, and trying routine of every day life. Many times have I heard over my head the humming of her angel-wings, and felt in me rising up vigorous impulses for good, in these near contacts with the near beyond. We have all such heavenly visitants 'around our beds, and in our rooms.' Let us not grieve then, in the evil hours, when omenous shadows are over our being. Bury me decently, without parade, show, or symbols of sorrow, and by God's will, in death, we shall not be divided. Bury with me these locks of the brave scout and her trusty lover, which I have worn on my breast

for a quarter of a century. I took them reverently from the clotted tresses of those, leal, true, and beautiful in death. My tongue refuses to speak. Look at that." He pointed to a card hanging on the wall, at his bed-foot, on which was written, in his plain, round hand, a stanza of a grand old anthem, in Latin, and below it a free translation in English. "Pray it, Garth," whispered the dying man. With welling eyes, and broken accents, I read aloud those words, which doubtless were part of his morning orisons :

"Rex, tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas, gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis."

("King, of majesty tremendous,
Who doth a free salvation send us,
Fount so holy, then befriend us.")

The noon-day sun poured in at the window a flood of light, as it passed from behind a cloud. The beams, so bright, fell upon his face and radiated from it like a halo of glory, while he whispered repeatedly, each attempt feebler than its predecessor : "Fount so holy, then befriend us." Suddenly an unexpected quiver of the whole frame took place, and all was still. Death was new to me, and had no terror. The calm face ; the slightly parted lips ; the half-closed eyes, and waxy countenance, changed, for the better the appearance of a disfigured and battered casket, from which the rare jewel had been taken by its Owner to set in a diadem.

(To be continued.)

SONNETS.

I.

THEY are not here, the old familiar faces—
They are not here, the friends I loved of yore—
The world forgets them mostly, and the places
That knew them once will know them nevermore.
Revolve the seasons—from the patient shore
The tide recedes but to return again—
The pines repeat of by-gone years the lore—
Spring calls to life the flowers by Winter slain,

But for the dead there is no Spring, alas!
 No Spring for those that calmly sleep below
 The violet banks, the green and whispering grass,
 The yellow Autumn leaves, the pitying snow.
 Dust, ashes! Once with heavenly fire aflame—
 To chaos gathered, that from chaos came.

II.

Returned to chaos? No, it cannot be!
 Ashes to ashes—dust to dust returns—
 Ships sail away and are engulfed at sea—
 The centuries speed—no watchful eye discerns
 The flashing shield of Heaven's lost sentinel!
 And fame? Go question, if thou wilt, the shell
 That echoes still the wave's wild melody.
 There must be something in us which outlives
 The wreck of years and Time's remorseless spite;
 There must be that within, oh heart! that gives
 The lie to death and everlasting night;—
 Something, but what? that cannot perish quite—
 That lives, expands, as countless ages roll,
 Mortal immortal, life sublimed, the soul.

III.

So we will sigh no more. Though Fate hath made
 Of us the targe for many a poisoned shaft,
 Though wayward Fortune with our hopes hath played
 Fantastic tricks, and in derision laughed
 At all our struggles, imprecations, tears,
 What will it matter in the after years?
 A narrow line divideth joy and pain—
 Time cures the wounds of Fortune and of Fate—
 Soon eyes that weep shall never weep again—
 Soon perfect peace shall be the soul's estate.
 Cease then, oh heart, this puerile repining—
 Thy trivial ills no longer ponder o'er—
 Beyond the cloud a thousand stars are shining;
 Beyond the sea lies Aiden's sunny shore.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

BEAUTY.

"Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all."

—Pope.

AMONG the varied difficulties that present themselves to the inexperienced writer, one of the first and most serious that occurs to him appears to be the choice of his subject. For, although in the wide domains of nature, of art, of intellect, many noble themes meet his gaze, the familiar aspect of some and the abstrusiveness of others render them ineligible, for it appears presumptuous to bring before the general reader a subject on which he has been already instructed by his favorite authors, and with which he may be well acquainted; whilst it seems somewhat pedantic to introduce a science, the truths of which are proved by strict mathematical demonstration, or the conclusions whereof are arrived at by a train of pure logical reasoning.

Thus the science of astronomy, the gorgeous panoply of heaven, the varied beauties of the stars, each shining with its own peculiar ray; the steady courses of the planets fulfilling their appointed times; the erratic wandering of the comets,—in former days beheld with dread, and now with admiration; the brilliant glory of the sun; the chastened lustre of the moon; their laws, and their fulfilment of them, are ever present to the mind.

The wondrous marvels of the Earth; her ever rolling seas; her secret buried fires; her reproductive powers; her fair and beautiful face; the numerous metals hid within her bosom; her rocks and slates; her coals and useful earths, are quite familiar to our thoughts. The several forms that dwell upon the earth; the mighty creatures known in days of yore; the heavy Megatherium; the Elk, since passed away; the creatures now existing, from the great Elephant's colossal bulk down to the Animalcule's minuteness, are constant themes for speculation with a thinking people, and on which it is not now my purpose to write.

Again. The laws of immateriality; the rules that sway our wandering thoughts; the subtle bounds that curb our reason; the influences working on our judgment, our duties, and our obligations; these hidden subjects—subjects to be treated with such nicety of distinction, with such accuracy of phrase, are as ill adapted for the generality of readers as they are difficult to the writer.

Pondering thus, and throwing a mental glance over these wondrous works of Nature, thinking moreover of the mind, of its moral influences, and its creative energies, it has struck me that there is a quality pervading the realms of nature and of art, ever familiar to our senses, yet but seldom thought of with definite apprehension—a quality which, as it were with unseen hand, weaves an enchanting garment round all good, heightens our sense of the glories of nature, increases our zest for the pleasures of intellect and genius, and is to us a constant source of rational and sincere enjoyment. This quality is Beauty.

Of the birth of Beauty it were vain to enquire; co-eternal with God, it has existed from everlasting, and has brightened the glories of celestial intelligence, before this earth was moulded into form, when the heavy weight of gloom sat brooding over this nether world and dull chaos governed all below. But when the creative energies of Omnipotence were expended on the world, form and grace wrought with unwearied hand in the great enterprize of Providence, and nature smiled in conscious beauty at the declaration that “all was good” :—

“Sweet was the breath of morn, her rising sweet with charms of earliest birds. Pleasant the sun when first on that delightful land he spread his orient beams, over herb, tree, fruit and flower; glistening with dew, fragrant the fertile earth after soft showers, and sweet the coming on of grateful evening mild; then silent night with her solemn bird, and this fair morn, and there the gems of heaven, her starry train.”

Convinced, then, of the mighty influences which this quality exercises over our lives, and its intimate connection with our appreciation of earth refined, each of its noble sentiments being wisely given us as an antidote to the sad and dry realities of life; as a means of distracting our attention from the misfortunes that every day strew our path, I have determined, in few words, to give the opinions of some students of moral nature, who are versed in the subject.

And first, I would allege that the interpretation of the word, received as it commonly is by us, does not convey an accurate sense of that which is in truth and philosophically speaking, Beauty. Nay, that it is rather calculated to prevent our just conception of the subject of this paper, for our ordinary notion is, that beauty is a quality inherent in external objects whereby they suggest to us pleasing

feelings, or at least a pleasurable train of thought, whereas the converse of this is precisely the case. Beauty is defined by the modern school of metaphysicians to be a pleasing emotion of the mind, and thus it is poetically said "Mind alone (bear witness Heaven and Earth), the living fountain, in itself contains the Beauteous and Sublime." But as the emotion is always of a pleasing nature, and as it ever transfers to the object which it invests with attractiveness a pleasing appearance, we easily come to consider the object of beauty as in itself a type of beauty, a most mistaken fancy, for where were the beauty of the landscape did the beholder turn his eye or his mental gaze from the appreciation of its charms; or where to the untutored savage, the excellence of the poetic phrase.

With this theory, that there exists in certain external objects an inherent beauty, it were also difficult to reconcile the fact that the idea of that we call beautiful differs in persons of equal attainments, and of the same country; and that the face of that man at whose hands we have received kind offices does not appear to us in the same light as to him, in whom has not been excited the feelings of gratitude, which prompt us so frequently to overlook personal disadvantages. And hence we may derive the valuable lesson not to rely on external attractions, which are judged by the ever varying taste, and by the fickle standard of fashion, but rather to endeavour to excite esteem by the exercise of those moral virtues and mental attainments which must endear us to those around, and raise us permanently in the scale of society.

On consideration it will be found also that to association of feelings may be attributed much of that which appears to us pleasing in external objects; so the landscape which met our infant gaze has always peculiar charms for us, and each finds especial beauty in that which reminds him of happy days gone by; the sight of the long-loved object recalls to us old times of pleasing thought with which we unwittingly identify it; and the well remembered air, or oft heard poem, cause us involuntarily to transfer to them the long latent emotion of fondness which we felt for him, or her, from whose lips it appeared so sweet. It cannot be doubted, also, that education and natural habits influence us materially in our ideas of the beautiful, and this appears to be the working of a wise decree of Providence, for the Spaniard admires the dusky hue and dark eye which the embrowning sun of his country

must impart, and the Northerner loves the blonde complexion and blue eyes that tell of the coldness of his clime; he who lives on hard, dry ground, which requires an elastic tread, seeks for the high instep and the springing foot; whilst by the negro, who lives on soft and yielding sands, the large flat foot adapted to his country is preferred. If a further proof were required that beauty is not abstractedly inherent in the external objects which we call beautiful, we have a very one in the fact of which we can all from personal experience speak, that with the different stages of life, different objects are calculated to excite pleasing emotions; thus the gaudy toy, which in infancy attracts attention, fails to please when we pass through childhood's years; the bold amusements that delight the ardent boy give place, in manhood, to more settled tastes; each time of life has its peculiar joy, and each is biassed by its own attractions. Finding, then, that beauty is the working of a mental emotion, which attaches itself to some individual object of a class, we shall next consider what classes of objects are susceptible of this emotion.

We shall find in this enquiry that the mind ever thirsts for beauty, and ranges through the whole circle of being and of thought in search of it, laying aside that which is not suited to the taste, and attaching itself with aptitude to that which answers to the emotion. Thus, if we consider inanimate objects of art, beginning with the lowest degree, we shall see the taste of the sailor exemplified in the devotion with which he regards the ship that appears to him symmetrical and accurate in its mould and ornament; and we see the delight of the architect elicited by a view of the building which peculiarly suits itself to his fancy. But in neither one case or the other need the ship or building be (abstractedly considered) a beautiful object, for although fashion certainly works powerfully on the mind, yet pre-existing circumstances may be equally powerful in creating the emotion which attaches itself to the admired object, and we find that in the cases just cited, the emotion is seldom felt, save by those who are conversant with the class of design admired, and in whose minds some principle of association is connected with it.

The inanimate beauties of nature are familiar to most men, and therefore the taste of the majority is called into exercise, in the observation of a landscape, or a pleasing scene, and we consider him devoid of refinement who does not admire the sublimity of

the mighty mountain, the soft beauty of the verdant mead, the gentle quiet of the shady grove, the glory of the golden sun-reflecting cross, the pellucid clearness of the crystal stream, or the mighty majesty of the heaving ocean. Who does not delight in Nature in all her aspects, whether of Winter trouble, or of vernal joy; of Summer's brightness, or of Autumn's plenteous glory? A wondrous charm, too, exists in motion and sound, which relieve the still sluggishness of inanimate matter; thus, if to the beauties of the otherwise quiescent landscape we add the curling of the smoke among the trees, in itself, you will admit, a pleasing object, without even having revealed to us the source from whence it proceeds; and if to this we superadd the hoarse cawing of the raven, we shall find that we have increased our interest in the sylvan scene and heightened our sense of its beauty as a landscape, by the introduction of two ingredients, in themselves disagreeable—a kind of further proof that it is to association of ideas, and not to the landscape itself (considered abstractedly) that we owe our pleasing feelings.

If, then, inanimate matter acquire such interest from the introduction of mere motion and sound, shall we not immediately perceive how much more interesting must prove the beauties of animation; and if inert substances possess such attractions for the mind, it is plain that vitality must be much more attractive, and that beauty endowed with vitality must be much more so. In this class of objects we may include animals of the lower kind, endowed with symmetry of form; and which of us has not beheld, with pleasure, the horse of fiery spirit, of proud and beauteous shape; has not admired the plumage of the bird, whose ever-changing form adds fresh beauties to his clothing.

But when we consider the conditions in which man is placed over the inferior animals; to say and be obeyed, his noble posture and commanding attitude, we are no longer astonished that the expression "Beauty" should attach itself pre-eminently to him. And if we think upon his mind, his thoughts that reach in one short moment from east to west, and travel throughout space, we no longer marvel that the expression of these thoughts, in the character of his face and figure, should above all things attract the attention of his fellow creatures; that we should ever look upon our own race for development of the beauty of expression, and should be prone to seek in man the reflection of those qualities.

of mind that give him rule over all created else ; and in woman, the mild and gentle graces that tell of the mind within, that speak of soft and winning love, of kind endearing sympathy, and of those warm, self-denying offices, that render her, in her appropriate sphere, the most beautiful of all the creations of the Maker of all things.

In the work of the talented limner, we see another object in which we can discern charms ; but we do so, no doubt, in great degree, by association and by taste, for although when the emotion which induces us to call the landscape beautiful is active in our minds, we gaze with delight upon the production of a fellow man, which offers to our view, at one short glance, a bold copy of nature's handiwork, yet to us, unbiassed by that feeling, the effort of the painter's genius becomes but canvas, and a filthy daub. In the writings of the poet, also, we find an exceeding great enjoyment ; our minds, when at all cultivated, ever seeking information, imparted in the loftiest and most harmonious style ; our thoughts springing with delight to meet the poetic image, and finding sweet pleasure in the brightened reflection of those sentiments and passions, which are daily shadowed forth within ourselves, and our souls transported by the elevated idea, the majestic figure clothed in apt and eloquent expression, the well turned description or the passionate character ; and yet we find that that piece of poetry, which some pronounce exquisite, has not its charm for all—nay, that some are utterly devoid of all taste for poetic language ; thence we must conclude that beauty exists in poetry also, yet is only the reflection of an emotion given birth to in our minds by education, fashion, or association.

Thus we find that not only does there exist in nature and in matter a symmetry, a harmony and regularity which the Creator has given us to please our senses, and delight our minds ; but that to the more gifted of our race he has vouchsafed the power of drawing from our breasts the same emotion, of elevating our intellects, and adding refinement to our thoughts.

But, methinks, I should ill have performed my duty to the reader, did I not call attention to the great part which man's own mental constitution bears in the appreciation of objects, which we call beautiful, of the judgment with which he selects, the memory by which he compares like objects in his search after the beautiful, and above all the imagination, which not only exercises itself

in that whereon we have treated, but furthermore reserves to itself a wise and varied tract of fancy, on which it forbids other foot to press, and over which with light and tripping steps it ranges in search of the beautiful, unshackled by form, unrestrained by matter; with busy finger culling from experience each sweet perfection, and joining all together in one fancied charming figure, its darling offspring and its sweet delight, the Ideal Beauty.

How sweet it is, after the busy toils of life, or after its equally unsatisfactory pleasures, to lay aside, for a time, the heavy cares that load the anxious mind, and giving free scope to fancy, aided by ever active hope, to raise up for ourselves a soothing structure of coming pleasure and anticipated joys.

How much more sweet that pleasant taste of dear imagination, that in this world of imperfection, where every object of perception plainly falls short of the abstract beautiful, and where every mental gratification ere long palls upon the ever-changing taste, leaveth us not in that, our sated state, but raiseth up unto us a fairy structure, impalpable, uncertain, yet most satisfactory to our fancies, most elevating to our tastes and our aspirations, the star that lifts the poetic head to heaven, the singing of the spheres (that is the musician's nightly dream), the perfect form of the sculptor's love, the charm that beckons on the painter's master hand. We have thus seen that infinite wisdom has endued all nature with certain qualities, in the consideration of which we are permitted a sweet enjoyment, and that in part alleviation of the ills of life. We have been given the active wish to make a choice among her noble works for that which pleases us as individuals, and that moreover there has been accorded to us a fancy stretching beyond reality, and aspiring to better things than those we see. Can we then, deny that the sense of beauty is a great, a happy gift. Must we not admit that in this world of probation our still changing tastes shall ever seek new beauties, and that till relieved of this coat of clay we shall not arrive at that which is true beauty.

But of what true beauty is we are not left in total ignorance, for we are informed that the Deity, who is the author of all good, is the essence of this heavenly gift—"out of Zion hath God appeared as perfect beauty." We are certain that the reflected radiance of this beauty shineth round about Him. Honour and majesty are before him, strength and beauty are in his sanctuary, and we may further hope that if we worship the Lord in the

Beauty of Holiness, "when we shall have put off this coarse body, we shall see exemplified in our own persons that which we have here longed for with the strong desire of our nature. We shall have exchanged imperfection for perfection, and shall wake up thoroughly satisfied 'with our likeness to that glorious Being, who was, and is, and ever shall be Perfect Beauty.'"

To conclude, the man has fallen from his primitive state of mental and of personal beauty. Though sin and corroding care have stamped their impress on his brow, and labour bent his God-like attitude, the dread anticipations walk with him day by day, and remorse for the past shares his nightly pillow, there yet remains within a consciousness of what he has been; a voice that speaks to him of days of pristine innocence; a spark of heaven-born fire; the "beauty of purity," still brings the ready blush, making the guilty start before unconscious innocence, investing the guiltless with a spotless garment, elevating the pure almost to a level with the beings of a higher sphere. Ah! let us not quench this vivifying principle, let us not drown it in the tide of passion or selfishness; let us by a due exercise of our functions foster and cherish its lively influence, treating not only those subjects which relate to our social duties, not only those themes which are calculated to improve and please society, but also acknowledging those alleviations which the author of society has permitted, and encouraging the observance of those moral duties, of which we may conclude that purity of conduct is one, from the ready apprehension he has implanted in our breasts for its exceeding loveliness.

The comprehensive nature of my subject will be quite apparent to the reader, even from this imperfect essay, and in its short limits I could do no more than take a hasty glance at some very few of its details. It has been my object to lead the reader to the discussion of this subject by holding it up as a brilliant star, radiating in glory from the throne of heaven, personating celestial beings, and enduing them with real beauty, whilst its rays, in their approach to earth, are so intercepted by the clouds of imperfection, that unable, with like power, as in heaven, to vivify the things of nature, they succeed only in exciting in the breast of man an emotion which gives him pleasure here, and will assist him hereafter in the appreciation of perfect beauty.

But yet these bright irradiations are reflected from the intellect,

pervade all nature, and cast their charming influence over both mind and matter.

Be it yours then, reader, to follow their enlightening course, and by their aid to disclose the full charms of those branches of nature and of knowledge, at some few of which only it has been within my power to glance.

J. G. DAVIS.

Ottawa.

THE QUESTION.*

BY MARY BARRY.

“WHOM do men say I am?” The question old
Rings thro’ the centuries like a trumpet blast,
And links our later day to that far Past,
Grey with the burden of Time’s fungous mould;
He spake it low, yet ’twas a rallying cry—
We hear it from the coasts of Philippi!

And must we answer as they answered then:

“Some say Elias, and some Jeremy!”

Then will He question us, “But whom say ye?”

Oh, ’mid the jarring creeds and schemes of men,

Blessèd to stand where venturous Peter trod,

Blessèd to know thee, Christ, the Son of God!

St. John, N. B.

*Matt. 16 chap; 13-17 verses.

MAN-CHING’S BOOTS.

THERE was once in the Kingdom of Seongaria, which is now a Chinese dependency, a very wise man, or, at least, one who passed for such among his neighbours. Nevertheless, with all his wisdom, he was very poor, and he died one day, for all the world like people who are not wise. His name was Ching. Now he had two sons. The elder he had named Bou; the younger, Man. These, at their father’s death, according to the custom of Soon-garia, added his name to their own, and so became Bou-Ching and

Man-Ching, respectively. Bou-Ching was a grown-up man, and a confoundedly churlish and surly one to boot, at the time his father "mounted the great white dragon, and set off for the abode of the gods," which is a polite way of mentioning a man's death among the Chinese. Man-Ching, on the other hand, was a mere lad, but little above sixteen; a pleasant, chirrupy little fellow, as cheerful as the day was long—or, rather, would have been, but for the over-bearing and tyrannical disposition of his elder brother, who did not let the poor lad have much chance to amuse himself or anybody else, and contrived, one way and another, to put enough dark patches into the white blank of his young memory to make a pretty fair mosaic of it, at least.

Now in rummaging the house after the funeral, the very last thing they came upon was a rickety old box, inside of which was a moth-eaten old winter tunic, and a pair of the most hideous old boots that ever mortal woman screamed at. Bou-Ching, who was unusually gracious at finding the "old boy cut up better than he had expected," (which is a polite way of indicating the amount of property left by a deceased individual to his heirs among a people known to the Chinese as *Fan-qui*,) forthwith magnanimously bestowed box and all upon his young brother, remarking that they might be some use to him some day—when he had grown big enough to fill 'em—and forgot to examine the pockets of the tunic. And this was Man-Ching's share of his father's possessions.

Now, in the ensuing winter, Man-Ching wanted to slide down hill on the snow-crust, moonlight evenings, with a certain playmate, who was a great favorite of his, (her name was Lin;) but he had no *dalk*, which is what they call the absurd concern that answers for a hand-sled in Soongaria. So, as asking Bou-Ching for one was not to be thought of, he broke up his old box, and being a rather ingenious youngster, fashioned it over, into no end of a *dalk*, that took the shine out of everything that offered competition; and that same evening he and Lin had a glorious time coasting, and he said he liked it because it made Lin's cheeks red. You see he didn't know what was the matter with him; but it often begins that way. He felt like biting 'em, but he didn't, though, because he knew that would hurt her; and he told her about it, and she said she was sorry it would hurt. Sometime afterwards it occurred to her, one day when she was thinking it over, that he could make-believe bite, and perhaps that would

answer, and resolved to suggest it to him, so that he could try it if he wanted; and—but hold on, I'm anticipating.

But the next morning there was a row! Bou-Ching, observing the new dalk, discovered, of course, what it was made of; and then there was a pretty to-do. He called Man-Ching all the destructive, thriftless young vagabonds he could lay his jaw to, for converting a useful old box that might have done service in holding something or another, sometime when they might happen to think of it, when they had anything that would do to put in it, into a good-for-nothing plaything of a dalk. Who ever heard o' the like! Wilful waste made woeful want,—and if Master Man-Ching went on at this rate, he'd assuredly come to the gallows before he was twenty-five; and so on, and so forth. To which Man-Ching plead that the box was his own, own property, and he really thought there could be no harm in having changed his own, own property from a shape in which it *did not* afford him any satisfaction to one in which it did. At which Bou-Ching got angry, and, observing that it was only a step from taking such liberties with his own property to doing the same with somebody else's, pronounced him a thief, and desired him to "git up and git"—which is a refined expression for departing, peculiar to a great people known to the Chinese as "Outside Barbarians"—as he did not feel able to support an idle scamp whose dangerous habits were certain to bring disgrace upon the family.

Man-Ching, driven by this logic to the conclusion that he must be a desperate villain indeed, said never a word; but donning the dilapidated tunic, and the hideous boots, much as they were too big for him, set forth at once, weeping over himself as a hopeless scoundrel who had to be driven forth of his own brother's domicile in mid-winter, and, feeling himself not even fit company for a dog, didn't venture to bid even Lin good-by; but avoiding sight of everybody as much as possible, made straight for the forest. Besides, he knew he "looked *such* a guy" in those terrible boots and tunic, you know. So, as he travelled along, wondering how on earth he ever came to be so bad, and wishing he could see his sins in their proper light, and yet unable, for the soul of him, to distinguish between his good actions and his bad—wherefore he concluded, of course, that he had never done a meritorious thing in his life, and equally, of course, never would, because it couldn't be in him when he didn't know right from wrong, you see—it

began to storm. It looked as though the sky itself was falling, the way the great flakes of snow came pelting down, thickening the air, and shortening up the "eye-shot," as sailors say, until he couldn't see a rod. And the wind roared and sighed, by turns, among the branches of the huge trees, and the road grew narrower and narrower, while great drifts of snow here and there hid it altogether, and night coming on he was no longer able to avoid them, but floundered into 'em right and left, and over head and ears, while it grew so cold that he thought his nose and fingers were assuredly frozen, and his hair was matted with ice. But the ragged old tunic proved a famous defence, for it kept his body and limbs warm, in spite of the piercing blast; and the big, ugly boots not only kept his toes glowing, but they actually seemed to go of themselves somehow, and went over and through the huge drifts without any effort of Man-Ching's at all, as he presently discovered, and then he hardly knew whether to be more frightened or glad; but as he ceased walking, while debating the point, the boots let out tremendously, and carried him along at a pace that would have left Deerfoot nowhere. Then he concluded it must be all right, "for at least," he reflected, "the boots can't take me where I shall be any worse off than I am here; besides, they were my father's, and he wouldn't have kept them about him had they been anything evil." So he resigned himself, and was carried along as smoothly, rapidly, and comfortably as if he had been in a close covered *kebichk*, with six horses, on a well broken road; and even his nose and fingers got warm again, although still he could feel the storm pelting away, more bitterly, if possible, than ever.

By and by he discovered that the road was descending, and the forest was becoming less dense. He had crossed the crest of the mountain ridges which divided Soongaria in the olden days from the domains of the Booriats and the Kirgheez, and which, even to this day, are haunted by myriads of evil spirits and fire-gnomes, (the truth of this statement you may rely upon, for the gentleman who told me this story had himself seen one, once.) He had no idea of it, however, as, indeed, how should he; for, as all the world knows, the village of Oomsk, which he had left in the morning, lies almost two hundred miles from the frontier, and he himself had not walked above fifteen—all the rest, you see, had been done by the wonderful boots since he gave up to them.

Queer boots they were, sure enough; nor was speed their only good quality, as he was now about to prove.

Far ahead, and somewhat to the left, he presently saw a light. Nearer, he made out that it shone from a very cheerful looking house, which stood some distance from the road, with a wide lane leading from thence up to it. Man-Ching, thinking he had travelled enough for one night, determined to go there and ask admittance. Accordingly, he turned to go up the lane, when lo! the boots were fast, and would not budge off the road! In vain Man-Ching strove and tugged—he was like a man sunk mid-leg in a quick-sand—able to stir neither one foot nor the other. He pulled and pulled; laid hold of a tree at hand, and shook himself; stood on his head to get his heels up: even said some naughty words, for it “made him mad,”* as Shakespeare says,—all to no purpose; then he laid right down in the snow, and tried to kick; but did no better at that, either.

Then, while he was recovering breath, he heard a low, soft voice from his right boot say:

“Brother High Ling-wong!”

And then just such another voice from the left one replied:

“Brother Low Ling-wong!”

And the right said:

“Shall we let the son of our great Master Ching go from the right way?”

And the left answered:

“What profits it to ask, O my brother? What is the experience of his wise father to him? He will not be content until he learns for himself—what mortal youth ever was?”

Now this frightened Man-Ching worse than ever; but he was indignant withal, and determined, too, to show that he wasn't frightened at all, whatever they might think. So he said, very sarcastically:

“These old boots think nobody in the world knows anything but themselves, and I am sixteen years old, and almost a man, and ought to know something, I guess, and I'll just let 'em see!”

You see he was too mad to mind his stops. So he lifted his legs out of the big, ugly, obstinate old boots, and stood up barefooted in the snow. Then the boots sighed, and, both speaking at once, said:

* Yet my English friends are continually assuring me that the expression is a “blawsted Americanism!” “Peace, cousin Percy, you will make him mad.”

"Alas! he is sixteen years old, and almost a man, yet he hath shaken off the wisdom of his father, for foolishness."

Now Man-Ching didn't want to part with them, by any means; so when he heard this, and partly understanding it, he was still more unwilling to do so. And he took one in each hand, thinking to carry them with him; but here he was mistaken again, for they were as immovable as the mountains, and stuck there, bolt upright, for all his tugging,—and I don't believe that ever, in all your life, you have seen anything that looked half so obstinate as did those two funny old boots!

And Man-Ching got madder than ever, and vowed it was a bootless effort, and used other shameful expressions, the like you never heard; and presently discovering that his feet were like to freeze, and that he was no longer warm and comfortable, but that the cold storm was piercing him to the marrow, concluded he had better make for the shelter while he might, so he gave up the ugly old boots, and started up the lane as fast as his poor half-frozen toes and benumbed legs would carry him. And the old tunic, now, didn't do him a bit of good, either,—indeed, it seemed to him, somehow, as if it made him feel colder, and more uncomfortable, hanging about him like a garment of iron, so that two or three times he was on the point of throwing it off, also; but the thought that it was the last thing left to him of his father's, restrained him, and he wallowed along, crying, and angrier every step of his sore feet, at those "hateful" old boots—resolving to go back in the morning and cut 'em all into tatters, his pain and discomfort made him so spiteful. However, he reached the house at last, and knocked at the door. It was opened by the queerest, little, misshapen brown man he ever saw, with green hair and red eyes, and indigo teeth; but who was a very jolly little chap, for he no sooner set eyes on Man-Ching than he broke into a loud laugh, and said:

"Welcome, welcome, Master Man-Ching; we've been looking for you with all our red, red, blood-red eyes, ever since you were born! So you've come at last! And how are your poor feet?" Then he put one hand on Man-Ching's hip, and swung him into the entry like a thistle-top, while he banged to the door and locked it again, with the other. Mortal strong, you see, the little man was, for all his diminutiveness and ill-shape. Then Man-Ching heard lively music, and laughing, and dancing feet, and

concluded there was "fun" toward. And the little brown imp marched ahead, leading the way in the direction of the mirthful sounds. His feet clattered on the hard floor like sticks. Man-Ching, observing, saw that below his short, wide-legged trousers of silk, with gold-fringed hems, his feet and legs were those of a goat; and, as he capered and pirouetted along, that each small, polished black hoof was shod with shoes of gold, fastened with diamond-headed nails. Then Man-Ching discovered another strange thing. The brown wee man had two faces! On the back of his head was the ghastly visage of a skull, deep in the empty sockets of which glowed sullen sparks of savage heat, like iron cherry red from the forge! This was what made him keep pirouetting and whirling so, as he skipped ahead.

Man-Ching was alarmed—or perhaps it would be better to say, would have been alarmed, at this discovery, but for the irresistible comicality and grotesqueness of the other face, and the wonderful jollity of the little man's actions, which kept flashing such a succession of provocatives upon him that he hadn't time to be frightened for laughing. And the next instant a door opened ahead, and Man-Ching found himself in a large room, richly furnished and ornamented, brilliantly lighted, and containing many people—some of whom were old, some middle-aged, some young, and some of as tender years as Man-Ching himself—each and all working desperately at enjoying themselves. Two girls approached, at a signal from the brown man, to wait upon Man-Ching. One brought a large basin, and proceeded to bathe his cracked and frost-bitten feet; the other gave him some wonderful drink, at which all sense of fatigue and irritation vanished; and they sung low, sweet songs, in a language he did not understand, but which were none the less soothing and charming for all that, and then they led him away to bed, for he was very sleepy.

Everything in that chamber was red, bed, walls, ceiling, floor, furniture; not a speck of any other color was visible anywhere. He turned down the bed-clothes—the blankets, and even the pillows, were red! But he was too sleepy to think about it; so sleepy, in fact, that he couldn't disentangle the button-loops of his tunic; so, after nodding and dozing ineffectually over it for some minutes, he gave it up, and kicking off the slippers with which the girls had provided him, which were also red, gave a prodigious yawn, rolled heavily upon the luxurious down, and

immediately found himself—upon the floor! He sat up and scratched his pate in terrible, sleepy bewilderment. He couldn't believe his senses! Must have rolled too far—no; he was on the same side that he went in at; besides the bed was a good liberal, square bed,—none of your narrow-minded, oblong things that your dums't turn round in, if you fancy taking a nap cross-wise. He could only have landed where he was by turning a complete somersault, heels foremost; that was evident. This reflection so puzzled him that he had some thought of going to sleep where he was, when he suddenly felt something pressing hard against the soles of his feet, and, opening his eyes, discovered that he was standing upright against the side of the bed once more! This would have puzzled the great Koon-foo-tyze himself, and of course poor little Man-Ching was utterly unable to make head or tail of it. However, after holding on by the bed, and considering for some time, he resolved to make another attempt; so, reaching cautiously as far as he could, and taking hold of a pillow to make sure of something, gave another flounce—and found himself in total darkness. He made sure he was all right now, for he plainly felt the touch of the blankets against his breast, and the pillow at the back of his head, so laid very quiet for a little; but presently, feeling cold, endeavoured to draw the coverlets a little closer around him, when he discovered that they were stretched as tight as a drum, and were as immovable as those confounded old boots out yonder in the road! Then he concluded that the bed was bewitched or something, and tried to think what he was going to do about it anyhow; but before he could make up his mind on that point, felt himself growing oppressed for breath, and perceived that his face was covered also. In great trepidation, he began to grope for the edge of the coverlet, but found it was everywhere utterly beyond his reach, while the coverlet itself was so rigid that he was unable to get a hold to pull it in any direction whatever. Then a dreadful story flashed across his recollection, which his wise father, Ching, who knew all tongues, had read one evening, long before, out of a strange Barbarian book, which was written by a great Barbarian sage (whose very illustrious, many syllabled name was Ari-tyme-mun-thlee), about a horrible enchanted bed whose top, being a demon, slid down in the night, pressing whoever slept therein to death; and gave himself up for lost. For this was undoubtedly the same! But as he flung his arms back in agony,

his pillow fell away, the light suddenly shone again, and he saw that the room was by some magic trick turned upside bottom-most—that what he had taken for bed-clothes was the carpet, against which he was pressed, face uppermost, by some invisible agency—and he shut his eyes in terror, lest he should fall and be crushed against the ceiling. But when he stole another peep, the room was turned back again; and by and by, though still terribly demoralized, he ventured to turn over, and sit upright. Yet his trembling fingers still clutched for a hold of the carpets, and he watched the pillow beside him, ready, if it should start, to fling himself flat again.

All this time he had been sub-conscious that the tunic was squeezing him, and pulling him, and pricking him by turns. And just now it gave him such a hug that he looked to see if his legs were not being forced off; and lo! they were elongated fearfully! And they grew while he looked, twisting and twining, and ran out to opposite corners,—all red, and green, and gold, then running perpendicularly, turned around and faced each other as gigantic dragons with fiery spires and vast ruby eyes, whereof each had *three*. And on either hand they bowed their horrible heads toward him till their lolling tongues touched his cheeks—and all the while he was conscious of their tails squirming in either groin, till he feared his thigh bones would be wrung out of their sockets—and then they, looking above him at each other, spoke in appalling tones:

“Brother! He knows how it is himself!!!”

“Brother! Not sufficiently!!!”

And vanished.

He, wailing, relinquished the unavailable carpet for a bed-post, which immediately swung off with him into a wild, brain-whirling dance, to a sudden, harsh, horrible music, wherein the tapping of its feet reminded him of the hoofs of the brown dwarf; and it swung and swung, and whirled and whirled, until poor Man-Ching became sick, and vomited as if he had been at sea, when it stopped, the music ceased, and he found himself sitting exactly in the same place he had occupied when the dance began.

He now noticed, for the first time, that although the room was ablaze with light, that light had no perceivable origin. He gazed all around him, but there was neither lamp, candle, gas-jet, fire or flame of any kind within the room, nor aperture of any sort

anywhere in its walls for the light to get in at. This led to another discovery—there was neither door or window either! How in the name of everything incomprehensible had he got in there himself? While pondering this fresh mystery, there came a knocking under the floor, whereat a voice from the breast of his tunic said: "Come in." Then something that looked like a ring of thin smoke rose rapidly, swirling and widening, from the centre of the floor. It broke, and therewith was standing in its place a grim ghost, with a fearful, terrible red nose. It gazed pityingly at Man-Ching, and three times sighed, and three times shook its head. Ineffable sadness shone in its unearthly lineaments, and when it spoke, its voice—

"Was steady, low, and deep,
Like distant waves, when breezes sleep."

asking, as it placed its hands upon its knees, and bent its ghastly visage to the level of Man-Ching's:

"Young-man! Do-you-begin-to-see-how-the-old-thing-works?"

And Man-Ching, with his hand upon his brow, replied, mournfully:

"Alas! I rather think I do."

"Bully for you; bully for you!" said the ghost, approvingly.

"But, alas, it is too late! You are a hopeless case."

"Oh, I didn't know any better; I didn't know any better," moaned Man-Ching.

"No; of course you didn't. How could you be expected to, a brat like you?" returned the ghost, soothingly. "And as you know you *didn't* know twice, what in thunder's the reason you didn't stick by the counsels—I mean, what did you jump out of your father's boots for, you self-conceited jackanapes, you—hey?"

"Bou-Ching always said I'd bring disgrace on the family," sobbed the poor boy.

"Bou-Ching's another!" roared the ghost. "He's more to blame for this than you are. Wait, I'm going to appear to him this very night, and if I don't scare the miserly soul out of his mean carcass, I'm a Dutchman—the ghost of one, I mean to say! Do you know that your wise father spent his whole life in building those boots and that tunic, you ungrateful young beggar, you?"

"Well, I held on to the tunic, anyhow," pleaded Man-Ching.

"That's a crammer," roared the ghost, shaking his fist in his face. "How dare you, sir; I'd pull your nose for two pins—if I wasn't a ghost! You know you tried to get clear of *it*, too; but it stuck to you in spite of you."

"Yes," chimed in 'the tunic; "and I pulled him back from this abominable bed, too, which he was bent on getting into. I wonder what he thinks Lin would say to that, if she knew it?"

"I'll tell her this very night," said the ghost.

"Oh, ple-ase, ple-ase don't," screamed Man-Ching, getting on his knees with fright. "I—I—didn't mean any harm; the—the young woman said I'd better—and she was so good—and bathed my poor feet—and—and all."

"Ugh! Greenhorn!!" said the tunic.

"Ugh! Stoopid!!!" said the ghost.

And they both began to laugh consumedly.

"'Young woman!'" screamed the tunic.

"Mere baby!" squealed the ghost.

"Prob'ly forty!" gasped the tunic.

"Near'r fifty!" choked the ghost.

"False hair and teeth!" whispered the tunic.

"Glass eye and wooden leg!" suspired the ghost. And then they went off into a haw, haw, that shook the house, while the ghost had to hold on by a bed-post to laugh.

"I *shall* split," said the tunic.

"I *shall* die," said the ghost. "At least," he added, on recovering himself, "I should, if I wasn't dead already. You see," he continued, apologetically, "I've been such a short time a ghost that I keep forgetting—haven't got used to the change yet, as it were. But this boy'd be the death of one—the idee-ah! However, I mustn't be too rough on her; I owe my 'happy release' from a troublesome world, in a great measure, to her—that's how I happen to be here to-night. I drop in, once in a while, to let her see I haven't forgotten her, you know. Now, Master Greeny, look here! You've begun as I did—you just keep on as I did—twenty years of it'll do *you*; you haven't the constitution *I* had to begin with, and forty-five played *me* out—and you'll be just such another red-nosed, shad-eyed, shark-kneed, toothless, disreputable looking old ghost o' misery as I am! See? I say, Tunic; how's that for high?"

"Good," replied Tunic; "he's thinking already what Lin would say to it, if he grew like you."

"That's hunky," said the ghost approvingly. "I say, you mustn't mind a little slang occasionally—I'm so used to it, you know. I'm a queer old biscuit, I am, but I mean well. See? Now, young Mistopher, this is a rum crib you've got into. You've begun to twig that much, yerself, haven't you? Good egg! But you might have twigged a thunderin' sight more, if you hadn't gone 'n got drunk as forty thousand top-sail sheet blocks as soon as you got into this shebang! I say, *that* ain't slang, you know. That's 'boom-tackle.' I learn't it from a sailor friend o' mine that's still in the body somewhere—leastwise he ain't on *our* side o' the gulf; and I rayther think I know where to look for *him*. You bet! For all that, you've no excuse. You see what old goat-shanks was, at the door, well enough. Why didn't you wheel about and cut? *I'll* tell you. Because you saw what an alarmin' way he has has o' making things ridiculous, and you were just afraid he'd laugh at *you*. I know! Can't tell *me*! I've been thar, and staid all n—. I know how it is mys—I mean, I've seen so much o' that sort o' thing that I know as well how *he* acted, and *you* felt, as if I'd been around and seen you both. Now, all you see in this house is sham. Every one in it's just like him. You might ha' seen their other faces, if you hadn't got so tight, for all their puttings-on. An' do you know how they live? Blood-sucking! That's what makes 'em have red eyes. Vampires—kind-of. You'll see before breakfast, youngster! Now, I'm off. Methinks I scent the morning air. I have to be more reg'lar in my hours, since I broke up house-keepin', than I use to was! Tunic! Wade into him! Goo-ood night." And he was gone, leaving another ring of smoke, which slowly floated away, and dissipated.

"Oh, he's gone, and never told me how to get out of this," moaned Man-Ching. "How *can* I get out; no doors nor windows nor anything! *You* tell me, there's a dear good old tunic; do, please."

"Don't know," answered the tunic, gruffly, with a squeeze that made the poor boy's ribs crack. "Wouldn't tell you if I did; not my office."

"A-a-ah, how you hurt me," gasped Man-Ching. "Please, please, don't! And you were so good and kind and warm while I

was out in the cold and storm," he added, flatteringly, when he recovered breath.

"Rubbish!" said the tunic. "You were a good boy then; but now you're bad. Take that!" and it gave a squeeze and a sting that took his breath altogether. The next moment he heard clattering footsteps outside, coming nearer. He recognized them as those of the brown dwarf. Then he heard more. The elf had company, it seemed. And then Man-Ching heard him chanting:

"Oh, my blood-red eyes!
Oh, my poisoned teeth!
Flash, flash; bite, bite;
Oh how hungry am I!"

Then another voice took it up:

"Oh, my blood-red eyes!
Oh, my poisoned tongue!
Flash, flash; sting, sting;
Burnt up with thirst am I!"

It was the voice of the girl who had given him the bowl of strange drink. And Man-Ching fell on his face.

"Oh, I am lost," he screamed. "They are coming to drink my blood, and gnaw my bones. Oh, my boots, my boots! Why did I leave my dear old boots? Oh, I wish I was back in my boots, if I had to travel in the storm all night and the next one, too!"

With that the tunic gave him another hug, but this time not a cruel one.

"Why, *that's* the way out, you young fool'you; why didn't you say that before? Get up!"

And there stood the blessed old boots right before him, and looking as pleased as two old wrinkled-up angels! He hadn't time to wonder at it, for the tunic lifted him up and plumped him right into 'em, before you could say "Pop!" And away they went, right through the side of the room—anywhere at all you choose to imagine—just as the villainous old goat-shanks and his companion plumped into it, and went swinging down the lane at a very tornado of a pace. But the little brown devil set up a terrible hub-bub.

"There goes our breakfast," he shouted. "Here Dander, Hopper, Skipper, Tripper, Snapper! come help me catch him, before he gets off the Mount of Youthful Discontent, or else we

shall lose him altogether! And bring your bows, and if you can't catch him, shoot him!"

And in a twinkling the place was alive with 'em. Mercy on me, how they swarmed! They popped out from behind the fences after him; they shot up out of the snow-drifts on either side of him; they swung themselves down from the trees ahead of him—and all joined in pursuit, till there were fifteen or twenty acres of 'em, howling and yelling like an army of Siberian wolves. And the way they spun over that snow—for they were too light and quick to sink in it—was a sight to see! Whiz-iz-iz-z-z-z, what a hunt! But, bless your heart, it wasn't a bit of use! There's no such time on record as those boots made on that spurt to the plains, though the gentleman who told me the story couldn't recollect just what it was. So the gnomes, finding they were losing, drew their bows.

And such a cloud of arrows—and every one tipped with fire! They lit up the night like sheets of lightning, each volley! The whiz of each discharge swelled into a roaring like a storm at sea!

Bah! It didn't amount to a hill o' beans after all. That famous old tunic! They rattled against it like hailstones on a steel corselet, and fell off just as easy. In less than half an hour they were left out of range, and Man-Ching, seeing that the boots and tunic knew so well what they were about, concluded to leave the matter to them entirely, and went to sleep.

But the boots kept on, jogging along as swiftly and smoothly as a dragon-boat on the Grand Canal, until they got out of the forest entirely, and came to a magnificent city, by which time it was daylight, and people getting astir. The noise in the streets awoke Man-Ching, of course; and he looked about him at the wilderness of houses and crowds of people with astonishment, as a country boy might. Presently he noticed a great many men diving through the crowds in tremendous haste, carrying each, some one, some two, some half a dozen pairs of boots, and all pressing in the same direction. This aroused his curiosity, and he inquired the meaning of it.

"Why, don't you know?" said the man he addressed. "You must have just come down! They are carrying these boots to the King."

"What for," said Man-Ching. "What on earth does the King want of so many boots?"

Then the people standing round laughed; but the man answered: "Well, you see, the Prince is all the time running about, and always loses his way, which causes a great deal of trouble. So the wise men have told the King that somewhere in the world is a pair of boots that always know the right way, and will not stir a step the wrong one. So the King has offered three waggon-loads of gold, and the title of Duke, to any one who will bring him the Wonderful Boots, and will build him the greatest castle that ever was seen, besides. And there isn't a pair of boots in the kingdom, I don't believe, but what has gone up to the palace; and they say that His Majesty has quite begun to despair of finding them."

"These must be the very boots," said Man-Ching to himself. And he walked aside, pondering. Coming to a garden, he sat down, apart, and contemplated the boots in silence. At last, he said:

"I cannot part with them—no, not for the kingdom. But I sincerely wish that I could in some way aid that poor, foolish prince, who is unable to keep the right way, because I know how it is mys—"

Here the tunic gave a little squeeze.

"I mean that I pity him, because I now know the dreadful dangers one gets into by taking the wrong road. Poor prince! what a life he must lead; since, they say, he *always* gets lost. I *would* like to help him, but I cannot spare these dear old boots." And he crossed his legs very decidedly; when lo! each boot had hanging to it by the ear, its very fellow—the one pair had suddenly become two! And a voice from them said: "For the good thou desirest to do, thou canst give us to whosoever needeth our help, and yet keep us always with thee. For we are gods—I the god of sunshine and rain; my brother the god of clouds and shadow; we rule all the world, and between us is all knowledge and wisdom. Go now, and do as thou art prompted, and thou shalt save the future king, yet be thyself no poorer."

And Man-Ching did as they bid, to the great joy of the king, and his counsellors. And the king bestowed all he had promised; but prayed him to wait for the castle, for it was designed on so grand a scale that all the king's horses and all the king's men would be unable to complete it in less than seven years from that day. And meantime the king lodged him in one of his own palaces near to the city, and there he used to visit him every day.

But Duke Man-Ching kept thinking about his little playmate in Oomsk, and when summer came he got the king's permission to revisit his home. With the Wonderful Boots it did not take him long to get there, of course; and he struck the village road the next afternoon after leaving the palace. A lovely afternoon it was, too; and, as he was striding along, whom should he overtake but Lin, herself, with a basket of berries on her arm. So he came up to her, and said: "Lin, did you ever see a ghost?" And Lin screamed, and then said: "No; unless you are one! Oh where have you been—how you frightened me—and have you come back, really?"

You see he had been all along rather uneasy lest that red-nosed ghost had fulfilled his threat. But Lin kept on chattering.

"A ghost!" she said, and opened her big eyes wide; "I'm sure I should just die! Same as your brother did, you know. No? Didn't you? Why, they say he saw an a-a-awful ghost the same night you left! And he died the next day from it, and left you the property, and I went to the funeral, and I'm ever so glad you've come back."

"I don't want it," replied his Grace; "I'm a Duke. I'll give it to you—no, girls don't know anything about property; I'll give it to your pa, and I'll give you a—a fan, instead, with diamonds on it, you know; and a horse to ride about in, and a ring to walk in, and a silk robe, all pure gold, to put on your finger; and, oh—lots o' things!"

"You a Duke!" exclaimed Lin. "Oh, my! Why that's most as good as a king—isn't it?"

"Oh, no; only next to a prince," said his Grace, with great humility. So they sat down by the roadside, and she fed him with berries, while he told her all his adventures; and wasn't she delighted, though! But when he came to describe what his castle was going to be, and to tell her that it was so huge and so fine that seven years would be required to complete it, she grew quite beside herself, and clapped her hands and cried: "Oh my, won't that be nice. It'll be all nice and ready just when we are old enough to be married! And I must have a doll-house in it, and ever so many dolls," and then she stopped and gave the Duke a push, and said he was a "great silly," and bit her finger. You see, although, as I said before, Man-Ching didn't know what was the matter with him, she did, for all she was two years the younger.

Girls always do! You b— no; that's the way the ghost talked. I forgot; boys don't. Boys are *so* stupid! Girls ain't. I like girls.

This let a vast amount of light into Man-Ching's benighted brain. Of course, in all his planning about his castle, Lin had always been the centre. Some things had been designed expressly "*for* Lin;" others had been considered over as to how they would "*suit* Lin," and the rest had been dismissed from further cogitation until he could talk them over "*with* Lin." And yet it had never once occurred to him that all this couldn't be realized unless he was married *to* Lin. And he was just overjoyed when he found that that was the way, and told her so.

By and by, when they had nothing else to talk about, she remembered his wanting to bite her cheek, and her plan about it, which she explained. He not exactly understanding, the booby! she had to show him how she meant. Then he knew all about it, directly. And that is the very time, they say in Soongaria, that KISSING was invented, and of course they deified Lin—long ago.

NANTES.

"THE NIGHT COMETH."

OH brightly wave the corn-fields
Beneath the glad'ning sun,
And gaily sings the reaper
As the children's bread is won;—

Yet the night slow creepeth onward, when fades the mid-day sun,
When the reaper's task is ended, and the reaper's song is done.

Soft fall the pattering footsteps
On the quiet village street,
And its pleasant dulness echoes
With childish laughter sweet;

But the night glides swiftly onward, when redly sets the sun—
When the darkness shroudeth all things, and the children's play
is done.

Hushed are the tiny footsteps,
And hushed the reaper's song,
And the reaper and his children
Are sleeping deep and long,

For the night of Death enwraps them, in which no work is done,
From out whose brooding darkness awakes no more the sun.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

G. A.

MAURICE WENTWORTH'S CHARGE.

BY CORINNE.

(Concluded.)

MRS. MILLER and Lucy, who were sitting quietly at work in the parlour, were startled by the rush of feet down the stairs, and the two laughing girls bursting into the room followed by George vowing vengeance.

"Why, Katie," said her sister, half laughing and half vexed, "what am I to do with you? When will you learn to behave yourself? And as for you, Miss Mischief," she added, seizing Edith by the shoulders and shaking her, "what do you suppose Maurice will say to you?"

To her great surprise, at these words all the fun died out of Edith's eyes, and even the colour from her cheeks, and the next moment she burst into tears. Fortunately, nobody but Mrs. Miller noticed her, and she quickly drew her out of the room and hastened to atone for her careless words by assuring her that she meant nothing; and that she was sure Maurice would have been as much amused as any one if he had been there. It was only a momentary excitement, and Edith soon recovered and laughed away her tears.

"That's right," said Mrs. Miller, kissing her. "Now come in and be bright again before they have time to notice our absence."

And all this time Lucy sat placidly sewing in her corner.

"What's the matter with Lucy?" asked George bluntly, later in the evening; "she hasn't spoken since I came home."

Lucy lifted her blue eyes from her work in amazement, and dropped them again without replying.

"Oh, she is shocked at your behaviour, of course," said Mrs. Miller lightly, trying in vain to prevent the outbreak she suspected was coming.

"Oh!" grunted George, turning abruptly to the table, after waiting some time to see if Lucy would contradict this statement of her feelings. He took up a book and looked at it for a minute, and then put it down again and returned to the charge.

"It seems to me you are too good for us, Lucy," he said; "and I wonder you stay here."

Before Lucy could reply, Mrs. Miller rose in her chair, and went

round to George's side. Of all things in the world she hated scenes, and she was determined to stop this one if possible.

"George, hold your tongue, and let Lucy alone," she said, shaking her hand at him. "I won't have any of this nonsense here."

After that there was silence for a little while, and then Edith threw aside her book, exclaiming:

"I must speak, Mrs. Miller. It is me that Lucy is shocked at. I have noticed, lately, that it is only when I join in such fun that she sees any harm in it, and I should like to know why she keeps up such a show of annoyance with me."

Now if Lucy had spoken out plainly, and told Edith that in her opinion such trifling was unworthy of the intended wife of a minister, she would have made a friend of her for life: but that was not Lucy's way, and her self-contained manner and assumption of calm superiority made Edith almost hate her, as she answered, calmly and coldly:

"I am sorry that I have annoyed you so much, Edith. I assure you I had no intention of interfering with your pleasure. If you can find amusement in such ways, and time to spend so, of course you are at liberty to do as you like." Which was intended to convey to Edith's mind the idea that *she* had neither time nor inclination for such trifling.

"I could have shaken that little piece of propriety, Lucy Deane," said Mrs. Miller to her husband that night when she was undressing.

"Well, why didn't you shake her, my dear?" said Mr. Miller. "I've no doubt it would have done her a great deal of good."

"She provokes me beyond endurance," she went on, unheeding the interruption; "to see her sitting there so proper and self-righteous, and daring to judge that dear little Edith. Katie looked ready to fly at her. I've no notion of girls being so staid. Why, when I was a girl, I was the wildest, maddest romp in the town."

"Were you any wilder or madder than you are now, my dear?" asked her husband, innocently.

"I will acknowledge that I sometimes went too far," she said, laughing; "and I think Katie wants holding in a little, but Edith is as gentle and modest a girl as you need wish to see. I cannot tell what Miss Lucy is up to, but it's my opinion she has

some design in setting Edith against her. I shall be glad when Maurice comes back."

Meanwhile a stormy scene was being enacted in Katie's room. Katie accused Lucy of the most unchristian and unfeeling conduct.

"You just want to make Edith miserable," she said; "you are trying to make her think she has done something unworthy of Maurice, and you know that's the very thing to make her miserable. I don't know, I'm sure, by what right you set yourself up as being so much better than we are."

"I said nothing of you, Katie, but Edith is to be a minister's wife——"

"And what of that," exclaimed Katie; "how do you know that I am not to be a minister's wife, too. What has Edith done that is unworthy of one? Why, according to your ideas, one should be something more than mortal. I think a loving, generous Christian like Edith is much better fitted for such a high office than an icicle."

"Of course you are Edith's friend, and you are excited, Katie, so you cannot see the matter as I see it," said Lucy, calmly, looking as much like a white-robed angel as mortal could, as she stood before the glass in her wrapper, with her golden hair shaken out over her shoulders.

"Edith's friend!" said Katie, too excited to notice the implied reproach in Lucy's words; "yes, I *am*, and I am proud to be called Edith's friend, and to be excited in her cause; and if I didn't know it would grieve her to think I had been quarrelling on her account, I would go to her now, and leave you to the contemplation of your own goodness without fear of contamination from me, but as it is, I must force you to bear with my company for to-night at any rate."

Katie's better judgment had whispered to her several times that this quarrel was not likely to heal the breach between Lucy and Edith, but her indignation had overcome her better judgment, and she felt that she must speak and defy the consequences. She would have felt less satisfied with herself if she had known the gratification some of her words gave to Lucy. The idea contained in the accusation "You are trying to make her think she has done something unworthy of Maurice," was working in her mind. Yes that was the point to go upon, Edith's strong sense of her own unworthiness, if she wanted to separate the lovers. And she did want to separate them, "for Maurice's sake," she told herself.

It was, therefore, a source of great satisfaction to her to see the plotting and counter-plotting between George and the girls during the next fortnight. One afternoon the two girls were up in the study, busily engaged in dressing a lay figure for George in a fairy style of their own, when the front door was heard to open and shut, and a familiar step on the stairs. Katie ran out to peep over the bannisters, and darted back to Edith exclaiming, "It's Maurice." Edith sprang up and ran into her own room to wash her hands and put her refractory curls into the order that they never kept for more than five minutes. Before she could make her appearance downstairs, Maurice had answered all Mrs. Miller's eager questions: whether his journey had been pleasant, and how it was he had managed to get back so much sooner than he expected, and was looking impatiently toward the door for Edith's coming.

Lucy had put her own shallow, foolish construction on the delay. "She is ashamed to come down to him," she thought, "after the foolish way she has gone on during his absence." But she saw her mistake when Edith came in slowly, in some confusion at having to meet Maurice before all of them, and giving him both her hands, said, in a pretty humble manner, "I haven't kept my promise to be good while you were away, Maurice."

"Oh, come," said Mrs. Miller, laughing, and springing up, "I am not going to stay to hear such confessions as that. Come, Lucy, we had better go away." And Lucy had to follow her from the room, seeing, as she closed the door, the look of unutterable love in Maurice's eyes as he drew Edith to his arms.

"Well," he said, with a smile, when the door was shut, "do you expect me to look very much disappointed and 'grieved, love?"

"Don't say you are not disappointed, Maurice," she said, in a tone of earnest pleading; "don't tell me you didn't expect me to be good."

He drew her close to him, and kissed her. "Suppose you tell me what particular crime is on your conscience now," he said, "and I shall know how much disappointment I ought to feel."

If Lucy could only have heard the answer. "I have had such hard, unkind feelings towards Lucy," she said, "I feel that I cannot love her. She won't let me, and sometimes I have almost hated her."

"Poor little woman! I know very well what that feeling is like. How hard it is, love, to be so filled with mistrust and with the

sense of being so misunderstood. Poor Lucy hasn't learned that hard, but necessary lesson, to know herself. Self-knowledge is not at all pleasant, but it is the only way to happiness. Until we realize the degradation of our own nature, we have no desire—that is no fervent desire—for renewing grace."

Edith's eyes showed her practical understanding of his words, and he added cheerfully, "Let us hope that Lucy will learn by-and-bye, and when she does, she will know how to appreciate my love."

"You don't think me so dreadfully thoughtless and trifling, Maurice?" she whispered, clinging to him with a whole heartful of love in her eyes.

"No, my darling!" he answered, quite understanding the connections between her question and his last words. "I think much of Lucy's time is spent in busy idleness, and many of her occupations are in comparison with the real business of life, just as trifling as your amusements, and your amusement always gives place to your duty, while her elaborate sewing and fancy work, and little useless industries, take the place of duty."

"I didn't know you were such a keen observer," said Edith, laughing; "but still it doesn't make me afraid of you, because I know you don't expect impossibilities of me."

"I do expect great things of you, though; for I love you truly, and trust you perfectly."

True love and perfect trust! What could petty scheming and malice do against such?

CHAPTER III.

ONE dazzling brilliant day in mid-winter, Mr. Miller, having that (to him) rarest thing in the world, a holiday, took his wife and Katie out to spend the afternoon with some friends in the country. The sleighing was magnificent going out, and promised to be even more delightful in the evening, being moonlight, and only just cold enough to be exhilarating. They had scarcely got a quarter of a mile on their homeward road, when Mrs. Miller exclaimed suddenly, "Oh, Tom, I have left my music, and there's a song belonging to Jennie Gardiner with it, and I promised to return it to-morrow. Let us go back for it!"

"Well, you women are a puzzle to me," said Mr. Miller, reining in his horses; "you forget when you ought to remember, and

remember when you might as well forget. I cannot turn the sleigh here, Mrs. Miller; but if you like to be left, I'll run back and get your music. Here, I'll leave you under the shelter of that high drift, and you cover the horses, Karl," he added to the young Dane that sat beside him, as he walked them forward a little to a place where the wind had scooped a fantastic hollow out of the bank of snow. "There now, you'll be all right, and it's not at all likely any one will pass this way to-night."

"Let me go with you, Tom," said Katie; "you don't mind being left, do you, sister?"

"Oh, no; only don't be long."

"Oh, I can run as fast as Tom," said Katie, springing out, and Mrs. Miller heard them laughing as they chased each other up the lane.

Their voices had but just died away in the distance, when a man sprang suddenly from some place of concealment into the sleigh, and demanded some money. He was a gaunt, haggard looking man, Mrs. Miller could see even in her fright, and being a quick-witted and powerful woman, she determined not to yield up her purse to him without a struggle. With a hasty movement, she drew it from her pocket and threw it in the bottom of the sleigh, and when he stooped to possess himself of it, as she knew he would do, she pushed him down and threw the robes over him, and the Danish lad, in obedience to her "Quick, Karl!" sprang over the seat, and held him securely. The sudden attack seemed to have deprived the man of his senses, and nothing was heard from beneath the heap of furs but heavy breathing, almost panting, until in answer to Mrs. Miller's "don't hold him too tight, Karl, let him have room to breathe," the boy answered in his slow, distinct utterance, "I will be careful, Mrs. Miller." Then the man started violently. "Mrs. Miller?" he cried in a hoarse voice; "not the Mrs. Miller who teaches music?"

"Yes, yes," replied the boy quickly, before his mistress had time to speak.

"Oh, then let me go; I don't want to harm you, Mrs. Miller. Oh, for heaven's sake let me go!" His voice rose to a shriek as he struggled violently to escape. But the determined woman and the lithe, active lad were more than his match, weakened, as he apparently was, by sickness, or perhaps by want. In a few seconds his strength was all exhausted, and he lay down panting as before,

while Mrs. Miller fervently prayed for her husband's quick return.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the man, sullenly, after some time had passed in silence.

Mrs. Miller made no answer. Her ear was strained to catch a repetition of a sound that she fancied might be Katie's laugh.

"Are you going to give me up to the police?" he asked again, and still received no answer. "If you do," he added at length, in the quiet tone of a man driven to desperation, "you will be sorry for it."

Then silence fell on them again. Oh, how long the time was! But the blessed sound came at last, just as the horses seemed determined not to stand any longer, and by their uneasy movements, added to Mrs. Miller's terror. She had sufficient strength of nerve left to explain the situation to her husband when he came, and kept up very well until he had removed the man to the front part of the sleigh, between himself and Karl, and had started once more. Then she gave way, and dropping her head on Katie's shoulder, indulged in that most blessed relief, a burst of tears.

Mr. Miller drove home fast, and in silence, until they reached the door, then leaning back he whispered in his wife's ear, "You and Katie get out and run in, Lottie. I am going to take him to the hospital; he is a decidedly sick man."

They obeyed quickly, and had told their adventure to the astonished group at the fireside, when the master of the house returned.

"He is in safe keeping now," said he, coming to the fire. "They will not let him go until they hear from me to-morrow, at any rate. Indeed, I do not suppose he will try to go, for he appears to fancy himself in jail. He must be wandering in his mind, for when we reached the hospital door, he roused himself from the half stupor he had fallen into, and muttered, 'You will be sorry for this, Mrs. Miller.' How did he know your name, Lottie?"

Mrs. Miller explained the circumstance to him.

"Strange!" said he, thoughtfully; "what can he know of us? I never saw the man before to my knowledge, and I seldom forget a face I have seen."

"I should like to go and see him," said Mrs. Miller. "Do you think they would let me?"

"Yes, you could see him; there is nothing infectious about him. Nothing, the doctor told me, but exhaustion, perhaps nothing but starvation, poor creature! Yes, Lottie, I should like you to go and see him to-morrow with me, if I can go; instead of me, if I cannot go, which is more likely."

Mrs. Miller went alone to the hospital next morning, her husband having been prevented, as he expected. She was away a long time, and on her return hastened up to the sitting-room with such an agitated look in her face that Lucy, who was sitting there alone, was alarmed.

"Oh, Lucy!" she exclaimed, "I am so glad you are alone; I want to speak to you."

"To *me*, Mrs. Miller?" said Lucy, in surprise; "it is generally Edith you want to speak to."

"Well, it is you this time," said Mrs. Miller, ignoring the sarcasm in Lucy's words. "That man I went to see in the hospital this morning—Lucy, he's Maurice's father!"

Lucy's work dropped from her hands.

"Maurice's father?" she ejaculated, turning her bewildered eyes on Mrs. Miller.

"Yes," she said, "so he told me, and I don't think he meant to, but his mind wanders every now and then; and I think that when he began to tell me he had forgotten himself, for I cried out in astonishment, and he looked frightened and asked me what he had said. I repeated his words to him, and he said 'Yes, Mrs. Miller, Maurice Wentworth is my son.' I asked him how he knew, and he said that he had never quite lost sight of him from the time he knew that old Mr. Smith had adopted him. 'I was interested in him,' he said, 'for I wanted to see if the son of a vagabond could grow up anything but a vagabond.' Now, Lucy, how am I to tell Maurice?"

"Have you told any one?" asked Lucy.

"No one but you. I have seen no one since I came in."

"I think I would—I would tell Edith first," said Lucy, hesitatingly, after thinking for some time.

Mrs. Miller looked at her fixedly; significantly, Lucy thought, but in reality without thinking that she did so, and said slowly, "Perhaps it would be as well," and then, rising quickly, left the room.

"Now what did she mean by that look?" thought Lucy when

she was alone; "does she think it will make any difference in Edith. Oh, I wonder whether she will give him up. And yet of course she must have known all along that his parents were thoroughly low, bad people; only while they kept quiet it mattered less, but to be owned by a highway robber! Keep it as secret as they will, it will be known. I wonder how Edith will take it. She is proud, I know, in some things, and so am I, but it would never make *me* forsake him. For one reason it would give me an advantage over him. Of course, I know that he is far superior to me, and I should be glad to think that while he could not speak of his family at all, my family name was unstained. But perhaps Edith cannot say as much as that."

Mrs. Miller, on leaving Lucy, went down stairs into the entrance hall, where she heard Edith softly singing to herself. She found her looking out of the same window that Maurice had looked out of the morning he went away. On hearing Mrs. Miller's step, she turned with a smile on her lips that seemed to be the outflow of pleasant thoughts.

"Look," she said; "it is beginning to snow—such beautiful flakes are falling—perfect stars—come and look at them. But is there anything the matter?" she asked, her smile fading when, coming close and putting her arm round the girl's waist, Mrs. Miller looked at her so seriously.

"Come in here, dear," she said kindly, leading her into the library, "I want to tell you something." And sitting down on the sofa, with her arm still round Edith's waist, she told her the story shortly and simply.

If Edith felt any surprise, she showed none; but sat for a full minute in silence after Mrs. Miller had done speaking, then raising her eyes slowly, she said: "I feel relieved, Mrs. Miller, to hear that it is only that. I dare say I shall realize, after a while, what a dreadful thing it is; but I was afraid I had done something wrong, or that something was the matter with Maurice."

"Where are you going, Edith?" asked Mrs. Miller, when Edith rose from the sofa.

"I am going to tell Maurice. Wasn't that what you intended? Don't you think it would be best for me to tell him?"

"Yes, dear, go."

Edith went slowly up stairs to the study where Maurice sat alone, clasping her left wrist tightly with her right hand, as she

was in the habit of doing when she was troubled or perplexed. She stopped a moment at the top of the stairs, then advancing to the door, said: "May I come in, Maurice?"

"Why, of course you may, dearest," he answered, and she entered and closed the door.

Her coming was so little of an interruption, that Maurice had not risen nor even put down his pen; but he did so when she came to his side.

"What is it, love?" he asked, looking up into her earnest eyes.

Before answering, she bent down and kissed him. "You know I love you, Maurice, don't you?" she whispered, as she knelt down by him, and laying her head against his arm, put one hand up to touch his cheek.

He pressed her closer to him.

"Know it! Yes, my darling, I thank God I know it," he answered softly.

"I have something to tell you," she went on. And in a quiet, even voice, but with an undertone of deep feeling thrilling through it, she told him the story as Mrs. Miller told it to her. Her composure lasted until she felt the quivering start that ran through Maurice's frame; then her tears burst forth, and when he raised her to his arms, she took his head on her breast, and kissing it, and murmuring the tender, endearing names he used to her, she wept long and passionately.

And Maurice held her and clung to her, feeling for the first few moments that it was her loving presence and her unselfish love alone, that kept him from feeling crushed by this news. He was the first to recover composure, and raising his head, he soothed her, smoothing back her hair with gentle touch, and paying back her caresses and loving words. He said nothing of the blow that had fallen on him, or rather on them, for they were one in heart both for weal or woe, and he knew that what he felt, Edith felt in an equal degree; and words would have failed to express the shock, the almost stunned feeling that this discovery brought. Nothing was said until Maurice began to collect his papers and put them away in his desk, then Edith said simply:

"You are going there now?" and he answered, "Yes."

She went down stairs with him to the hall-door, waited while he put on his coat and hat, and then watched until he was out of sight.

He was back again, however, in less than half an hour. He had not been allowed to see his father; two visitors in one day, he was told, would be too much for him at present; he must wait until the morning. .

The next day he was absent a long time. Edith was waiting in the library for him when he returned, just before dark. He smiled when she came to meet him, but she saw that he looked pale and weary, and drawing him into the fire-lit room, she made him sit down in the easy chair, and placed herself on the rug at his feet.

"You have had a trying day, Maurice," she said, after a little silence.

"Yes, Edith, it has been trying, and I am afraid I must look forward to many trying days yet. My poor father! It seems useless to talk to him of peace or of a better future, he is such a stranger to hope. He is not quite the bad, desperate character we might have supposed, Edith, from his act the other night; he has certainly led a wild life, but he never did anything of that kind before, and he said he was driven to it by starvation. He wandered away out of the city, intending to lay down and die in some lonely spot, but hearing sleigh-bells as he was going up that lane where they stopped, he hid himself behind the fence, and happening to catch Mr. Miller's words, 'no one is likely to pass this way to-night,' he thought he might get the means of living a few days longer at any rate. It shows that he has some good feeling in him, that, when he found that he had attempted to rob one who had shown kindness to me, he was sorry for it, and would have gone away without hurting her if he could have got free, and in his not coming to me, though he says he had kept himself informed of my welfare since Uncle Maurice's death, and he must have known, of course, that I might have done something for him."

"And did he"—she could not say 'your father' yet—"seem glad to meet with you, or in any way touched by your going to see him so soon?"

"Yes, he said several times that he didn't deserve that I should treat him kindly, and once he said he was glad I bore a good man's name instead of his; but still he seems hard and impenitent towards God, and not to care for or understand anything I said about Him."

"What is his name, Maurice? Did he tell you?"

"Yes, he told me. His name is James Hunter."

"Maurice, you will not—" Edith looked up at him without finishing her question, but he quite understood.

"No, my love, if you mean change my name. I would rather keep the dear name that was given me freely by one who loved me just as freely, though I had no claim upon him. Besides," he added, hesitatingly, "my father does not conceal from me that I have no *right* to his, neither does he wish me to change."

There was silence then until they rose to go into the dining-room. Then Edith said, hopefully:

"You will win him yet, I think, Maurice; he will learn in time. Perhaps he knows himself, but doesn't know Christ."

"Yes, love, that is it," and Maurice was encouraged by her words, but there was a heavy load of trouble on his heart, notwithstanding, and he spent many sleepless hours that night trying to decide whether or not he ought to enter the church. This meeting with his father had revived in him all the pain and shame that he had felt when he was first told what he was by birth.

"But," he reasoned with himself, "it doesn't make me any more unworthy to enter the Lord's service than I should have been otherwise. I never could have been worthy, and if the stain of my birth clings to me in the sight of man, it cannot in the sight of God, who has cleansed me even from the stain of my own sins. And should the words that God has given me to give to men be unspoken because of what I am? No," his heart and conscience whispered, "no; I will deliver my master's message, but it must not be in K——. It was wrong to think of that. I should have kept to my original plan of going to the poorest and most degraded of God's creatures that I could find, and trying to lead them upward, and if I *know* Edith she will go with me gladly. It will be harder for her, dear girl, than to live in the dear little parsonage, and among the pleasant society of K——, but unless I am much mistaken in her, she would like to go where there was real work to do." And strong in his unshaken faith in her, he grew more hopeful about the future.

Poor fellow! he needed all his hope and all his courage to keep his heart from sinking, as he became daily better acquainted with the sin-hardened nature of the man to whom a noble charity rather than filial duty, bade him give the sacred name of "Father."

"Can he possibly be my father?" he exclaimed to himself sometimes, after listening to his recital of some act of reckless daring, or as he saw unfolded before him the real meanness of such a man. "Surely it is not natural that I should have to shrink in horror and disgust from my own father; there must be some mistake." But he reflected afterwards that it was only the difference between degraded human nature and nature renewed by grace, and that he had the more reason to be thankful for the grace that had found him out. And he felt deeply the indifference with which his father continued to receive any mention of sacred things.

"There, there," he said impatiently one day, "you are a minister, and, of course, it's right enough for you to talk about these things, but I don't understand it nor feel it at all, and I am no hypocrite to pretend I do."

So nothing was left for Maurice but to pray for him, and to show him the utmost kindness and tenderness. These weeks of wearing anxiety told upon Maurice. Edith saw with sorrow that his face was growing thin and white. He spent part of every day at the hospital, going there as soon as his morning visits were over, and never returning until just before their four o'clock dinner. It gave Edith a little shock of surprise, therefore, to hear him come in one day soon after noon. She ran and met him outside the parlour door, and saw that he was looking white and agitated.

"He is gone," he whispered with trembling lips; "he left the hospital early this morning."

"And left no word for you?"

"No, none," he answered, putting his hand before his eyes, "and he has been so gentle the last two days, and yesterday he let me pray with him, and read, and I saw the tears in his eyes, but he said nothing, and now he is gone without a word."

Edith saw that he could scarcely speak or stand, and silently returning his kiss, she let him go on up to his own room. It was several hours before he came down again, and when he did, it was only to wander restlessly from one room to another, as if he could not settle in one place. Late in the evening, Edith coaxed him to lie down on the sofa and try to rest, while she sat, beside him and smoothed back the hair from his throbbing temples, as she always did when his head ached. His restlessness yielded at last to the soothing influence, and his eyes had closed in a light slum-

ber, when a startling ring at the door roused him. He started up from the sofa, and was wide awake and standing up when the girl entered with a telegram, which she gave him. It was from Mr. Deane, and contained the words, "Come to K—— at once. Your father is here." All the family clustered round him as he read it aloud, but he gently and decidedly broke away from them and went to see if he could catch the last train. Finding that he would just have time, he wished them a hasty good-by, and went away.

He reached K—— about five in the morning, and in a few minutes was at Mr. Deane's. There was a solemn stillness about the house not unnatural at that hour; but to Maurice it seemed significant—the more so when Mrs. Deane came forward to meet him in tearful silence, and it was no surprise to him when Mr. Deane led him upstairs without a word, and into the spare room to the side of his father's lifeless form. He stood looking in calm wonder at the awful stillness and order of that bed, and the mysterious beauty and majesty that death had stamped upon the face lying there, until Mr. Deane gently touched him on the shoulder to attract his attention. "Maurice," he whispered, "it was my poor sister—you are my sister's son."

Maurice looked at him as if he did not understand.

"He told me," continued Mr. Deane, "that was what he came here for, and the journey cost him his life. He came to ask me to love you for her sake, and here is her portrait that he gave me for you."

Maurice looked at the picture for a moment, and then dropping on his knees by the bedside, burst into passionate weeping, and wept like a child for a long, long time. Henry Deane laid his hand kindly on his shoulder for a moment, as if to assure him of his sympathy, and then softly left him. Some time later he went up to call him down to breakfast, and then he gave him the particulars of his father's death.

"He got here in the afternoon before I came home," said Mr. Deane, "and when I came, he told me who he was, and what he came for, and when I had examined his story to find out if there could be any mistake, and was satisfied that there was none, and had satisfied *him* that his appeal in your behalf had not been made in vain, his face brightened, and he said fervently: "Thank God, now I can go in peace," and rose as if to leave the house. I

asked him where he intended to go, and from his answer I saw that he was not fit to be trusted alone, and I insisted on his staying here and going to bed at once. Then I sent for the doctor, who, directly he saw him, said that he had not many hours to live.

"What time did he die?" asked Maurice.

"About three o'clock this morning. He was delirious all through the evening, and I could not venture to take my eyes off him for some hours, then he fell into a quiet sleep and slept for about an hour, and when he awoke asked where you were. I said I had sent for you. He shook his head. 'It's no use,' he said, 'he can't be here in time,' and after that he grew weaker and weaker every hour, until he fell into a stupor and gently passed away."

Maurice sat in silence with his head resting on his hand. He longed to ask if there had been any sign of a change in him, but dreaded the answer. Mr. Deane interpreted his silence, and said: "Be comforted, Maurice, I think there is reason to hope that he came at the eleventh hour. All the time that his mind was wandering he talked of you, and the words you had read to him. Over and over again he repeated the words 'And his father saw him when he was a great way off, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him,' and once or twice he broke out into prayer so earnest, and with a passionate eloquence, such as I never heard from any mortal lips. Oh! if he had been a good man in his youth what power he might have had."

Nothing more was said then, and Mr. Deane went away to his business, and to arrange for the funeral, which was to take place very soon, leaving Maurice to the care of his gentle wife, who went softly in and out attending to his wants, speaking now and then a word of comfort, and once or twice pressing a motherly kiss on his brow. She loved him very dearly, and it did her tender heart good to have him under her care during the trying days before his father's remains were committed to the dust, to give him the rest and nursing that he really needed. Nothing had happened to rouse her indignation so much for many a long day as the request made by their minister to Maurice to preach for him on the intervening Sunday, though the poor man, in his ignorance of any connection between Maurice and the dead man, might be readily excused for such an innocent blunder. The perfect quiet and rest of those few days did Maurice good, for his

was not the sort of nature, neither was it a case where the mind needed to be diverted from trouble, but where the more closely it was examined the lighter it became. Before he went back to the city, Henry Deane said to him, feelingly: "You must let me keep my promise to your poor father, Maurice, and help you whenever you want help that I can give. You know there is no one but Lucy besides you, and she is determined to be altogether independent, it seems, for she writes that she has accepted a situation in a school, and will leave Mrs. Miller in a few days. I am glad we had you here so much when you were young," he added. "I thought at first that it was an odd coincidence, but then I remembered that Job Smith knew whose child you were, and of course he managed it so on purpose. Poor old man, I never did him justice. I never liked him much, and yet he was doing such a noble work for me and mine in secret."

Maurice was rather surprised to hear of Lucy's sudden decision, as nothing of the kind had been talked of before he left the city, and Lucy was usually so deliberate in her movements, but in this case a letter from her mother telling her the sad secret of her aunt's life roused her into unwonted activity. If ever Lucy felt small and mean and ashamed in her life, it was when she read that letter. It gave her a lesson that lasted, and that happily did her good afterwards, though its present effect was so painful that she felt she could not bear to meet Maurice, and when he reached home she was gone.

It was evening when he arrived at Mrs. Miller's, and all the family were in the sitting-room. They all came round him with a glad welcome as he entered, and after warmly returning their greetings, he went and sat down in his accustomed place by Edith on the sofa.

"You look better," she said, in a low voice, when the others had settled in their places again.

"Yes," he said, "I feel relieved of a burden. I feel that he is safe, and that I have done what I could." Then sinking his voice almost to a whisper, he unfolded to her his plan of seeking out a district somewhere down in the "dark places of the earth"—perhaps somewhere here in the city, where there was a plentiful harvest and so few workers. Edith caught her breath as she realized the depth and breadth of the picture he drew.

"Oh! that's a glorious plan, Maurice," she said, with eyes sparkling through tears.

"It will be hard work," he said, smiling a little, as he clasped the hand she held out to him, "but I feel that I want to rush into the very thickest of the battle, and take hold of the hardest work I can find before my strength or my spirit flag. And you are not afraid, Edith?"

"Afraid! Oh no," her beautiful eyes filled with such holy light and joy, answered for her as emphatically as her words, "All places are alike to me with you, Maurice, and to help in such work, oh! life will be too short."

* * * * *

Down near the water's edge in the city there is a wilderness of narrow streets and alleys, some of them loathsomely dark and close, with want and misery of every kind throughout them, but most of all the want of Christian knowledge, and the misery of sin. Leading out of this maze is a short street, very little wider than most of the others, but looking immeasurably superior to them by reason of the fresh paint that adorned the houses, and the cleanliness that displayed itself in the swept sidewalks, scoured doorsteps, and bright window-panes. In one of these houses, a little larger than the others, and with beautiful flowers blooming in the windows, Maurice and Edith have begun to work out their glorious plan. They have spent a summer and a winter here, and have begun on their second year, and in looking back they can see some progress made. The street they lived in was inhabited by a superior class of working people, by one or two clerks and one family that had seen better days. Most of these people had no ideas beyond keeping themselves and their families decently clothed and fed, and leading tolerably moral lives, and for the want of some one to encourage them and lead them higher, were in danger of sinking into mere working machines, and forgetting that they had souls at all; and one and all agreed in despising and holding themselves aloof from the people round the corner. But the coming of two young, refined and cultivated people, who lived plainly and humbly in the midst of them, and who despised none, no matter how humble or miserable they might be, roused a better feeling in them. Maurice and Edith had great difficulties at starting, difficulties that would have crushed weaker hearts; but they surmounted them, one by one, and grew stronger with every struggle. There had been no church right in the midst of this neighbourhood before. There was one *just outside*, but the

poorest of the people felt that they had no place in it, and consequently stayed away.

Therefore, to establish a parish here was no small undertaking. True, there is no "church" yet, only two rooms, in the largest of which service is held and in the other Bible classes, and other meetings in an unpainted and otherwise unfinished building, just at the corner of the street; but even this, unpretending as it is, costs something, and the minister and his family must have the "bread that perisheth," while they dispense the bread of life around them.

But help came from various sources. First came Henry Deane, who saw that this was the best possible way of doing good to Maurice. Then came quite a handsome sum of money, unsolicited and unexpected, from a young lady who attended one of the singing classes that Mrs. Miller and her young ladies were connected with, and who was a great admirer of Edith's person and character, and chose this way of showing her admiration. Then the church that Maurice belonged to (and he never for one moment sought to act independently of its help and approbation, or in any way to separate himself from it) took the matter up, and gave it a push forward; so that by the time Maurice and Edith were ready to go and live among their new flock, there was a place ready for them. And though they live on the outskirts of, and not right in, the very poorest and most miserable region, they are known, and their influence is felt there. Maurice goes boldly into every place, no matter how low or wretched or infected with diseases, moral or physical, the place may be. In some he meets with a glad welcome; in others with sullen and unwilling attention, while in many he is met with brutal profanity, with doors slammed and locked in his face, and still he perseveres until some are conquered. He is not reckless in courting danger, but where he feels it to be his duty to go, he goes, with a prayer in his heart for divine protection.

And Edith says that if the weeks had three times as many days in them, and the days were three times as long, she would not have time for all she wants to do. Home claims her time and attention increasingly, and home must not be neglected, so that she is glad when Mrs. Miller can take her place at the weekly free concert in the school-room, at which she has been in the habit of holding her little audience in charmed attention with her sweetest and most perfect performance. And Katie has taken charge of

her juvenile sewing meeting, where the little girls of the neighbourhood come and learn to sew or put into practice what they already know by helping their mothers, and are thus taught something of the value of time and knowledge. Katie, who has held back rather from joining openly in any good work before, has come out nobly now to the help of her beloved Edith, and her influence and example have brought others into the field, for Katie, with her affectionate disposition and lively attractive manner, has more influence than she suspected.

And there's George Sterndale, who, to the surprise of his friends, has abandoned art and adopted literature as his profession, has his hands full of work. He gives entertaining readings at some of the weekly concerts; he is president of a working men's club; he writes for the press; he collects subscriptions for special causes; he takes charge of the Sunday-school library, teaches a class, and helps in the singing in church. He, and Mr. and Mrs. Miller, and Katie were the first members of Maurice's church, and they feel that a responsibility rests on them. Mr. Miller says that he is the only unprofitable one of them—all his time being so taken up with business; but Edith knows where the means come from to provide so many little comforts for their aged and sick people, and on Sundays he is never absent, except through sickness, from his place. Mrs. Miller has given up one of her numerous engagements, and not the least profitable either, that she may have time to train a choir for the church, and she declares constantly that she never found her work in the world until Maurice and Edith showed it to her.

A fellow student of Maurice's, who has a delightful parish in the country, is going to change with them for a month in the summer, that they may have a chance in the pure country air of recruiting their strength, so as not to wear out too fast. There is no doubt of their wearing out fast, for their work is not easy. No one can persuade sinners that the gospel ways are the pleasantest all at once, nor can they make them so attractive outwardly as to outweigh the pleasures of sin; but what a thunder-storm will not do the continual dropping of a tiny spring will do, wear away a stone; and it is only by the continual dropping, the unwearied pursuance of one object, and the unflagging attention to the minutest details that any great work is accomplished, and for such a work as this we can but say, as Edith says, "Life itself will be too short."

MY FRIENDS.

So pure :—As clouds that sail on high,
 With tender yearning towards the earth,
 Dropping sweet rain, or lit with sun,
 As wills the Power that gave them birth.

Joyous :—As birds that warbling rise,
 And fill the summer air with praise ;
 Yet patient dwell low 'mid the grass,
 And, brooding, sing thro' cloudy days.

Peaceful :—As fixed stars that shine
 More bright for storm and darkness o'er ;
 Nor scorn to lend their light to guide
 Earth's homeward bound, on sea and shore.

Hopeful :—Though hope seems all in vain—
 Trusting, though weary leagues apart ;
 With beauty such as lives in thought,
 And love that wins and keeps the heart. T.

CHRONICLES OF PUNCH BOWL.

*NO. II.

JOB COBBIDUCK.

IN the whole of Newfoundland there is no prettier or more picturesque village than Punch Bowl. It is nestling snugly in a deep hollow, completely encircled by hills—hence its name. In one direction, there is a narrow opening in this hilly rampart, through which a little brook rushes impetuously, and after winding its way among huge boulders, and forming several tiny cascades, overhung by the dark fir trees or the branches of the mountain-ash, it ends all its brawlings and frettings in the peaceful bosom of the little harbour, on both sides of which the village of Punch Bowl is built. In summer, the surrounding hills are covered to their summits with the bright green foliage of the poplar, birch, aspen, spruce and mountain-ash, the open spaces near the top, or

* See THE MARITIME for Feb. 1873—"The New School-Master of Punch Bowl."

"barrens," as they are locally termed, being occupied by berry-bearing bushes of all kinds. A sort of leafy bower thus encircles the little village. When autumn comes these woods present a gorgeous sight—an amphitheatre of golden glories—masses of the deepest orange relieved and thrown forward by the sombre green of the firs, and intermingled with purple, lake and red. In winter, again, these hills are snow-clad, and, with their white bosoms, seem to draw closer together, brooding over and guarding from the cutting blasts the little nest of humanity below.

The narrow valley, at the bottom of which the village lies, cuts transversely the huge wall of rock, two or three hundred feet in height, which forms the eastern coast of Newfoundland. An opening for the admission of the sea is thus made, and a snug little harbour has been formed. A narrow channel, only deep enough for the small coasting and fishing craft, connects the harbour with the ocean. Once anchored inside, the boats of the fishermen are safe from the wild wrath of the Atlantic, as "heaving to the tempest's wing," it thunders against the dark cliffs without, charging up the bold headlands in desperate fury. When a south-east wind is blowing, and hurling the watery battalions on the shore, there is a wondrous grandeur in the boom of ocean, as it comes over the "South-side Hill" at Punch Bowl—like the distant bellowing of some mighty organ, uttering a wild stormy piece of music. But when gentle breezes dimple the face of ocean, under the bright summer's sun, there comes over the hill tops the soft murmuring of "many-voiced ocean," making a sweet and soothing melody.

Punch Bowl contains a population of about a thousand souls, who are engaged, generation after generation, in working the silvery quarries of the sea. The whole of their subsistence is drawn from the surrounding ocean. Their thoughts are mainly seaward, and their aspirations, hopes and fears are bound up with the changing aspects, the smiles and frowns of old ocean. They do not look upon the sea altogether as an object of terror and dread; for though it has been the grave of many of their kindred, and has swallowed up many a loved one, yet is it not, too, the bountiful mother, bringing rich treasures to their doors, "filling their hearts with food and gladness," and lavishing upon them, without any sowing or ploughing, a perennial harvest? With what unswerving regularity the vast ice-fields come down in

Spring, from the frozen north, bearing on their bosom myriads of seals, and floating them within reach of the daring seal-hunters ! And when these ice-prairies have disappeared and melted in the waters of the Gulf Stream, how the Summer seas swarm with the finny tribes, coming in upon the shore from the "dark unfathomed caves of the ocean," in order to "repeat the story of their birth !" If the sea be, at times, terrible in its wrath, it is also generous and even bountiful. The land is barren, and to these fishermen is nothing but a place to dry their nets and cure their fish. "Their home is on the deep," and these stalwart men have learned to lay their fearless hands on ocean's bristled neck. All around this little sea-haven they have built their cottages—in some places over-hanging the water, in others perched among the clefts of the rocks, but without any attempts at regular streets. Each man plants his cottage according to convenience or fancy, and a rough road, or winding path, conducts from one to the other. The "fish-stages," on which the fish are landed, project over the edge of the harbour ; and the "flakes" for drying the cod, formed of a horizontal platform, supported on upright poles and covered with boughs, fringe the whole margin of the harbour, and occupy every nook among the rocks. A fine aroma of fish pervades the atmosphere during the season, and the fumes from the little establishments where the far-famed cod liver oil is manufactured greets the nostrils.

Secluded here from the rest of the world, a quaint population has grown up, having a strongly pronounced individuality, along with the ideas and habits which characterise the fisher-folk everywhere. Their manners are unsophisticated, as may be supposed, and of the ways of the great world they know little. A stray newspaper occasionally finds its way among them, and some dim and distorted ideas of the events transpiring in the outside world percolates slowly among the Punch Bowlers. As yet they have not felt the want of a post-office, and the amount of education imparted to the young is not likely to develop the brain unduly, to the detriment of the digestive organs. And yet here, in this secluded community, on this narrow stage, may be witnessed the play of the same passions which, exhibited on a broader field, set the world ablaze and create history. Here life asserts its right to joy and gladness ; and amid plenty of common-place selfishness and meanness, instances of self-sacrificing nobleness, of devoted

affection, even of heroism, occur, such as have elsewhere inspired the poet's song or formed the subject of the drama. But the Shakespeare of Punch Bowl has not yet appeared, and its heroes and heroines are all unsung. In her own unobtrusive way, nature is here preparing the raw materials out of which some of her finer products will ultimately be woven. A race is growing up here whose physical endowments lay a solid foundation for progress. The sons of some of these deep-chested, stalwart fishermen, with muscles of steel, and plenty of iron in their blood, inured to toil and danger, will fight their way through school, or perhaps college, enter the lists in the professional or commercial world, and their tough, enduring brains will enable them to carry off some of the world's highest prizes. Once culture of brain is added to muscular development, the more puny, daintily reared denizens of the city will go down, in life's stern battle, before the heavy tread of the men whose progenitors handled the oar and hunted the seal amid the crashing ice-floes. Philip Gosse, now one of the most distinguished naturalists in England, spent his youth in a Newfoundland fishing village; and not a few of the sons of Terra Nova occupy at this moment honourable posts in other lands.

Meanwhile, however, Parson Hurlbut, who occupies the important post of spiritual guide and high priest of this piscatorial community, has rather a hard time in moulding the rough specimens of humanity around him, and infusing some spirituality into a mass that is largely "of the earth earthy." It is a fortunate thing for the Punch Bowlers, young and old, that they possess such a religious teacher as Parson Hurlbut. It is indeed a matter of surprise to find a man of his refinement, culture and attainments willing to spend his strength among poor, unlettered fishermen, in this outlying corner of creation. Only a sincere desire to do good could have led him to undertake the spiritual oversight of this flock, and only a strong sense of duty keeps him unflinchingly at his post. The Punch Bowlers have long since learned to love and revere him. He is not only pastor, but "guide, philosopher and friend," entering into all their homely joys, sympathizing with their sorrows, advising them in difficulties, and at the same time not only pointing, but leading the way to heaven. His parishioners have a wonderful opinion of his learning. He knows more about fish and their ways, as they believe, than the oldest fisherman; and even Captain Rideout,

who has been "forty springs to the ice," and caused the death of more seals than any other seal-hunter within a hundred miles, admits that the parson is "a wonderful knowin' man about soils." He startled the captain, on one occasion, by asking him "how he would feel if confronted by the souls of all the seals he had slaughtered, and how he could look in the face of the multitudes of mothers he had bereaved of their snow-white babies." The ancient seal-killer comforted himself by saying, that "such beastesses hadn't no souls;" but the parson stoutly combated this idea, and quoted high authorities in favour of the immortality of the lower animals, until the frightened murderer of innocents went home to dream of the ghosts of departed seals circling round his couch in multitudinous throngs, and shaking their fore-flippers in his face. The parson is an amateur geologist as well as naturalist, and a mysterious whisper ran around, as they saw him at times chipping the stones with his pocket hammer, that he was able to "knock sense out of the very rocks." A gentle, thoughtful, tolerant man was the parson,—so broad in his views that some doubted his soundness. But they never doubted his kindness of heart, and if trouble came, they knew where to find a friend. His wife was an eager and rather anxious woman, fond of taking people into custody in her own way, and concussing them into the right path; but the parson smiled good-humoredly at her numerous failures, and argued that such was the perversity of the race that they would not submit to be driven even into heaven. Mrs. Hurlbut, however, though a little hard and domineering in her manner, had a good heart, and was never known to do a spiteful or vindictive action, though at times she might be a little passionate. She was very proud of her husband, entered into all his plans and pursuits, and when any member of the flock proved peculiarly refractory, and developed non-church-going proclivities, or a disregard of the church's holy days, or any little moral obliquity, Mrs. Hurlbut took them in hand, and, if she did not conquer, harrassed the foe considerably. She was determined, she said, that "they should not be at ease in their sins." She managed to get acquainted with most of the "on-goings" of the little village, especially with any movements towards diplomatic relations between the two sexes. She was remarkably quick in discerning the first out-croppings of the grand passion, whether in young man or maiden; and, as a rule, warmly encouraged such tender

developments, not, as her detractors asserted, with a view to marriages and baptisms, and a "multiplying and replenishing" of the flock, but because, as she said, "people were made to be married, and men were poor senseless, helpless things without wives to take care of them." It will thus be seen that there was some truth in Jacob Snellgrove's remark, that Mrs. Hurlbut was "a terrible clever knowin' woman, and that there was no gettin' to windward of her."

No one caused the parson's wife more trouble and anxiety than Job Cobbiduck, a big fisherman, possessed of no little individuality of character, but also, as Mrs. Hurlbut found, of no little "contrairiness" of temper. She had made many attempts to take him into spiritual custody, but in vain. Packets of tracts, with the most alarming titles, and headed by the most personal and searching questions—such as "Where Will you be Ten Thousand Years Hence?"—were wasted upon Job Cobbiduck. He had not heard of the circulation of matter, spelled out of modern science, and had no suspicion that "ten thousand years hence" his earthly portion might be "blown about in desert dust, or sealed up in the iron hills"—and when his wife, at Mrs. Hurlbut's suggestion, read him the tract referred to, he said "he didn't see the use of worritin' people with questions like that—the parson hisself couldn't answer them; they were not put in the catechism—Them that sends along the soils and the codfish knows best where we'll be ten thousand years hence. It's a long spell." His theological notions were rather crude and unsatisfactory, for when he heard any of his neighbours railing against Romanism, he stoutly maintained that the Roman Catholics must be good Christians, for "there's the Book of the Romans in the Bible—and it's as sensible a book as is there." One of his sayings, which he often repeated, shocked Mrs. Hurlbut inexpressibly—it was to the effect that "he niver knowd a man as trusted in Providence that wasn't left in the lurch." The parson's wife declared, and not without some show of reason, that "the man had no more sense of religion than a codfish." He rarely went to church, and when there, like Tennyson's Northern Farmer, he was but dimly conscious that the parson was "bummin' away above his head." The parson, however, liked Job, notwithstanding his pagan notions and insensibility to spiritual appeals, and maintained that his religiosity was only latent, not wanting, and that it would show itself, in some unex-

pected original form, one day or other, when once the crust was broken. Ever since he united in marriage Job and pretty Mary Curlew, he had great faith in the softening, humanizing influence his good little wife was likely to exert over the rough fisherman, as he held that human love led up to the divine; and when, one day, passing Job's cottage, he saw the huge Samson tossing a tiny crowing baby in his ponderous arms, while Mary looked on with sparkling eyes, and heard him inform her in a whisper that "the little chap's fist gripped his whiskers like a vice"—he knew that the clutch of those baby fingers would do more for Job than the best of tracts or sermons. The wonderful power possessed by that baby, in "rootin'" in his big bushy whiskers, was a source of endless delight and astonishment to Job, and the tug of the little digits never failed to elicit shouts of applause. So proficient did little Hezekiah become, by constant practice, in "rootin'" amid the paternal forest of hair, that he was able to hang on thereto without support, and was often lifted out of his cradle by the delighted Job simply presenting his beard, which the young "shaver" grasped and clung to with astounding tenacity, till he was hoisted into the father's muscular arms, to the great relief of Mary, who regarded the feat with fear and trembling. She had insisted on calling their first born by a good "Bible name," and as her father and grandfather had rejoiced in the name of Hezekiah, that was the one selected. Job found it rather troublesome to pronounce, and shortened it into "Zek." It was a bright day in Job's existence when he gave little Zek his first sail in his boat—at the age of six months,—launching him, as it were, into his native element,—for, as Job remarked, "he couldn't get the scent of the salt water too soon." It was a wonderful sight to see Job's punt flying round the little harbour under his lusty strokes, and in the stern, little Zek gurgling and crowing as the boat danced over the dimpling waters. Many maternal eyes were turned on him approvingly, and the general remark was, that "Cobbiduck was coming round, and getting more Christian-like, since the baby came along." Jerusha Biddicomb, whose husband rather objected to the abundance of olive plants that bloomed round his table, observed that "she should have to wait long before her 'skipper' took out a baby for an airing." But in a household where a baby had been an annual offering for ten successive years, such a mark of rejoicing would have been regarded in Punch Bowl as utterly

foolish, and out of place, whereas in the case of a first-born, it was smiled at approvingly, with a hint that the practice would speedily be discontinued.

The morning of Good Friday dawned on the village of Punch Bowl. It was but the second week of April, and the sun had not yet succeeded in clearing away the snows of winter. Still the reign of the grim tyrant was evidently drawing to a close. The icy chains had been removed from the rivers, and every little brook was swollen by the rapidly dissolving snow, as it wept itself away. The great dark rocks stood out once more divested of their white robes, and two great boulders which were perched on the hill-top above Punch Bowl were specially conspicuous. The parson named them Gog and Magog; and was often seen paying them a visit and apparently chatting with these ancient giants. Everything gave promise of that grand resurrection of nature which was at hand—a type of the higher resurrection, of which the festival of Easter was the sacred remembrancer.

Great preparations had been made in Punch Bowl for the due celebration of Easter. True, indeed, the observance of Lent, under the sceptre of Parson Hurlbut, was of a very mild description, and involved no severe privations; still the ordinary amusements were suspended, a sort of semi-Sabbatic air characterised the season, and Easter week, with its freedom and joyous entertainments, was anticipated with no little satisfaction. Good Friday was, of course, regarded as a day specially sacred, and abstinence from work and attendance at church on that day were considered specially incumbent.

It, therefore, caused almost a thrill of horror to run through the little community when, on the morning of this day, Job Cobbiduck's punt was seen to shoot out from the little stage before his door, and take its way down the harbour towards the narrows. He was evidently bent on his ordinary avocations as a fisherman, having on his well-patched canvass jacket and sou'-wester, and carrying with him all his fishing gear. He had to pass close by the church, on which Nat Vokey was just hoisting the flag which, instead of a bell, indicated to the villagers that the hour for service was at hand. Nat, being a church official, considered it his duty to remonstrate with the transgressor, and inquired whether "he had forgot that this was Good Friday, and wasn't afraid of a jidgment comin' on him." Job replied, defiantly,

that "it was a 'Good Friday' for herrin', and that he wasn't goin' to aloss such a chance for a 'take' for all the parsons in the world." "Job Cobbiduck," exclaimed the horrified beadle, "somethin' will happen you—the devil has got you by the nose." Nat's surprise, however, was vastly increased when, on looking more closely, he discovered that Mrs. Cobbiduck was in the boat with Job, evidently countenancing his unhallowed proceedings, for she had brought little Hezekiah with her, and held him carefully wrapped up in her arms. The truth is, however, that she was there under protest, and after long and even tearful remonstrance with Job against what she regarded as a daring and impious profanation of Good Friday. She begged and prayed him that morning to give up his fishing expedition, but Job was dogged and would not yield. He had set some herring nets the day previous, outside the "heads," and from certain signs and tokens, he felt confident that he would obtain a fine "haul" of herrings, which would be ruined if left till the following day. He remarked that the "preachin' would keep, but the herrin' wouldn't. The dog-fish would eat them, and ruin the nets." When Mary found that Job was not to be coaxed out of his scheme, she determined to accompany him and share the consequences whatever they might be. She shut up the house, fastened the door of an adjoining residence occupied by a very lively and enterprising pig, caught up Zek in her arms and calmly took her place in the boat, not without heavy forebodings of evil, which Nat Vokey's predictions did not fail to deepen. Mrs. Hurlburt's quick eye caught sight of the guilty pair, as the boat glided past the parsonage. She remarked that "she always expected that Job would come to a bad end, but now she was sure of it; she would not be surprised if a thunder bolt would strike him." In case of his survival and return, she mentally determined to try the effect of a new packet of tracts which she had lately received, the title of which she considered ought to create some alarm, even in the mind of Job Cobbiduck.

Perfectly indifferent to all these adverse criticisms and predictions of coming woe, Job cheerfully pulled towards the spot where his nets were placed. His sense of the supernatural was too faint to permit of any misgivings, and the gurglings of little Hezekiah, who seemed to take to the water as naturally as a "white-coat," called forth from him thunderous peals of laughter. On arriving

at the first net, his hopes were more than realised. He found it full of splendid herrings, and as he dragged his prize into the boat, his spirits rose prodigiously, and he shouted to Mary: "Eh! old 'ooman, this am's fine. This is a sight better than singin' psalms with the parson. Didn't I tell you this ud be a Good Friday for us—hey! Mary." Mary made no reply, but Zek crowed with all his might, and made desperate efforts to get hold of the shimmering fish, as they came up like a sheet of silver from the water, each uttering a weak death-chirp as it was flung to the bottom of the boat. As the last of the silvery treasure was hauled in, Job pronounced the catch to be "more than three barrel."

Exultingly Job now pulled for his second net, farther out and on the other side of the little "head" at the entrance of the harbour. Here the floats of the net indicated that it was even more richly laden than the former, and Job's triumph was complete. He began to haul in with redoubled vigour; but though reef after reef of the net came in, not a single herring was visible, and still the net felt wondrous weighty, as if containing some valuable prize. "Here her comes at last," shouted Job, as some huge shapeless mass, livid as a corpse, was drawn to the side of the boat, entangled in the meshes of the net. It was evidently alive, as its struggles were so violent as to threaten the upsetting of the boat. Though considerably startled, Job determined not to relinquish his hold and lose his prize and with it his valuable net. As he leaned over the gunwale of the boat, tugging hard to drag it in, a glutinous mass, surmounted by a huge, horny beak, like that of a parrot in shape, suddenly forced its way through an opening in the net, and a pair of green, watery eyes, of immense size, and having a peculiarly ferocious expression, glared on him savagely. Job's heart, stout though it was, almost stood still with terror, as he thought of Hezekiah and Mary, and saw the monster struggling to free itself from the net, as if determined to get into the boat. With its horny beak it struck the sides of the boat with a violence that made every plank quiver. Job seized a boat-hook and dealt several heavy blows, hoping to kill the monster, but this only seemed to awaken its fury. Its struggles to free itself were terrible, but fortunately for those in the boat, the folds of the net continued to entangle it, and prevent it from expanding to its full dimensions. After a few more violent movements, it

appeared to emerge a little farther, and suddenly there shot out from about the head a thin, long corpse-like arm, which seemed for a moment to quiver in the air and then with the rapidity of lightning glided round and round the boat, enveloping it in its cold, slimy folds. In his terror and confusion, Job seized the ghastly arm and tried to tear it off, but he found his efforts useless, and recoiled horror-stricken by the touch of the cold, clammy object. The arm was fastened instantaneously to the boat by the countless suckers which covered its extremity with a tenacity that no force could overcome. To his horror, Job now felt that the monster was drawing the boat under the water, where an awful death awaited them. As the image of little Zek, rent and devoured by the horrid beak, flashed before the mind of the terrified fisherman, he again seized his "gaff" and struck wildly at the monster. In a moment another arm, much more powerful but shorter than the first, leaped out from around the beak, like a tongue from monstrous jaws, and with its supple, elongated extremity, fastened itself on Job's wrist, with the rapidity wherewith a cat seizes a mouse in her paw. Its death-like grasp for a moment paralyzed him, and before he could make any effort to tear it away, it had glided up his arm and coiled itself round his bare neck. He felt the terrible suckers, like so many mouths, clinging to his flesh and as if about to drink his blood; and as the serpent-like folds tightened round his neck, he experienced a horrible sensation of approaching strangulation. A terrible pain shot through his whole frame, and with a stifled cry, "Lord have mercy upon me," he sank down in the bottom of the boat. Up to this moment Mary had been occupied in endeavouring to quiet her baby, and had but dimly comprehended what had happened. But now she took it all in at a glance, and dropping the child softly at her feet, she stood for a single moment uncertain what to do. The monster was struggling to free another arm from the net, when a bright inspiration flashed upon her. She seized a small tomahawk which lay at the bottom of the boat, ready for sudden emergencies, and with two swift, sharp strokes, she severed both arms of the monster as they lay over the gunwale of the boat. There was no groan or other cry, but the threatening beak and gleaming eyes disappeared—the huge slimy mass seemed to slide off, and for many yards the water was black with the inky fluid discharged by the loathsome creature, in its

efforts to escape. The bold stroke of the brave, quick-witted woman had saved all their lives. Job felt the cord round his neck suddenly relax and drop off, and seizing the oars he speedily put several hundred yards between him and his assailant. He was very pale, and said very little beyond a few exclamations of admiration and gratitude, which touched deeply the heart of his brave little wife; but when he took up little Hezekiah and kissed him passionately, Mary thought she saw a moisture dimming his eyes such as she had never seen before. The amputated arms of the monster lay in the bottom of the boat, and on their way back Job spoke in wonderfully subdued tones and seemed unusually thoughtful. He evidently began to doubt the propriety of fishing on Good Friday, and to suspect that there was some truth in Nat Vokey's remark that "the devil had him by the nose." At all events he knew that the Devil-fish, or "big squid," had grasped him by the neck.

It was pretty late in the afternoon when they reached the little stage before their cottage and fastened the boat to the cross-bars, leaving the herrings on board. We must now go back a little in our story in order to relate what took place at Job's cottage, which stood at the outskirts of the village, during his absence. The pig, as we have seen, had been shut up in his usual quarters. Now this pig belonged to a powerful, active race, long of snout and limb, lithe and sinewy, which are hardly to be matched elsewhere. They are probably of Irish extraction. Their bristles stand upright along their arched spines, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." In powers of locomotion they approach the greyhound; they possess an all-devouring appetite, and have an ease and self-possession in their movements which proclaim how thoroughly they feel themselves at home. Job's pig had all the characteristics of the race to which he belonged in perfection. He was peculiarly shrewd, active and enterprising, and as soon as he got a chance, was off on the illicit prowl. He had a touching independence of character, a profound contempt for man and his ways, and a stern determination not to adapt himself to any of man's wishes. So long as he was well fed, he lay in his straw, grunting with a deep sensual satisfaction; but he would "stand no nonsense" in regard to his meals, which he wished to be abundant and regular. Great was his astonishment, on this particular Good Friday, when the usual hour for dinner arrived, and no supplies were forthcoming.

He speedily burst open the frail door that shut him in, and assaulted the kitchen door with loud, imperative grunts. Receiving no answer after repeated summonses, he inserted his long snout under the door and lifted it off its hinges. He was now master of the situation, and commenced a searching investigation, upsetting pots and pans, and carrying general devastation into Mary's trim kitchen.

The first thing of a digestible character which he encountered was a pudding which Mary had prepared for Easter Sunday. He ate it cloth and all, but it merely served to whet his appetite. Attracted by the smell of vegetables, he made his way to the cellar where these were kept, and here he found himself at home. He helped himself liberally to Job's fine kidney potatoes, turnips and white cabbages, and ate till a gentle grunt of satisfaction proclaimed that he was too "crowded" to stow away any more. A small keg on a low bench now attracted his attention; he rolled it over, and the contents, molasses, gurgled out. Applying his lips to the luscious article, he drank it down with a deep-drawn sigh of satisfaction. It was the first time he had tasted this luxury, and he concluded that at length the swine's millennium had come, and that henceforth the world was to be one inexhaustible trough for their satisfaction. Returning now to the cottage, he commenced an exploration of Mary's bed-room, dragged off the quilt and blankets, and lay down upon them, on the floor. Finding this rather hard, he got into bed, and after a few efforts with his snout, managed to make an opening in the bed-ticking large enough for his person, and crept in among the feathers. Never before had he felt so comfortable: never before did the world seem such a genial place.

Piggy had been asleep for a couple of hours, and his deep snores were still proclaiming his bliss, when Job and his wife approached the cottage after their remarkable adventure when herring-catching. They were startled to find the door off the hinges; but when they entered and gazed in stupefied astonishment at the wreck before them—the broken crockery, and the rifled cellar—they naturally concluded that burglars had been at work. Job, fairly overcome, groaned out that there was "nothing but bad luck for them that fishes on Good Friday." Mary's tears fell fast over her ruined dishes as she hurried into the bed-room to put the sleepy Hezekiah into his little crib. Her ears were greeted speedily by

the snores of piggy, and she screamed, "Job, Job, here's the thief—catch him." Job rushed in, and seizing piggy by the ears, dragged him forth. Rudely disturbed in his paradise, the pig opened his sleepy eyes, comprehended the situation at a glance, and with a few vigorous kicks and plunges, freed himself from his captor, upsetting Job violently on the floor, and bolted for the hills.

Completely crest-fallen and bewildered by these untoward events, Job now sought his boat in order to carry home his herrings. He was almost petrified to find the punt tilted up on end and the whole of the herrings emptied back into the ocean whence they were taken. No human hand had done this. The tide had risen during his absence, and the bow of the boat being fast between the cross-bars of the stage, the swelling waters had lifted the stern sufficiently to discharge the contents into the sea.

That night Job Cobbiduck retired to a temporary couch on the floor, "a sadder and wiser man." He pondered long over the events of the day—his narrow escape from the embrace of the devil-fish—the truly remarkable pranks of the pig, regarding which he concluded that "the devil had got into it," and he made up his mind to "swap it with neighbour Dawe for a sheep;" and then the strange, mysterious disappearance of his herrings, which seemed to crown the day's misfortunes. As he thought over all these, some dim perception of the supernatural began to dawn upon his dull, selfish mind—some glimmering of a moral order in the universe which he had been striking against, and which had struck him, in return, with terrible force. He felt that all was not right, as he had conceitedly imagined in the morning, with him, Job Cobbiduck—that he was not treading on safe ground, and that it was a serious thing to be found fighting against a Power that in a single day could punish so heavily. He shuddered at the thought how near little Zek had been to becoming food for that horrible devil-fish, in the very existence of which he had never believed before. He had often laughed at the stories of the older fishermen about the "big squids," with "horns" forty feet in length, which they had seen on "The Labrador;" and had pronounced their tales about winding their arms round fishermen, and "grabbin'" their boats, mere romances; but that cold, slimy coil round his neck, with its hundred sharp-edged suckers sinking at the same moment into his flesh, and tightening

to strangulation point, had dispersed his scepticism. He awoke several times during the night, dreaming that the monster had got him in its embrace, and that all his efforts to save Mary and Zek were paralysed.

The news of Job's encounter with the devil-fish spread like wildfire through the village, and Mary's courage and presence of mind were themes of universal commendation. Among the earliest visitors to Job's cottage next day was Parson Hurlbut. He had the good sense to utter no word of rebuke when he saw how crestfallen and subdued Job seemed; he spoke a few kind earnest words, and left the good impression to ferment. But he examined, with intense interest, the arms of the squid amputated by Mary, one of which was twenty-four feet in length, and informed Job that he had brought in a prize for which the museums of Europe and America would be competing. In the course of the forenoon, a fishing boat, which had been outside the harbour, brought in the dead body of the devil-fish, enveloped in Job's net, and the excitement among the Punch Bowlers, especially the "rising generation," was intense. Job was the hero of the hour, and Mary was fairly wearied in recounting how she "did for the big squid." Crowds came to look at the monster, and shudder over the hapless fate of any one who should be caught in its clammy embrace. In the end, it was sold in St. John's for a handsome sum, out of which Job purchased a new "rig-out" for Mary and Zek.

The parson had not said a word to Job about the propriety of attending church in future; but on Easter Sunday, just as Mr. Hurlbut was uttering the opening words of the morning service—"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive"—Job and Mary entered the church, and quietly took their seats. It was noticed that Job listened with profound attention to the parson's discourse that day; and Mary and the neighbours join in declaring that a wonderful change for the better has come over him. He is never absent from church now, and, what is more, he never sleeps when there.

The pig did not re-appear for several days, dreading the punishment which he felt he merited; but at length, one day, driven by the pangs of hunger, the prodigal ventured to approach the door, with a guilty "hang-dog" look. He presented a most

demoralised appearance, being completely covered with mud and worn down with famine—his sides torn and bleeding, like many another prodigal who had been away in the far country. The curl in his tail, the only graceful appendage in which he indulged, was entirely gone, and the bristles along his back stood up more wildly and determined than before. Mary thought she detected penitence, for the ill he had wrought her, in the subdued grunt with which he timidly greeted her, and in the twinkle of his small upturned eye. The share he had in Job's reformation also flashed upon her, and his forlorn, dilapidated appearance smote her to the heart. She forgot the liberties he had taken with her feather bed and vegetables, and he was speedily rejoicing in a warm dinner, and snoring contentedly in his old quarters. In a few days the curl of his tail was as strongly pronounced as ever, but he has never attempted to repeat his wild raids, showing that even a pig can keep a conscience, and that kindness can touch his heart.

M. H.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

IV.

DONALD KAILBROSE was a "good fellow," exceedingly benevolent, and in his honest breast dwelt one of the kindest of hearts. He was the very opposite to what is sometimes styled a "close-fisted Scotchman." He entertained no love for "the accursed gold." He viewed this life with thoughts *not* of the morrow. His *own* means he looked upon as would a romping boy his beautiful ball, now to clench it tightly, and then to toss it to the winds. His monetary affairs were entrusted to my keeping. Notwithstanding stout objections on my part, he insisted that I should become his banker. "If you don't take care of my money," said he, "it will soon vanish. I never could hold on to filthy lucre. I have already loaned to several old friends, who are dead broke, more than \$300. I never expect to see a *saxpence* of it again." Donald had run the blockade many times, and had stocked a ~~neat~~ sum, but the nett proceeds remaining were only \$1100,

Next morning we proceeded to a fashionable clothier's, or, I should say, to the warerooms of a somewhat extensive dry goods, shoe, and wine dealer. Here I was fitted out in thorough West India fashion, or, rather, Nassau style. I became the possessor of a fine Panama hat, suit of soft, thin blue serge, calf skin pumps, and beautifully frilled linen shirts; a white silk umbrella, with a few other odds-and-ends, completed my paraphernalia.

I was thus rendered, through the kindness of my friend, in one sense of the word, *novus homo*. "It is pleasant to play the fool on the proper occasion," is an old saying, and for a time I certainly did act up to this aphorism. Donald declared that we must have a *rarity* time, and "see" Nassau as far as his subsidy would allow. I was pleased, and signified my willingness to become his exploring companion. We hired horses in tandem, gave yachting parties, and attended the most dazzling dignity balls. We had scores of champagne suppers. The downward current was rapidly drawing us into a vortex of great folly. At the end of two months, I thought seriously of resigning my position as cashier, there being only about \$50 left. My friend, however, showed no signs of dissatisfaction with my management, and assured me that he was puzzled to know how it had made the "bank" to pay in full so long. Figures proved me indebted to Donald \$200. I handed him a statement of how the "machine" had been "run." He gave me a receipt in full, crediting *my services* to cover this balance. Soon after this he joined his steamer, and sailed away in search of hidden treasures. Massa Captain had met me shortly after my first visit, and was utterly astonished at my *panky* and somewhat genteel appearance. I jingled a few twenty dollar gold pieces in my breeches pockets, by way of a salute. This eloquent music was to him a harmless thunderbolt.

He enlisted me in his service as a general supernumerary. For a time I was appointed to the command of his powder magazine—a large floating hulk. The contents of this old ship was the property *proper* of the Confederate States, but was *supposed* to be owned by Southern merchants who were located in Nassau. I was then removed, and made shipper of a yacht, chartered by the Local Government. I cruised among all the Bahama Islands, landing oils, stores, etc., at the numerous light-houses that stand as monumental warnings to the mariner on so many of these dangerous coral rocks and iron reefs. The Surveyor General of

the Bahamas—a Mr. Harvey—accompanied me in these delightful excursions.

Massa Captain owned a fleet of water-boats, which supplied all the steamships and sailing vessels that visited the port of Nassau. These were engaged quite often night and day. This work required one man to be continually gathering receipts for the number of gallons delivered. Also, to gauge casks and tanks, make out bills, collect money, and superintend the filling of orders. We had much trouble in convincing English captains and their officers of the difference in *their* Imperial measure and *our* American wine measure. I was finally created admiral of this fleet, and as such hoisted my pennant in due form. I toiled early and late, in sunshine and shower. I also became a port-warden, and assisted in holding surveys on wrecked and disabled vessels. It became my duty to draw up all certificates, showing the extent of damages these ships had sustained, and what they required to refit them ready for sea again. An old broken down sea captain who comprised one of our staff, was continually on the lookout for vessels that had met with a mishap, particularly if his funds were low.

"Johnny," said he, addressing me on one occasion, "there's a pancaker coming up the harbour."

"What do you refer to?" I enquired.

"Why!" was the reply, "a bluenose brig, the meanest thing that sails salt water, excepting a lime juicer (meaning an English vessel)."

"Worse than a Yankee ship?" I rejoined.

"Boy! you don't know beans. Are you not aware that Yankee crafts are regular floating hotels? Plenty of work of course! but good grub I guess, and of the right sort—doughnuts and lots of soft tack. No pancakes and codfish forever, like bluenoses and Nova Scotiamen."

"Why, captain, you commanded a St. John ship at one time! did you not?"

"Well so I did, I had charge of the barque *Mary Murphy*, rigged and loaded in York Point slip, just two and twenty year ago; by George! how the time flies. Well, she was a slop-built coffin anyhow. I sailed her about three years, she was well insured—*well insured*. My owners (mean Irishmen), as mean as bluenoses ever were, gave me the wink to plump her."

"To what!"

"Why! plump her, shove her up, or on, or anything, so long as she stuck well. I shoved her right on, stuck her up, high and dry, for you see they were building me an eight-hundred-tonner. Well, after they had collected all the insurance, I got word to come to St. John, for you see I was kind of keeping out of the way."

"And you got the new ship, to be sure?"

"Yes—I didn't though! I got the sack. They handed me a dirty £40, that's all, and be hanged to 'em. I was alway unlucky. I know a captain that plumped three vessels, and he now owns a ship and part of a church."

Over one hundred steamships were engaged running the blockade from Wilmington and Charleston to Nassau. Massa Captain's office was continually visited by the captains and officers of these vessels, much to his profit. Business with us assumed the latitude of an amplifying character. The city was crowded with Southern refugees, Yankee speculators, English agents and brokers, Spanish smugglers, Jews, Germans, and in fact a sprinkling of all nations. Negro labourers toiled incessantly at ships' cargoes. Cotton bales were piled in immense tiers along the moles. The blacks hastily devoured their *gumbo*, resuming work, while their songs floated merrily on the fragrant breezes, sounding in the distance like the delightful harmony of a hundred instruments. The West India negroes have voices full of music, particularly those of the Bahamas. I have always found them, as a rule, a peaceful and happy race. They are remarkably superstitious, and make great pretensions to religion, which, with them, is chiefly Methodist and Baptist. I have had crews of these men wrecking with me among the reefs and shoal waters of these seas, and during an evening at anchor have known them—in one hour, among themselves—to tell ghost stories, sing psalms, pray, and fight desperately, and end the watch off duty with a tambourine dance to the tune of *Shoo Fly*. By the way, their air to this lively "walk round" appeared to me far in advance—in its gleefulness of tune—to what I have since listened to from New York and Boston minstrels. I have heard West India black girls sing, and witnessed them perform fandangoes that would gain a small fortune to the "ballet d'opéra;" but none could produce those cannon-like and athletic motions like the fantastic and mirthful young natives of these sunny islands.

I occupied rooms, or rather a corner in a very spacious apartment, situated in the upper story of an old and somewhat extensive stone house. This residence was surrounded by a jalousied piazza, and close by grew the aspiring cocoanut tree. Like all the time-worn dwellings in Nassau, the wood work of our habitation had been converted into a grand citadel, in which bivouaced a confederation of vermin. Thousands of little red ants swarmed the floors at times. Quite frequently a huge member of the *Battidae* family showed his horns out of the wide cracks in the bare boards. These ill-scented invaders often crawled over our beds, and sometimes touched our faces, causing us to spring abruptly from the fair arms of slumber. Once I slew one of these Goliaths, and placed him in the middle of the room on his back. An ant passed that way, and discovering the fallen giant, halted for a moment; then carefully approaching the object of its curiosity, and becoming convinced of the monster's demise, hurriedly run away, and disappeared through a hole in the wall. In a comparatively short time, a very army of these plucky little warriors marched out of their postern, and proceeded to the roach—their prize,—the scout-ant, I suppose, leading the van. On gaining its sides, a regular military series of countermarching took place. Two battalions being formed, one wing flanked the roach's left, while the other took up a position on his right; then "all hands" "tailed on" to his legs, dragging the newly found treasure to their sally port. If the opening proved too small to receive the carcass, a general dissecting followed. Piece by piece, hind legs, shoulders, and all, were lugged in, each worker bearing a portion double the size of himself. Occasionally a centipede, or scorpion, visited us, emerging from the dilapidated canopy, or sheathing, of the room. During calm weather, myriads of mosquitoes sung "cou—sin, cou—sin" around our ears, and tormenting sandflies nipped us sharply. The torture we underwent from the attacks of these winged blood-hunters was sometimes almost unbearable. Of a sultry night, stretched on my cot, I have rolled over on one side, something after the fashion of an enraged whale, who, turning away from the thrasher, "caught it" from the sword-fish.

Near our quarters stood a cotton tree, the branches of which would cover five hundred men. Its roots projected about six feet from the main trunk, above ground, and formed walled divisions, like stables, and this tree was used as the city pound. Stray horses,

males, cows and hogs, were sheltered here, until their owners were found and fined. The view from our windows was exceedingly pleasant.

Directly before us lay the harbour, with here and there a silvery little island, over the coral shores of which thousands of soldier-crabs swarmed to and from the sea. Harmless lizards, arrayed in scarlet, green and yellow, skipped playfully among the parched bushes and stunted trees of these isles. Magnificent steamships and sailing vessels relieved the monotony of the view, arriving and departing. Oftentimes they would be wrecked close to our doors, and when the piercing scream of the hurricane swept over New Providence, grand indeed was the wild spectacle. Ships straining at their cables; small crafts loaded with terror stricken blacks, dashing away; trees flying in mid air; thunder roaring that would deafen the voices of a hundred battles, and lightning flashing—threatening to engulf us as it were, in an ocean of blazing fire. These angry elements passing away, the canopy above hangs o'er us blacker than the pitchy caldron of Trinidad. For an hour or more torrents of rain would flood the streets, but the storm at last wasting its fury on the sinful land, the glorious sun emerged through the scudding clouds, and all again was joyous. Houses, islands, and sea alike, glistened in the scorching rays of the king of the day. Birds of exquisite plumage flitted among the shady groves—through the dripping foliage, warbling glad songs in praise of their Creator.

Nassau was once the head-quarters of Blackbeard, the famous freeboater, and many were the traditions vouchsafed me by aged darkies concerning the daring deeds of this pirate. If I questioned my informers as to the truth of their statements, they would say, loudly, "By de great *Obeah*! what we tole you be for true."

The fish market of Nassau only covers enough ground for a small cistern or wooden tank to rest upon. It is located in the immediate vicinity of the general market place. This receptacle is always kept well stocked with live fish. Parties desirous of purchasing make known to the seller their choice. A hand net is lowered, and a fish scooped up. The shining victim, being placed on a block of wood, is dealt the mercy-stroke. The blow is inflicted on the head with a small club, and death follows instantly. A slight quiver of the tail, and all is over. The tank is kept supplied by smacks. Each of these little craft contains

what is commonly called, by West India fishermen, a "well." It is a novel sight to witness the groupers, jew-fish, turbot, red-jacks, mud-fish, snappers, grunts, market-fish, and dummies, swimming round and round.

The cattle slaughtered at Nassau are imported from Cuba. They are very wild. After being landed from the droger a rope about one hundred feet in length is made fast to their horns: two negroes advance ahead with one end of this line, while two others fall back, grasping firmly the other end. The bull now enraged, darts off, plunging ferociously, with tail high and nose low,—like a porpoise leaping to windward, to use an old shell's "phrase." If he dashes along too quickly, the rear guard hangs back. If he becomes stubborn and will not proceed, his tail receives a most thorough twisting, and the advance "corps" drags him onward to his doom. On reaching the entrance to the slaughter-house, or *Matadero*—as the Spanish say, the rope is bent to a small windlass. This is rapidly turned, thus bringing the animal's nose close to a ring-bolt fastened in the floor. The bull scenting the gore of other victims, often roars terrifically, and I have sometimes thought pitifully. A powerful negro now steals forward, clenching a kind of short rapier. This, with one well directed thrust between the horns, sinks deep into the pith of the head, causing him to fall and expire, almost without a groan. According to custom, he is then immediately decapitated. The offal from these butchered animals is thrown down a hatchway into the sea, which flows beneath the building. Here, are most always assembled, several greedy sharks, who ravenously devour it and "sigh" for more. In one of *Captain Maryatt's* instructive and interesting books—"Frank Mildmay," I think—mention is made of the hero of the story seeing monkeys and parrots in plenty for sale in Nassau markets; during a residence of over three years in the Bahama Islands, I never saw either—except on one occasion, while at Key Sal, on the north coast of Cuba, I noticed a flock of parrots on the wing. I never observed a snake of any description in the Bahamas.

Donald Kailbrose had run the blockade many times. He again arrived in Nassau, and took up his quarters with me. His steamer had been lost on the sandy coast of South Carolina. Several of his shipmates were drowned. Being a superior swimmer—as all sailors should be—he saved the captain's life at the immediate

risk of his own. For this gallant act he received many warm praises and congratulations from his numerous friends. His vanity manifested no signs of being flattered from the respect shown him by his admirers. Donald again sailed away for the South, and this time his steamer was beached on the coast of North Carolina, and captured. The Yankees—in the chase—killed one of the crew, by a cannon ball, and wounded others. Donald, being a British subject, and never having been taken before, was released. He soon found his way back to Nassau. Having amassed a neat sum, he decided to “lie on his oars” for a time.

One breezy morning, to my utter astonishment, the *Sunbury* arrived, bringing my old friends Longfellow and Strongfellow. I was delighted to meet them. My \$400 draft was cashed, which of course added to my joy. They informed me of the death of Captain McDonald, and many of his officers and brave followers. They had fallen in action, supporting their doomed flag, the *Stars and Bars*. The *Sunbury* was paid off, her cargo discharged, and after her books were balanced, a surplus of over \$10,000 remained. This was the nett profit of the voyage. She had been blockaded in Little River fifteen months. Longfellow shared faithfully with Strongfellow, and I might here remark that only for Strongfellow the *Sunbury* would have rested her “bones” in the South, and Longfellow would have been rendered thereby perfectly insolvent. Soon after this, the *Sunbury* was employed carrying coal from the south side of New Providence to the harbour of Nassau, where it was received by steamships. Massa Captain transacted her business and Longfellow proceeded to New York. Strongfellow purchased a beautiful little craft called the *Sally*. Donald Kailbrose took command of her. The *Sally* bounded gaily out of the harbour, one pleasant evening just as the sun was dipping his golden face beneath the Western horizon of blue ocean. On the sixth day of her voyage she was captured off Cape Fear river. Strongfellow lost heavily. Donald was rendered penniless, being largely interested in the cargo. Four months passed away. During this time they were prisoners in Fort Lafajette.

On one occasion Commodore Wilkes visited Nassau. A concourse of negroes surrounded him at the landing place. They shouted loudly, singing “Dixie’s Land” and “The Bonny Blue Flag.” The Yankee commander bore their insults with becoming

dignity, and amid swarms of uproarious blacks, some of whom bore the "Seceah" flag, he forced his way with difficulty to the American consul's office. How singular that these people, not yet half a lifetime free from the yoke of slavery, should thus manifest their contempt for the flag he represented—the flag that was uplifted in the cause of the emancipation of their brethren not three hundred miles away. The West India negroes are, as a body, sensationists. They love noise. They won't work unless compelled to do so by extreme poverty. What the West India negroes were made for I cannot conceive, unless it were to "lay round promiscuous," as Mark Twain has it.

The greatest excitement frequently prevailed in Nassau occasioned by "a chase" outside the harbour. During the interesting scene, the yards of the shipping in port would be covered with men, anxiously gazing seaward, witnessing a Yankee cruiser, bounding along at full speed, endeavoring to capture a blockade-runner. This always proved unprofitable to "Uncle Sam," for his gunboats could not overtake the sharp Clyde built steamers that made up almost entirely the blockade-running fleet. The U. S. S. *Vanderbilt* was fortunate in these waters, and became a terror to those who sailed these seas under false papers.

Very many cowardly Southerners lurked about Nassau during the war. They were often heard to boast, on receiving intelligence of a recent battle gained by the Confederates, "what we had done;" but they failed to be among the ranks of the "we." They preferred the British flag floating over them; they abhorred the Yankees; derided everything English, yet they held forth no arm for their country's defence. I wonder what favor these fellows stand in now at their homes down South. If my memory serves me correctly, the names of every one of these "skedaddlers" were posted, in large letters, on conspicuous places, within each town or village of their nativity.

A war was now raging in St. Domingo between the tall fierce natives of that land of mountains, and the blood-thirsty Spaniards. In nearly every engagement the representatives of haughty Spain were severely defeated. The Spanish navy had formed a blockade at all the enemy's seaports. Speculators in Nassau started out vessels containing arms, provisions, etc., etc., for St. Domingo, so the Island of New Providence being situated in a central position, between two countries—both of which were suffering from the

impoverisation and horrors of devastating wars, was looked upon as a favoured spot. Numerous families, and homeless refugees, sought her shelter, viewing her snowy shores with pleasure, delighted to gain protection under the friendly Union Jack.

(To be continued.)

Scrapiana.

REMINISCENCE OF TANNAHILL.

ABOUT the beginning of the present century, there was one "Tam Buchannan" kept a tavern, which was situated on the north side of the High street and some three or four blocks west from the Cross of Paisley. Tam was much celebrated in his native town for his vocal powers, and, like all other landlords, prided himself in doing the agreeable to his customers. He was always ready to "tak a taste," crack a joke, or sing a Scotch song, if requested. In one of the rooms of this Tavern, Tannahill and one of his particular friends, Mr. Charles Marshall—father of the Rev. Charles Marshall, Free Church minister of Dunfermline—found themselves comfortably seated one evening,

"Beside an Ingle bleesing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely."

On the other side of the table sat the good-natured landlord, whose laugh was ready chorus to all the good things which were said. By and by his song was requested, which he gave in excellent style, *viz*: "There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail yard." After the song was sung, time passed, and the hour approached when all decent folks seek their own home; and so did the poet and his friend, although neither of them were elders. While they were wending their way to West Broomlands, Tannahill asked Marshall's opinion of the song they had just heard. To which Charlie replied, that he thought *Tam* had sung it in a masterly manner, but that he looked upon the words as being quite unworthy of the music, adding that "if yon was poetry, onybody might write it, and no tak a sair head the mair

o't." Here he repeated the first verse of the song, and then proceeded to throw it into ridicule by parodising it as follows :

"There's mony a dainty cabbage stock in our kail yaird,
 There's mony a dainty cabbage stock in our kail yaird.
 They were set by Charlie Marshall,
 And pu'd by Nannie Laird,
 Yet there's mony a dainty cabbage stock in our kail yard."

He then asked, "Is that poetry, or onything like it?" No, no, Robin! It winna do; ye maun e'en set your ain brains asteeep, and try to mak better words than yon." The poet agreed with his friend in thinking that the words were inferior to the music. They parted; two weeks passed, and they again met, when Tannahill pulled from his pocket a sheet of paper, and, to his friend's astonishment, read to him that beautiful song, "We'll meet beside the dusky glen on yon Burnside." Marshall listened with composure till he came to the concluding and exquisitely beautiful stanza—

"Now the plantin' taps are tinged wi' gowd, on yon burnside,
 And gloaming draws her foggy shroud o'er yon burnside.
 Far frae the noisy scene,
 I'll through the fields alane—
 There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean, down by yon burnside."

when he grasped his hand and exclaimed, "Weel done, Robin! that verse wad do credit to Burns."

The preceding is the history of the song as related to us, many years ago, by Mr. Marshall, the tears streaming from his eyes as he rehearsed it. He died in March 1857, at the advanced age of four-score years. He was one of the kindest-hearted and most generous minded men we ever knew; of extensive and varied intelligence, and undoubted veracity.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Oft have I walked these woodland paths,
 In sadness, not foreknowing,
 That underneath the withered leaves,
 The flowers of spring were growing.

To-day the winds have swept away
 Those wrecks of autumn splendor,
 And here the fair Arbutus flowers
 Are springing, fresh and tender.

O prophet flowers, with lips of bloom,
 Surpassing in their beauty,
 The pearly tints of ocean shells,
 Ye teach me faith and duty.

Walk life's dark way, ye seem to say,
 In faith and hope, foreknowing
 That where man sees but withered leaves,
 God sees fair flowers growing.

EDMUND KEAN AND MOTHER CAREY.

During the Christmas vacation, Thomas Young was in the habit of giving frequent dinners to his friends and acquaintance, at which his son Charles was allowed to appear as soon as dessert was put upon the table. On one of those occasions (when, by the by, one of his lions, Prince Le Boo, was present), as Charles was descending the stairs to the dining-room, in his smartest clothes, he saw a slatternly woman seated on one of the chairs in the hall, with a boy standing by her side, dressed in fantastic garb, with the blackest and most penetrating eyes he had ever beheld in human head. His first impression was that the two were strolling gypsies from Bartholomew Fair, who had come for medical advice.

He was soon undeceived; for he had no sooner taken his place by his father's side, and had heard the servant whisper their presence in the hall, than, to his surprise, the master, instead of manifesting displeasure, smirked and smiled, and with an air of self-complacent patronage, desired his butler to bring in "the boy." On his entry he was taken by the hand, patted on the head, and requested to favor the company with a specimen of his histrionic ability. With a self-possession marvelous in one so young, he stood forth, knitted his brow, hunched up one shoulder-blade, and with sardonic grin and husky voice, spouted forth Gloster's opening soliloquy in Richard III. He then recited selections from some of our minor British poets, both grave and gay; danced a hornpipe; sang songs, both comic and pathetic; and, for fully an hour, displayed such versatility, as to elicit vociferous applause from his auditory, and substantial evidence of its sincerity by a shower of crown pieces and shillings—a napkin having been opened and spread upon the floor for their reception. The accumulated treasures having been poured into the gaping pockets of the lad's trowsers, with a smile of gratified vanity and grateful acknowledgment, he withdrew, rejoined his tatterdemalion friend in the hall, and left the house rejoicing. The door was no sooner closed than every one present desired to know the name of the youthful prodigy who had so astonished them. The host replied, that "This was not the first time he had had him to amuse his friends; that he knew nothing of the lad's history or antecedents; but that his name was Edmund Kean; and that of the woman who seemed to have the charge of him, and was his supposititious mother, Carey."—*J. R. Planche.*

THE COT WHERE WE MET.

Two streams wending onward and ever,
 Tho' springing from wells far apart—
 Then joining to ne'er again sever—
 'Twas thus with my soul and thy heart!
 You remember the old cottage dearest
 The ivy-clad cot where we met;
 'Tis a mem'ry to me of the sweetest,—
 I will not—I cannot forget!

Two lights in the soft-ether'd heaven,
Which earthward pour'd down but one beam,
Were the hopes of the future then given,
To us in our beautiful dream—
In the cottage where roses abounded—
The mossy-shrined cot where we met;
Where the fragrance of flowers, surrounded
Our hearts; oh, you'll never forget!

Years rolled, and forever we parted—
The stream became two as of yore—
The lights, tho' long one, separated,
In life ne'er to meet anymore:
Still the past is before me forever;
And dearest I'll never forget,
When our love like the stars on the river,
So bright made the cot where we met!

Ans.

THE GAIT PROCLAIMS THE MAN.

SHAKESPEARE makes Polonius tell his son Laertes, that "the *apparel* oft proclaims the man." But a greater than Shakespeare—Solomon—tells us "that man's attire and *gait* show what he is." And true it is, that self-sufficient men, bashful men, energetic, phlegmatic, choleric, sanguine, and melancholy men, may each and all be known by their attire and "gait." Of the force and justice of this axiom, I am tempted to give an appropriate, though a ludicrous confirmation. Theodore Hook was one day standing on Ludgate Hill, in conversation with Dubois, a well-known wag of the Stock Exchange, and one or two other kindred spirits; when their attention was called to an aldermanic-looking person, "with fair round belly with good capon lined," strutting along like a peacock, with double chin in air, his chest puffed out, and a stride of portentous self-importance. Hook, with his characteristic audacity, immediately crossed over the street, went up to him, took off his hat deferentially,

"And in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,"

thus saluted him: "I really beg your pardon, Sir, for the liberty I take in stopping you. But I should feel very much obliged to you, and so would some friends of mine over the way, if you would kindly gratify a curiosity, which we find irrepressible. We have been observing you, as *you walked*, with very lively admiration; and we cannot divine who you can be? *Arn't you somebody very particular?*" Unjustifiably impudent, as this question was, at all events, it shows that the interrogator's inference of the man's character was deduced from his "gait." Even from an anecdote as trivial as this we may learn that, if it be the conscientious actor's aim to show "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," he cannot too microscopically analyze and imitate the slightest peculiarities which "mark the man."—
J. R. Planche.

NO MORE SEA.

There shall be no more sea; no wild winds bringing
Their stormy tidings to the rocky strand,
With its scant grasses, and pale sea-flowers springing
From out the barren sand.

No angry wave, from cliff or cavern hoary,
To hearts that tremble at its mournful lore;
Bearing on shattered sail and spar the story
Of one who comes no more—

The loved and lost, whose steps no more may wander
Where wild gorse sheds its blooms of living gold,
Nor slake his thirst where mountain rills meander
Along the heathy wold.

Never again through flowery dingles wending,
In the hushed stillness of the sacred morn,
By shady woodpaths, where tall poppies, bending,
Redden the ripening corn.

Neath whispering leaves his rosy children gather
In the grey hamlet's simple place of graves,
Round the low tomb where sleeps his white-haired father;
Far from the noise of waves.

There shall be no more sea, no surges sweeping
O'er love and youth, and childhood's sunny hair.
Naught of decay and change, nor voice of weeping
Ruffles the fragrant air.

Of that fair land within whose pearly portal
The golden light falls soft on fount and tree;
Vexed by no tempest, stretch those shores immortal
Where there is no more sea.

—*The Argosy.*

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

My acquaintance with Thackeray commenced some time before he joined "The Garrick," and while I was the guest of his cousin, Captain Thomas James Thackeray, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, during one of my many visits to Paris. He was at that time a slim young man, rather taciturn, and not displaying any particular love or talent for literature. Drawing appeared to be his favorite amusement; and he often sat by my side while I was reading, or writing, covering any scrap of paper lying about with the most spirited sketches and amusing caricatures. I have one of Charles IX. firing at the Huguenots out of the windows of the Louvre, which he dashed off in a few minutes beside me on the blank portion of the yellow paper cover of a French drama. A member of "The Garrick," who was specially unpopular with the majority of the members, was literally *drawn* out of the club by Thackeray. His figure, being very peculiar, was sketched in pen and ink by his implacable persecutor. On every pad on the writing-tables, or whatever paper he could venture to appropriate, he represented

him in the most ridiculous and derogatory situation that could be imagined, always with his back towards you: but unmistakable. His victim, it must be admitted, bore this desecration of his "lively effigies" with great equanimity for a considerable period but at length, one very strong—perhaps too strong—example of the artist's graphic and satirical abilities, combined with the conviction that he was generally objectionable, induced him to retire from the club, and leave the pungent pen of Michael Angelo Titmarsh to punish more serious offenders than bores and toadies.—*J. R. Planche.*

A CHILD OF EARTH.

I wandered long beside the alien waters,
For summer suns were warm, and winds were dead—
Fields fair as hope were stretching on before me,
Forbidden paths were pleasant to my tread.

From boughs that hung between me and the heavens
I gathered summer fruitage red and gold—
For me the idle singers sang of pleasure;
My days went by like stories that are told.

On my rose tree grew roses for my plucking,
As red as love, or pale as tender pain—
I found no thorns to vex me in my garlands;
Each day was good, and nothing bloomed in vain.

Sometimes I danced, as in a dream, to music,
And kept quick time with many flying feet,
And some one praised me in the music's pauses,
And very young was life, and love was sweet.

"How could I listen to the low voice calling—
"Come hither, leave thy music and thy mirth?"
How could I stop to hear of far-off heaven?—
I lived and loved, and was a child of earth.

Then came a hand and took away my treasures,
Dimmed my fine gold, and cut my rose-tree down,
Changed my dance music into mournful measures,
Quenched the bright day, and turned my green fields brown.

Till, walking lonely through the empty places
Where love and I no more kept holiday,
My sad eyes, growing wonted to the darkness,
Beheld a new light shining far away;

And I could bear my hopes should lie around me,
Dead like my roses, fallen before their time,
For well I knew some tender Spring would raise them
To brighter blossoming in that fair clime,

Where shines the light of an unending morning,
Where fair things bloom, but never any die;
And the glad rose of a celestial dawning
Flushes the heavenly heights eternally.

—*Victoria Magazine.*

THE CRISIS IN SPAIN.

THE intimation in the London *Times* that Serrano purposes to offer the crown of Spain to Don Alfonso is important, although it seems to be premature. Don Alfonso, the Prince of the Asturias, was born in 1857, at a time when Serrano was so high in favour with the Queen as to be made Spanish Ambassador to Paris. He is now in his seventeenth year, and has never shown any capacity, if, indeed, capacity for government could be expected from the most gifted human being at so early an age. When Isabella was an exile she abdicated in favour of the Prince, and he is now, therefore, the heir to the throne by the female line of the Bourbon family, in opposition to Don Carlos, who is his cousin and heir to the male branch. The accession of Prince Alfonso would mean the regency of Serrano, his elevation to the rank of prince and his dictatorship in Spain for some time to come. All the influence of the great Powers of Europe would be in favor of the recall of Don Alfonso. It would be in keeping with Serrano's ambition to take this step. He might make himself King, but it would be a perilous experiment for a soldier who has already fled from Spain, an exile and an outlaw on more than one occasion, and who would scarcely desire to burden his next flight with a crown. The accession of Don Alfonso simply means another term of misgovernment and another revolution.

Much will depend upon the republicans and their attitude. As to M. Castelar, the telegraph did not correctly state his views. According to the cable the ex-President had declared in favour of a federal republic—dividing up the different provinces into States like the States of our Republic. But we do not so understand his declaration. In a letter to a Madrid newspaper, he says that the time must soon come when the republican party will issue a proclamation, "adding that our own convictions, our hopes, disillusions and sorrows, the very example of the most republican nations, such as Switzerland and the United States, compel us to abandon a banner and a policy of which the shadow engenders anarchical cantons, and to defend the only possible republic, and that which is truly traditional among us, which considers nationalities as entire organisms, of which the members cannot be divided, even for a time, without mortal danger, and which puts before all and above all that marvellous work of ten centuries—the unity and integrity of our Spain." The meaning of this is that M. Castelar is convinced that any federal system would be weakness in Spain, that centralization and national unity are the main elements to be considered, and that under a federal republic they would not be secure. Our impression is that M. Castelar has made an error. Federalism in Spain seems to us to be the surest way to found a true republic. Centralization in France led to Napoleonism, and in the United States it is leading us upon dangerous ground.

THE NEW CRISIS IN FRANCE.

THE question of the formation of an Upper House, or a Chamber approximating to the House of Lords in England, bids fair to lead to a crisis with the Cabinet of the Duc de Broglie. The Extreme Right, or the followers of the Count de Chambord, oppose the measure, as they oppose anything that looks like the formation of any government but the monarchy. The Extreme Left, or the followers of M. Gambetta, do not regard two houses as republican in spirit, and consequently will make an issue with the government. The result will be that the Cabinet will have to depend upon the support of what is called the Centres, or the moderate men of both parties. If the Bonapartists, who are not very numerous in the Assembly, but very effective, and under the command of M. Rouher, the most skilful parliamentarian in the Assembly, should conclude to oppose the bill, they may succeed in defeating the Cabinet and compel Marshal MacMahon to appoint a new Ministry. France is in such a peculiar situation now that any crisis in the Assembly may lead to a revolution and the downfall of the Septennate. Unfortunately, all parties in France, except the MacMahon supporters, crave a revolution.

THE BRITISH TREATY OF PROTECTORATE.

In the treaty for the establishment of the British protectorate over the Fiji Islands, it is stipulated that Great Britain shall assume all financial liabilities, pay the king \$15,000 per annum, with other pensions to various native chiefs, and recognize the ruling chief as owner of the lands, which are open to settlement by foreigners within a year.

LINES BY B. F. HOUSMAN.

I would not die in Winter,
When flowers have pass'd away;
But I would sigh my last sigh
In the pleasant month of May!

I would have birds about me,
To sing me into death;
And green trees answering sweetly
To the low gale's gentle breath!

Buds and blossoms should be gleaming
Beneath an azure sky;
With the infant Spring around me,
It is thus that I would die!

With the new-blown roses unfolding,
And the bright-winged butterfly,
All emblems of a fairer world:
It is thus that I would die!

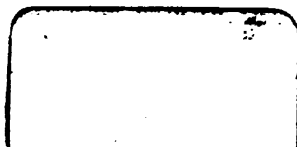


1

**This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.**

**A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.**

Please return promptly.



Wuener Library
3 2044 092 665 686